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LAYOUT AND PRINTING BY STUDENTS IN THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT
AT THE J. M. WRIGHT TECHNICAL SCHOOL
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

Dear 1945;

I recently had occasion to go through a lot of notes and manuscripts for many speeches I had to make when you and I were at Wellesley. Among them I found two sheets of "Office of the President" stationery headed 5-19-45 Senior dinner. (I'm sure the date should have been June rather than May but it says "5"!)

The first heading reads "Sentiment about 1945". It has three points:

- 1 related as aunt by blood and adoption
- 2 only class I knew as freshman (I suppose that meant then in college)
- 3 anniversary of my own 25th

I note that I carefully avoided reference to a step-daughter since even she did not then know what was about to make 1945 my most memorable year!

I gather from the very poor outline on the sheets before me that I went on to reminisce about my college years suggesting that many college experiences have their counterpart in graduate life. The final paragraph reads, "But college attitudes stick and add zest to new adventures ahead; intellectual curiosity, social mindedness, aesthetic and spiritual values. I therefore recommend the warning inserted in each of the diplomas which will be handed to you which reads, CAUTION. Graduates are advised not to store Diplomas in cedar chests." The caution goes on to explain that aromatic oils soften inks "resulting in seriously damaging the diploma".

My observation of 1945 in action is that few if any of you have stored in hiding places any of the values represented by your diplomas. More power to you as you use them to choose what "isms" will command your loyalty.

Mildred McAfee Horton

Dear '45ers,

During the uncertain fall of 1941, while I was packing my trunk to go to Wellesley as a freshman, my mother said something to me that I think of often when I look at my own children and wonder what lies ahead of them. "As a parent," she began, "I have no way of insuring that yours will be a happy, secure, and productive life. There is no way of guaranteeing that you will always have health, personal happiness, or even the material necessities. But there is one thing that I can give you which can never be taken away, and that is a college education."

I think of this often in connection with my college friends, for my experience at Wellesley would have meant little without them. Never before or since has there been the opportunity to know so many people so well. But many of these friendships have long been dormant because of the busyness of everyday living. How quickly such friendships can be renewed because they were deep and real.

Here is our golden chance to be brought up to date on the activities of our classmates in this story of the divine paths we have followed since 1945....especially during the past four years. Our sincere admiration and thanks to Jane Aufesser Lisberger and her able committee members for preparing this book for our enjoyment, and helping us renew our college friendships, which were such an important part of our days at Wellesley.

Coky (Coky Parce Beebee)

Dear 1945,

If this book had a dust jacket, that jacket would first of all describe the contents: human interest stories—discoveries, thrills, adventures, travel. Brooks Atkinson might not give it rave notices, but it makes excellent reading.

The jacket would go on to credit the hard-working editorial staff. In Ohio, Jay Hahn Anderson; in New York, Anne Colcord Rodgers and Margaret Stanley Wiener; in Westchester, Lu Peterson Young, and Jo Welker Birnbaum; in Connecticut, Lin Bolte Whitlock, Pat Griesemer Baldwin, Pat Lauber, and Cynthia Stewart Thoms. They all did an untiring job, never said "no" to a request and worked almost entirely with little future editors underfoot or with their own deadlines to beat. Grateful thanks to them.

We did our best to be accurate and hope we deciphered all your handwritings correctly. We also hope you enjoy the book and that future years are as eventful and happy as the past four.

Jane Aufsesser Lisberger



VERY MUCH AT HOME

The 1945 "homebody-mother" seems to be a reasonably well-adjusted individual, one of whose major complaints is her title, which apparently continues to connote a sort of high grade moron: admirable but not quite bright. As one of us put it, "The college might point out that one doesn't have to be *either* intelligent *or* a wife-mother. I don't feel stagnant!"

Of the married members who answered the questionnaire, 32.8% (the largest percentage) encountered no difficulties in transition. Sample reactions to the question: "I was born for the job." and "Bosh!" There are plenty of us, however, who have had a variety of problems ranging from plain dislike of housework (18.5%) to "cobras in the garden" (We did not make this one up). One statement of the problem: "This can't be condensed to a single sentence. It involves a reëvaluating of all you know, all you value, all you plan for your future. It is not something I *did* experience, but something I 'did', 'am' and 'will be' going through. Where do we college educated wives and mothers belong?" One solution offered: "Learn that you can't eat your cake and have it too, but you can start mixing a new thing out of the same old ingredients."

11.6% of us had little or no knowledge of how to manage a home and children. At the opposite extreme of these is the comment "Anyone who can read can learn to keep house in two weeks" (though it must be confessed that correspondent has no children).

One of the big complaints (18.5%) is the lack of free time to pursue our own interests and to take part in community activities. There is hope, however: "After the children were all in school, I was bored by my extra free time until I got a part-time job." This may encourage the small percentage who expressed dismay about wasting their college training during these years with small children.

To help us cope with this problem, 8.1% suggested that Wellesley might somehow stress the importance of the wife-mother role: "Somehow, though it sounds impossible, teach us to be content to do *small* things instead of feeling guilty that we can't and aren't doing Big Things." "The college faculty might indicate more often that the transition *will be* necessary for most girls and should not assume they are all going to be female diplomats and financial wizards in a man's world."

4.7% of us are flatly opposed to domestic science courses, but 21.9% would like to see the curriculum include practical courses in home management, budgeting, family relations, typing, and shorthand. 8.6% ask specifically for a course in practical child psychology. "A well rounded woman should have training for her career as a parent just as she should for any other job. It's time the liberal arts colleges stopped frowning on home ec courses and introduced them to their students as a valuable aid to the career most women choose—marriage and motherhood." A number feel that the marriage lectures should be extended, and one suggests "a marriage course taught by someone who has run a home with children in it and knows how many hours that takes."

But 31.4% of us feel that the college should not change: "For heaven's sake, don't change the program. Home management can be learned, and is exciting, when your own home is involved.

Enjoy the other phases of a liberal arts education as long as possible." "The liberal arts college that teaches students to think, as Wellesley does, is doing all that any school can do to meet the problems. After all, schools can't teach emotional maturity, which is what is really needed: they can only encourage its development."

Speaking generally, there is a feeling of past tense to most of our problems. We have learned to compromise, and to postpone. As one of us puts it: "I want very much to write, but I also want to bring up my children myself, wholeheartedly. So I hope the writing will wait till nursery school days. If it doesn't stand the wait, it probably wouldn't have been worth much anyhow."

CURRENT CAREERS

As we accounted for ourselves, careers piled up an impressive score. Out of 250-odd replies, twenty-seven (or 10.7%) classmates have full-time jobs and twenty-one (8.3%) combine part-time careers with marriage.

Those part-time careers include medicine, nursing, house-building, Welcome Wagoning, selling pecans and plastic products via mail order, operating a drugstore, bookkeeping, caseworking, headache research, newspaper work, free-lance writing, chemical abstracting, teaching piano, dance, kindergarten, English, and college economics, and correcting math and English papers.

Full-time doctors, lawyers, merchants, and chiefs (ten of them married) find their jobs fun and or gratifying, report "I hope to continue to be active..." in teaching 8th, 9th, and 10th grade Latin, in preparing reports on school building needs in communities throughout the country for Boards of Education and architects, in being a research chemist, in personnel work, in writing, etc.

"I'm doing research for political commentators and feature writers" for the Voice of America, writes one working girl. Reports another, "In 1950, I was the staff "O.T."—now we have three gals and along with directing the department I ad lib as assistant director of the Workshop. It's a great thing to be associated with an agency really serving a community and giving aid to injured persons."

We are doing independent work. "There are thousands of things to do other than follow someone else's initiative...I'll let you in on what may not materialize but is the sort of thing I would like. For three weeks, I'll coach actors interested in an experimental project. I'll coach them for free till the end of that three weeks. If they want to continue, they will start paying me a fee. I will then put them through the most rigorous conditions possible to cure them forever of wanting to be actors, or it will of itself make them real actors. When they are ready, and know how to improvise and have made up a story, we will go onto the streets and they'll play from the Bowery to Wall Street. When they have learned from this and are masters of it, they will go indoors and tour around... this is to provide me with some revenue so that I can go on writing a long play that will take me a year maybe."

We are working abroad. "I am now on another overseas assignment with the government, this time in a research job in Japan, where I expect to be for two years. I am presently located outside Tokyo and hope that before long I may acquire a Japanese house. I am about to start lessons in Japanese and of course have plans to see as much as possible of Japan as well as other parts of the Far East while I am here."

We crash the men's sancta sanctorum. "I'm one of the two women writers in the TV department of the largest ad agency in the world. Have worked on such accounts as Ford, RCA Victor, Lux, and about twenty less well-known companies. Have been with J. Walter Thompson's for four years . . . started here doing production on a TV show."

We're in positions of responsibility. "I moved on to the Research Institute of America, a business advisory organization serving some 30,000 members throughout the U. S. and Canada. I've been there now for seven years, writing advice to businessmen on every topic from social

security taxes and salesmen's pay plans to what the Soviet Union really wants! Currently I'm the editor responsible for coverage of foreign trade problems and the final rewrite on half a dozen Institute publications." and....

"I'm still at the Port of New York Authority, almost up to my fifth anniversary. Am now heading up the communications program, which deals with all internal employe-management communications: a house organ, a business digest, an anniversary letter and special service award program, bulletin boards and a suggestion system. It's a challenging job, and a fascinating place to work, especially now that we have two helicopters and I occasionally get a chance to hop from the top of our office to an airport, in a glass bubble propelled by a motor."

As to the advantages of the workaday world, opinions varied. "Then I decided to venture another step westward, and to try a public school position. After all, one of the advantages of being single is the opportunity to transplant oneself at will." or "Although I love my job... within the next year or so I shall probably devote full time to being a housewife and mother. I can hardly wait!" The prevailing opinion: "These last four years have been full and interesting."

DOMESTIC AND WORLD ISSUES

Reading the list of domestic and world problems cited by '45ers is enough to send anyone scurrying for the North Pole. However, we have taken a firm grip on ourselves and burrowed up from the stack of returns to report that on the domestic front the problem of McCarthyism has a walk-away lead over every thing else. Utterly unintimidated, 1945's comments ranged from a terse one word to scathing denunciations. But through these came a vigorous defense of the rights of *all* to speak, think, ask questions and otherwise express themselves as individuals. The preservation of our democracy, of our free society, of our civil liberties, of individualism is the overriding concern of 1945 this year.

The next most pressing issues are the state of education, race prejudice, and finding the means to build moral and spiritual values in our civilization. Teen-age crime, inflation, taxes, an adequate farm program were frequently mentioned. Considerable concern was expressed about government at various levels—the tendency toward centralization, the apathy of the citizen, the problem of drawing people with a better awareness of the meaning of citizenship and leadership into government.

The Bricker Amendment turned up at frequent intervals, with some people opposing it and others pulling for it. However, about half the people who mentioned it simply cited the Amendment, making it impossible to say whether the class as a whole thinks it should be passed or defeated.

The attainment of economic stability and control of recession are troubling a fair number of '45ers and so is our foreign policy. Here, of course, it becomes difficult to separate domestic issues from world problems.

On the international front, the main problems cited are: Russia, communism, world peace, atomic control, disarmament. More specifically, numerous members of the class mentioned the achievement of a *modus vivendi* between the free world and the communist world; the struggle between democracy and communism; a united allied front. Feeling runs strongly in favor of a strengthened United Nations, of EDC, of a community of action.

Germany, Korea, Indo-China, and the Near East are the trouble areas where some kind of settlement would greatly ease world tension.

The relationship between the United States and other countries cropped up frequently in both world and domestic issues. The basic problem seems to be achieving better understanding of one another. There is serious concern over the respect which we have lost abroad, over lack of understanding of our motives. Suggested remedies run toward a live-and-let-live policy, trade not aid, and helping underdeveloped countries. The need for less materialism and heightened moral values, for respect for the individual and for the other fellow's point of view again play a large part here.

In conclusion, we should mention the sizeable number of blanks which occurred after question 14. The causes, we imagine, were diversified. Among them—to editorialize a moment—we suspect: exhaustion after filling out the other 13; lack of space ("I could write a book"); time to get dinner; lack of ink; and, as one contributor stated concisely, "Wow!"



TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ODD

Two hundred and fifty odd classmates filled out questionnaires, of whom twenty-two are single, one engaged, 233 married, and five have been divorced but have since remarried. Our husbands' present ages range from twenty-six to forty-eight with the greatest number (130) between the ages of thirty and thirty-three. Seventeen are 29 or under and nine are forty or over. Fifty-three are between 34 and 36; twenty are between 37 and 39.

Among them they could plan and build a house, write and edit a book, produce a movie, remove a tooth or an appendix, draw our wills, teach our children, invest our money. We married thirty-five researchers and engineers, 32 businessmen and 25 lawyers. The next most populated field is a tie with 22 teachers at all academic levels, and everything from real estate and insurance to computing machines and gadgets for sale. Eleven financiers will guard our piggy banks; while nine clergymen save our souls, eight doctors heal our bodies and eight regular armed servicemen defend our homes. We have three farmers to feed us, and one veterinarian to care for our livestock.

It's a toss-up between rural and urban life, with 35 reporting that country life and ditto city apartment life suits them fine. Another 36 live in a city, while 89 (the largest number) live "a suburban life" in a development, a ranch-type house or a garden apartment.

Our 473 children (2.03 per married classmate) are mostly pre-schoolers....241 boys, 232 girls and five sets of twins. Twenty married '45ers have no children, 45 have one child (29 a boy, 16 a girl), 94 have two (25 have 2 boys, 24 two girls, 45 one of each), 58 have three (7 have three boys, 12 three girls, 23 two boys and one girl and 16 two girls and one boy) fourteen have four (none all boys, one all girls, four two each, four three boys and one girl and five three girls and one boy) and two boast five. Ninety have more boys than girls, seventy-five more girls than boys and forty-nine the same number of each.

Public schools get our children at a walk, with 142 preferring public education because "it's good (or excellent) here" (51), cheaper (28), democratic (31), no private here (12) or just on general principles. Overcrowded public schools is a factor in 18 localities that made twenty of us prefer both public and private and twenty-eight of us prefer private. Other reasons were "better education", non co-ed, etc. Our classmates abroad choose private because they're English-speaking or because "public schools (free schools) are only for the very poor". One teaches her own children, by correspondence school, for lack of adequate available schooling.

As for Wellesley, 99 say yes, 14 no, 33 don't care, 13 maybe, five don't know yet, seven not particularly. One classmate "didn't get very much out of it"; while another will "hit her (daughter) over the head if she does not go to Wellesley. I loved it." And still another thinks Wellesley "a good place to meet a top quality man". Reasons for ranged from "a good education" (24) to "same reasons I liked it" (31). Wellesley take heed: six who want their daughters to go to Wellesley say it's too expensive, several against mention an unrealistic approach to the career most of us will devote our lives to: "Wellesley made me feel that it would be a waste of education just to get married....I don't want my daughter to experience such a negative approach to life".

Our own education is impressive. A hundred and thirteen of us have had additional formal education since Wellesley, some resulting in no degree, some in MA's, some in Ph.D.'s some in nurses', doctors', and lawyers' diplomas.

We have traveled around the world, live currently in China, Japan, Beirut, Turkey, Canada, France, Bangkok, Mexico, Caracas, Lebanon, and India and find "our travel is *to* rather than from the USA." We've visited Hawaii, Israel, Newfoundland, Africa, Australia, the West Indies, the Near East, Far East, Central and South America, most of Europe, Canada, Bermuda, and throughout the US. But, says one classmate, "I haven't even traveled to Connecticut." While New England seems strange to a New Yorker, and a New Englander comments, "Detroit is foreign enough...."

While not traveling, we garden, sew, act, paint, write, hunt fox, make candles, hook rugs, play the piano, guitar, and tenor recorder, collect recipes, rocks, and records, raise Schipperkes, grow herbs, play golf, sail boats, make silver jewelry, and enter contests (net income first year: \$250!)

If there should ever be a dull moment, 136 of us can turn on TV, forty-five because we enjoy it ("it can be turned off" and "...an important medium today...good music, drama, and excellent news coverage visually"), fifteen because it was a gift. Answers to this question ranged from "why" to "why not?" and included 98 TV-less classmates ("Does anyone want to buy my set?" offers Cissy Lee), thirteen of whom have no receivable channels, 27 want to buy other things first ("If they become very cheap, we'll buy one."), 30 think it a waste of time (prefer good books"), three have no room, two are waiting for color.

Politically, we mention membership in the LWV (20), UWF (2), ADA (2), vote only (23), write letters, attend town meetings, etc. (6), active locally (37), including a District Committee-woman in N. J., a delegate to Utah State Republican Convention and two Wisconsin residents "losing my temper at Senator McCarthy" and "hoping to be in Wisconsin long enough to help put McCarthy out of a job.") In the 1952 presidential elections, thirty-two of us were very active and were split about half in half working for Ike or Adlai.

All the above activity has done very little to our appearances except to make us "startlingly more attractive in a mature way". Our coiffeurs are generally shorter and eighty of us are thinner or fatter, generally by ten pounds (though in one case, lighter by fifty pounds!). Despite a bit of gray hair, perhaps a spare tire and a few lines, at least 115 of us are "just about the same".

ACKERSON, ANNE. Mrs. James W. Duvall, 233-D Burke Avenue, Towson, Maryland. January, 1954. We live in an apartment in Towson which is practically in Baltimore. This is the fifth city we have lived in during our six years of marriage and we hope to stay here awhile. Jim is manager of the Baltimore store of Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company and the reason we have moved so often is because there have been transfers within the company. My day is perfectly normal with housework, some shopping, some visiting, clubs, watching TV and at night some social life and entertaining.

ADAMS, ANNE. Mrs. George S. Hage, 3021 Fillmore Street NE, Minneapolis, Minn.

ADAMS, CAMILLA. Mrs. Wilkie McClave, Blue Mill Road, Morristown, RFD2, New Jersey. February, 1954. We have moved to the country and love it. Fulfilled a dream to remodel one barn and keep horses in the other one. Our three children, Margaret Anne, eight, Wilkes, six, and Pam, three, are thriving and doing well in the local country school.



My husband is in the family lumber business. My hobbies are riding, including some fox hunting this fall. I love the community, the people and this way of life.

ANDERSON, BETTY. 4050 Woodland Avenue, Western Springs, Ill.

ANES, CALLIOPE. Mrs. James W. Shenan, 220 Maple Street, Springfield, Mass.

APOLLONIO, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Lucien G. Clarke, 11751 Winding Way, Los Altos, California. January, 1954. A year ago we bought a house in the foothills of the coast range and we are still busy landscaping. We both work at the same place, the Stanford Research Institute, twelve miles from home. Weekdays we are at the lab; weekends we are slaving around our half acre. Nothing very exciting, but we are completely sold on our casual and easy existence. We will spend a month on Cape Cod this summer and hope to get to Hawaii next winter.

ARBUCKLE, PHYLLIS. Mrs. Lucian T. Zell II, 2930 Wenz Street, Waco, Texas. February, 1954. Husband, major in United States Air Force. Children, Christy, five, and Kitty, two. Mostly a housewife. Also reading, sewing, duplicate bridge, March of Dimes, Red Cross drives.

ARNOLD, DOROTHY. Mrs. Walter Ford Rogers Jr., 4300 Yacht Club Road, Jacksonville, Florida. February, 1954. Since the last issue of the '45 record book there have been no changes in the vital statistics of the Rogers family. Walter and I have been married ten years and have one boy, Arnold, now seven, and one girl, Winfield, three and a half. As they

should be, Arnold is brilliant and Winfield is beautiful. Walter is still as wonderful as he was in college days. I stay busy as a beaver taking care of the children with only day help for heavy cleaning and a marvelous "grandma" to help baby-sit. My community activities are as extensive as my baby-sitting facilities permit. I am active in the Jacksonville Junior League and teach an art class at our children's museum. There are about thirty in the class and we do modern creative painting. My Wellesley art major comes in handy here. I take both children to my art class. I also work on the numerous charity drives as they come up. For a hobby I have gardening, I am president of my garden club and also enjoy plain dirt gardening in my own yard. All in all, I stay very busy. Children and home life keep me occupied and happy as a lark.

AUFSESSER, JANE. Mrs. Theodore S. Lisberger, Pinewood Road, Stamford, Connecticut. October, 1953. Life since 1950 has been increasingly domestic and rural. We bought what appeared to be an adequate country house in North Stamford in 1951, still haven't finished



redecorating it and are currently poring over blueprints of how to raise the garage roof to accomodate our two most recent arrivals. Martha and Joann, born in August—unpredicted! We are still awed and delighted and looking forward to watching them grow unidentically. Steve almost four, is a quick sensitive child, Lindsay, just two, is whimsical, full of come-hither and a prototype two-year-old, into everything. As for the "rural", the atmosphere is countryish and life very informal and relaxing. We try to grow and freeze our

own vegetables and to have a fairly presentable flower garden, but there's not a green thumb among us. Ted commutes to New York daily in behalf of better "human relations" at General Electric; I get in occasionally for theatre or shopping. And we like Stamford—the people, the kind of community it is (a city in its own right, rather than a suburb), its nearness to New York.

AVERY, JANE. Mrs Carl Smith, 130 South Burgess Avenue, Columbus, Ohio

BAILEY, MARGERY. Mrs. Dudley B. Follansbee, 64 Edgewood Avenue, Larchmont, New York, October, 1953. We have a large old ten-room house in a very attractive town, and four children—Laurie, aged nine; Sallie, six; Todd, two; and Helen, seven months. My husband has his own manufacturing business—a finishing operation on plastic material. He is an executive, salesman, machine operator and production foreman rolled into one. My typical day is the usual, cooking, cleaning, washing, and tending children. It sounds dull but it isn't. My only job was working as a nursery school teacher for several mounths before my first child was born.

BAIR, HILDEGARD. Mrs. Arthur Dee Lewis, 6 Bryson Street, Larchmont, N. Y. October, 1953. The fall of 1950 saw the end of my four years of "career" life. Family expansion was

imminent. From September until the following April, Art was on leave from American Air-



lines to become a consultant to the National Security Resources Board and Defense Production Authority, working on airline mobilization planning. We made a temporary move and sublet an apartment in Washington during that time.

March of 1951 made us a triumvirate with the arrival of Gregory Scott Lewis....slightly stale news, but unannounced heretofore in a Wellesley publication. At that point life seemed suddenly confining compared to the independent life of a working twosome. But it was happy confinement in a brand new four-and-a-half room garden apartment in Larchmont. Our tenancy there was two years and during that time Greg evolved from a homely thirty-three cent broiler at birth into a somewhat volatile but quaintly enchanting and exhaustless

two-and-a-half year old. From September to December of 1952, just prior to our moving into our new house, Art was sent by American Airlines to attend the Advanced Management program of the Harvard Business School. He found it to be a valuable and fruitful course, and a high point for the distaff side were the festivities at the end for the hundred and fifty men and their wives. This included everything from a special class for the women in Administrative Practice (one of the courses in the men's curriculum) to a gala graduation dinner and dance made extra colorful by the hundred and fifty leis of orchids worn as necklaces by the wives!

By the end of January we were all ensconced in our new seven-room split-level home in Larchmont. We find split-level living amazingly spacious and yet compact and convenient. Among other things, two of our favorite decorative features (and SO practical) are natural woodwork throughout and some burlap wall covering. We find that first-year squatters need brawn and surplus funds in fairly equal quantities and despite dwindling supplies of both, house-owning is producing a bumper crop of happiness for us.

BANKS, CAROL. Mrs. Livingston Carroll, The Taft School, Watertown, Connecticut.



October, 1953. There is "more" of everything in our lives since the 1950 Book. Big items since then: Barbara Banks Carroll, October 9, 1950; trip to Florida, 1951; Deborah Smith Carroll, June 16, 1952; two more rooms and two more baths, 1952; more school jobs for Pat, especially editor of the Taft Alumni Bulletin, revived 1952. More community committee work for me, especially Junior League of Waterbury Board since 1951, League newssheet for two years and League Public Relations now.

BARBER, BETSY. Mrs. B. S. Sanderson III, 164 West Pacemont Road, Columbus, Ohio.

February, 1954. I wasn't until 1952 that I strayed for long from the Eastern Seaboard. After getting my M.N. from Yale School of Nursing in 1948, I couldn't seem to extricate myself from the rut and stayed on in New Haven as head nurse in New Haven Hospital

and then as an instructor in Yale. But in the summer of 1951 on a European trip, I met Sandy (in the best TRUE STORY fashion, aboard ship) and after a long-distance Ohio-Connecticut courtship, we were married the next June. Hence I finally made it all the way out to Columbus, where he was studying for his Ph.D. in physical chemistry (Ohio being out in Indian territory to this stodgy New Englander). We took that summer off and had a fine time skiing, camping and mountain climbing in New Hampshire and the Rockies and we even got as far as California, where his brother and sister live. Back in Columbus, while Sandy was struggling in the lab, I worked at the Ohio State University Hospital, first as medical supervisor, then as assistant director of nurses up until young David was born this November. When we have pocketed the Ph.D. in the spring we will gravitate back again, can't seem to stay away, this time to New Jersey where Sandy will do research with National Lead in South Amboy.

BARDING, HARRIET HOPE. Mrs. John Garvin McMullin, 1533 Grenoside Avenue, Schenectady, New York. November, 1953. I worked as a secretary at M.I.T. My husband is a research associate at Knolls Research Laboratory. We have a small home on a quiet street. My average day is spent with the two children and friends. Our children are Heather Hope, four and a half, and John Hartford, one and a half.

BARISH, GRACE. 156 East 79th Street, New York, N. Y.

BARRADALE, BUTTONS. Mrs. William R. Schaff, 710 Dahlia Street, Denver, Colorado. February, 1954. Right after graduation I started working as a Piracy clerk in the patent law firm of Marks and Clark in New York City. I soon discovered it wasn't for me, and being unable to get a job without business training, I took a bi-lingual secretarial course in English and Spanish at the Latin American Institute in New York. When well enough prepared, I accepted a job as correspondence secretary in the private office of Nelson A. Rockefeller. I worked chiefly with one of his assistants who was a Spanish American and did some translation work on foreign correspondence, of which there was a lot. In



November, 1946, after nine months in the Rockefeller office, I accepted a job in the Transport & Communications Division of the Economic Department of the United Nations at Lake Success. Here I did some translation work in French, helped prepare a bi-lingual monthly bulletin on important events in transportation and communication throughout the world, and helped out on several conferences of the Universal Postal Union. Fascinating work and fascinating people to work with! The same month I started working for the United Nations. I met my husband through my brother-in-law who was his roommate at Harvard

Graduate School of Business. We were married in May 1947 and lived in Toledo, Ohio where he worked as a buyer for R. H. Macy Co. He always had a desire to live in Denver, so in October, 1948 we packed bag and baggage (all we owned!) in our station wagon and moved to Denver. He got his present job as Director of Fiscal,

Clerical and Administrative Services of the Department of Public Welfare soon after our arrival.

I worked for an advertising agency for about fifteen months, two months prior to the birth of our first child. A month later, we moved into our own home in East Denver. In July 1952 our second daughter was born. And that is it. We love Denver more each year, take advantage of the nearby Rockies for fishing, camping trips, horse-back riding, picnics, etc., and have made wonderful friends.

BARRETT, DOROTHY. 100 Lincoln Avenue, Pittsburgh, Penna.

BARRY, BARBARA. Mrs. Robert W. Nevin, Edgartown, Mass.

BAUER, LAURA LOU. Mrs. William J. Roberts, 1428 Sycamore Lane, Northbrook, Illinois. January, 1954. We are still in the same locale and house, and Bill is with the same investment banking house he started with eight years ago. We have had two girls since Volume I, Laura, age four who is in nursery school and Anne, two and a half, who is always under foot. We have covered a lot of the United States on various vacations by car, train, and plane, and now Bill and some other men, as an extra-curricular activity, are trying to establish a travel agency which, at this writing is still in its infancy. For the most part, I have been busy at home, although this year I have found that I have had more freedom and am now getting my feet wet in a few community activities, etc.

BAXTER, BETTE. Mrs. Richard Maxmillian Spitzer, 369 Linden Street, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. November, 1953. I taught school (social studies in high school) up until the time I was married. Now I have one Ricky (fourteen months) to teach a thing or two and, I keep house of course. We have a Cape Cod house cluttered with antiques and a few of my paintings. I studied oil painting with the wonderful Stanley Woodward and loved it. I also spent time gardening which I am very fond of, as well as taking part in the usual community activities.



BEATTY, BABS. Mrs. David Porter, 5406 Columbus Avenue, Van Nuys, California. February, 1954. Since college days I have held a number of assorted jobs while following David around in the Army, and while he finished his college education at Harvard. We came West as soon as he graduated and I have concentrated on home and family ever since. We have three daughters, Ann, five, Virginia, four, and Barbara, two, and live in the typical southern California suburbs. I am very interested in local politics and do what I can by way of phone, walking, or writing to stimulate fellow citizens to become active and interested in politics on all levels. David shares this interest and we work together with the Young Republicans and with special groups in our town.

BEMEN, LUCY. 52 Garden Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. November, 1953. Since college until the present I have had a job as a chemist at Arthur D. Little, Incorporated, Cambridge, Massachusetts. I have an apartment near Harvard Square which is good for entertaining and housing a number of projects including darkroom, shop, fish, plants, records, et al. I also work for a local civic association interested in preserving reform government under plan E in Cambridge.

BENNETT, RUTH. Mrs. Robert N. Fuleihan, 6503 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

BENSON, ELIZABETH POLK. 10 West Underwood Street, Chevy Chase, Md.

BENTING, ELVA. 384 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

BERMAN, ESTHER. Mrs. Martin H. Clenott, 107 Mackworth Street, Portland, Maine. November, 1953. After college I taught High School for a time, and then worked as a salesgirl at Macy's. My husband and children, Laurie Gail, five, Peter Lawrence, two, and Michael David, seven months and I live in a spacious ranch style home overlooking Back Bay. I did quite a bit of organization work before the children came, but at present I must admit I find I spend most of the time taking care of house or children.

BERNARDI ALBA. Mrs. Paul Jameson, 15 Alba Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

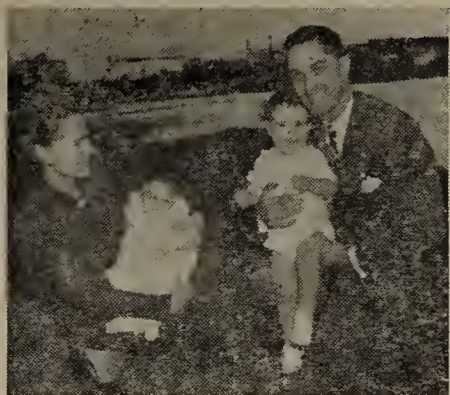
BIRK, DOROTHY. Escuela des Bellos Artes, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mex.

BISHOP, EDITH. Mrs. John R. Stokes, Jr., 916 13th Street, Arcata, Calif.

BIXLER, ALICE. Mrs. Emmett P. Monroe, 1124 Broadway East, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. February, 1954. We left off in 1950 back in Columbus with Emmett well started into medical school at Ohio State. I worked at a not-too-fascinating job as secretary to a tax attorney and two accountants until time for our first daughter to appear in the fall of 1950. We lived in an apartment around the corner from the med school, so we found it very convenient for trotting to the hospital to have babies, too. The four years went quickly, looking back, some of the nicest things about them being: living in the same city with Emmett's parents and having them and grandchildren learn to know and enjoy one another; and gay and interesting times with schoolmates and families. Emmett carried on numerous side activities—various externships, painting houses, and selling tours for SITA (Students' International Travel Association)—plug! We highly recommend them to anyone wanting to see a lot of Europe as cheaply as possible. Lisa arrived at the end of 1952 and we all proudly watched Papa graduate the next spring, with a record we could brag about. So here we are in Cuyahoga Falls, adjacent to Akron where a good internship at City Hospital is two-thirds over. Our ever present question is where next. Emmett looks forward to a general practice, probably in northern Ohio if we find a nice medium sized town that needs him, starting July. Meanwhile we peruse all the ads in the journals and have fun speculating various possibilities. My days are fairly quiet, with daughters now 1 and 3. I get out to monthly Wellesley meetings and a hospitals wives' group, and we have had a much more active social life as a couple than we counted on for our limited stay here. It will be fun to hear from everyone!

BLICK, BARBARA. Mrs. Francis George Harry Sherman, 5 Fairwood Boulevard, Pleasant Ridge, Michigan. February, 1954. When the first record book was out, my husband, Ted, was just completing his course at the Harvard Business School. That June we left

Cambridge for four wonderful months in the British Isles and Europe. My first visit



with his parents and English friends, needless to say, a thrilling experience. We toured England and the continent, and in October, headed for Chatham, Ontario, Canada, where Ted worked for Procter and Gamble. Then Ted was offered a job with a leather company in Spring Lake, Michigan, a summer resort paradise, and we decided to try it. We found it a year round paradise, friendly people, cultural activities I never dreamed possible plus all the added pleasures of being by Lake Michigan.

In May, 1952, Christopher Randolph was born, and we moved into a seven-room house on the Lake. We have added two rooms and a boat dock. In July, 1953, Dawn

Madeline Ann was born, a healthy, happy baby, but the experience of knocking on the Pearly Gates for a day has left me a semi-invalid for a year, most frustrating for someone who has never been ill before. We spent a year in the suburb of Detroit where I grew up and where Ted is opening a branch office for his firm. My parents were nearby and their invaluable help with the children has helped me back on the road to recovery. This summer Ted's parents are flying over for a six weeks' visit, and this fall we are scheduled to be back in our beloved Spring Lake, where Ted will once again take up his duties as a member of the School Board, among other things.

BOGART, HELEN. Mrs. David S. Smith, 289 Sylvan Knoll Road, Stamford, Connecticut. October, 1953. In the fall of 1950, after teaching kindergarten in Chattanooga for three years, I went to Teachers College, Columbia University and received my Master of Arts in 1951. It was fun living in New York for a year but....The following fall I started to teach kindergarten in Darien, Connecticut. There I met Dave Smith. We announced our engagement in February and were married on June 21 1952.

At first we traveled nearly all the time... fortunately, as we had a hard time finding an apartment. Now in an area of commuters, I'm almost a freak, as Dave is Assistant Controller of Schick, Inc. (the best in electric shavers, you know) which means office in Stamford and only an occasional business trip—a most welcome change to both of us as commuting is not our idea of living.

At the present moment, I'm deeply involved in a Junior League radio program project. It's a taped show with professional people from the Stamford Museum, but there's still lots of work. It's something quite new in the field of children's radio (we're told) so it's really most exciting, if hectic and time consuming. I also work on puppet shows which is fun. The years since Wellesley have been wonderful—particularly the last two—and living in Connecticut is fine as long as there's no commuting involved.

BOISE, EVELYN. Mrs. John W. Kittner, 88 Burnham Road, Morris Plains, New Jersey. February, 1954. The Kittners, Paul, four and one-half, Ruth, three months, my husband John and I live in a typical small town with lots of atmosphere (abounding in places on all sides "where Washington slept"). We have a nice six room house with sunporch and fenced-in backyard. My husband works for Bell Telephone Laboratories as an electrical engineer, and I busy myself with much sewing, gardening and church work as well as caring for the children.

BOLAND, PATRICIA. Mrs. Isaac Halpern, state of Washington?

BOLLMAN, EVELYN. Mrs. Edward C. Stickney, 141 Beech Avenue, Melrose, Mass.

BOLTE, LINDA. Mrs. Victor Whitlock, Junior, North Street, Greenwich, Connecticut. April, 1954. Having missed *Five Years Later*, I will go back to 1945. I joined the Red Cross that summer and had a short tour of duty in Manila and Okinawa. Came home and was married in the spring of '46 and have since produced three girls: Linda, aged seven, Rhoda, four, and Marion, two and a half. Vic is in the advertising business in New York. I lead a typical "homebody-mother" life except for some tutoring and correcting of senior English papers at the Greenwich Academy. Since time and space are short, I will leave you with these few bare bones.

BONSAL, MARGARET. Mrs. John E. Soleau, 130 Washington Avenue, Morristown,



New Jersey. February, 1954. In 1950 we were a family of four: David, two and Carol just a baby. We lived in a small apartment in Alexandria, Virginia where John was attending the Protestant Episcopal Seminary. In the summers we stayed in the area while John did pastoral clinical training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital (a Federal mental hospital in Washington, D. C.). He graduated in June '52 and we moved to Morristown, New Jersey where he is an assistant minister in a very large parish. Our house is old and roomy and easily accomodate our growing family. Jeffrey arrived last February,

and since then we've added a cat and a German shepherd puppy. We will be here one more year before moving to a more permanent place. John has a real "feel" for the ministry, and my role as a minister's wife is most rewarding.

BOWER, JOAN. mail returned

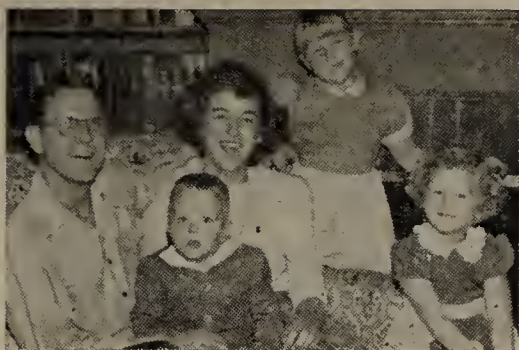
BRADLEY, GLORIA. Mrs. Manuel Duran, 101 Washington Avenue, Northampton, Mass.

BRADSHAW, HELEN MARIE. Mrs. Arthur F. Edwards, 96 Del Norte Avenue, San Anselmo, California. February, 1954. We live in a small town (9,000 population) about 15 miles across the Golden Gate bridge from San Francisco in a beautiful English Manor House high on a hill in the middle of six and a half acres planted in mammoth camellia, azalea and rhododendron bushes; four Siamese cats, one blue merle Collie and one Chihuahua complete the picture.



Arthur retired from practicing law and is now president of Sunset Mausoleum Association. We adopted Christy, seven, about two years ago and it has been a wonderful experience for us all. I am president of the Central California Wellesley Club, a member of the Junior League and on the Board of the Children's Theater Association for which I wrote a play. Also help make silk screened Christmas cards which Arthur designs.

BURNET, JULIE ANN. Mrs. Harold S. Robinson, 3168 Gloria Terrace, Lafayette



California. February, 1954. Country and casual with lots of running room for small ones—i. e. Katherine, six; Jennifer Mary, five; and Thomas Burnet, three, to say nothing of three cats, one dog, one parakeet, two turtles, a few fish, etc. Taking care of the pets and the children seems my main hobby. My husband is a doctor specializing in internal medicine. I have activities like coöperative nursery school, charity drives, and extracurricular activities at school to keep me busy.

BURNQUIST, CAROLINE. Mrs. Howard Borgerding, 3A Wasp Circle, China Lake, California. February, 1954. My husband is a lieutenant in the Navy Air Corps and we are living a life very typical of the navy, situated as we are in the middle of the Mojave Desert where the navy tests and develops new air ordinance. Our quarters however, are way above par, with air-conditioning for desert summers (110 degrees and up), and miracle of miracles plenty of water to keep our yards green and flowers blooming in a real oasis. We all love it especially after Howard's nine months in Korea in '51 and '52. We have two children, Katie, twenty-one months, and Chris, five months.

BURNS, INA. Mrs. Herbert P. Broida, 9200 Lindale Drive, Bethesda, Maryland. December, 1953. Herb and I have been fortunate in that we have had a chance to do a bit of traveling since we were married. In the summer of '49 we were abroad in England and Western Europe for three months and enjoyed it immensely. We returned to Washington where Herb worked at the National Bureau of Standards, and I worked as Chief Social Worker, District of Columbia Adult Mental Hygiene Clinic. We spent the years 1952 and 1953 in London while Herb did research at Imperial Collage (Guggenheim Fellowship). John Philip was born August 5, 1952 and has made a typical suburban mother out of me. We are now in Maryland where Herb continues his work as a research physicist, and I do community work as well as keep house.

BURTON, MARY TYLOR. Mrs. Robert D. Garrison, Jr., 2909 Clearview Drive, Austin, Texas. February, 1954. In 1950, R.D. and I were peacefully living in Austin while he attended the University of Texas. Then in September came orders to re-enter the Army. We went to Fort Lewis, Washington, barely missed being sent to Korea, and then returned to Fort Benning, Georgia for eight months. In May, 1951, R.D. went to Germany with the Fourth Divison, and after Robby was born and two months old, he and I flew to Germany to be with R.D. We lived with a German family and really had an interesting time. Back in the country in January, 1952, R.D. was released and we returned to Austin to finish school. Emily was borne in November, 1952, and Priscilla in October, 1953. So you can see there hasn't been much time for anything lately except children and their care. However, I am a member of the Jonior League and as such have been active for various Community drives. We hope to spend this summer in Canada with my family and then return here where R.D. will have a job after getting his degree in architectural Engineering this June.

BUTLER, ELLEN. Mrs. Beverly C. Dunn, Jr., Puritan Arms, apt. 308, 50 Follen Street, Cambridge, Mass.

BUTTREY, BONNIE. Mrs. Raymond Telling, 39 Central Avenue, Aurora, Illinois. February, 1954. At the time of the last record book, I was working and we were living in Denver, but the work soon ended...when Martha was born in October, 1950. When she was six weeks old, we moved back to the Chicago area....not enough industry in Denver to make public accounting very profitable. Ray entered an accounting firm in Aurora with prospects of a partnership. We had Jennifer in February, 1952, built a house and had been in it only five months when Ray had a fine opportunity to join Hall Printing Company in Chicago as assistant to the controller, a man Ray had worked with at Price, Waterhouse. This means horrible commuting but since we had undertaken the job of "painting contractor" for our house, we were caught. We hope to finish decorating this spring, take a year off to relax, then start house-hunting closer to Chicago.

BUZZELL, GLORIA. Mrs. Harold Hecht, 701 North Foothill Road, Beverly Hills, California. January, 1954. I love my home, a two-story house with what seems like enough outdoor equipment for a nursery school and can't wait to finish decorating the inside (I have been studying interior decorating at UCLA). Both boys (Steven five and one-half and Duffy three and one-half) go to school mornings, giving me time for shopping, community activities, etc.

CALECHMAN, REBECCA. Mrs. Nathen Weiss, 392 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

CALVERT, ANNE. Mrs. W. Marshall Cross, 20 East Vintah Street, Colorado Springs, Colo.

CAMPBELL, CONSTANCE. Mrs. Richard E. Sprague, 5052 Range Horse Lane, Rolling Hills, California. February, 1954. Shortly after graduation in June 1945, Dick received his orders for the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, D. C. We spent a year there and the following June drove across country to California where he went to work on Northrop's guided missile project.



While at Northrop he was a co-developer of the Maddida, a desk size digital computer or electronic "brain". He left Northrop with several other engineers to form the Computer Research Corporation, manufacturing digital computers and componet electronic parts. This is beginning to sound like a sales brochure. Anyhow, in February of 1954, CRC became a division of the National Cash Register Company with Dick as Director of Sales.

As for me, I have been busy raising Peter who is six, and Anne, our two year old.

CAMPBELL, GLORIA. Mrs. Louis Marengo, 827 Gordon Avenue, Falls Church, Virginia. October, 1953. We live in a house in the country outside Washington, where my husband, a Harvard graduate, works as an economist for the United States Government. We have two children, Paul, four; and Bill, two. We lived in Berkely, California for a year, where Lou taught at the University of California. Since then, we have lived in Virginia.

CAPRON, FRANCES MARGARET. Mrs. Gilbert I. Smith, 20 Midcrest Way, San Francisco, California. February, 1954. Husband: doctor, resident in Urology at the University of California Hospital. We own a two-bedroom house with backyard and view in the

center of San Francisco. I work half-days as a doctor for the Child Health Department of San Francisco and spend the rest of the time raising our family, Terry Lee, two, and ?, due any moment.

CASH, EILEEN. mail returned

CATLETT, CARTER. Mrs. T. Franklin Williams, 201 Great Plain Avenue, Wellesley, Massachusetts. (as of July, it will be in care of Dr. T. Franklin Williams, North Carolina Memorial Hospital, Chapel Hill, North Carolina). November, 1954. A pleasant garage apartment on a small estate in Wellesley...great quietness and beauty particularly relished after living on streetcar tracks in Baltimore. Four days a week are happily spent in housekeeping and simple entertaining, three days as caseworker in pre-natal and well-baby clinic. My husband is in the process of specializing in internal medicine...plans to teach and practice.



CAUGHRAN, JOAN. Mrs. Ray E. Miller, 1349 North Third Street, Fargo, North Dakota. February, 1954. The past four years have brought changes to us, as to all. On May 31, 1951,



Lynn Marie, our first daughter, second child arrived. She was just as good a baby as John had been two years earlier, and looked just like him.

About a year later, Ray was offered a much better sales territory with his company, Abbott Laboratories (pharmaceuticals). We moved to Fargo, North Dakota, which after two years we like better and better. Ray's territory covers a little of eastern North Dakota, more of western Minnesota. He is away only five nights a month, not bad for a traveling salesman.

In November, 1952, we moved into our own home, a thirteen year-old Cape Cod in a lovely neighborhood. Since we have lived here Ray has made many improvements: screened porch, panelled bedrooms, etc.

Fargo is a very vital place in which to live...paved streets, no fighting Indians, etc.! I teach Sunday School, am active in the Church mother's club, belong to the Fine Arts Club, A.A.U.W., and belong to three bridge clubs on the more frivolous side.

We are only about fifty miles from the wonderful Minnesota lakes where we spend most of our summer weekends. Some day we hope to own a lake cottage. Ray adores fishing and hunting, part of the life in this country.

This winter has been pretty rugged—down to 30 below, and a week or more when the temperature never got up near zero! I'm looking forward to kindergarten for John this fall. Hope the next five years are as good to us as the past five.

CHALMERS, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Gustave H. Todrank, 40 Bridge Street, Newton, Massachusetts. November, 1953. We live in a big gray parsonage surrounded by flower beds which my husband tends. My life at present can be summed up by saying that I am the wife of a Congregational Minister (and student); the mother of two cherubs (Stephen, sixteen months, Josephine, two weeks); and that takes twenty-four hours of every day including Sunday. It's a busy, domestic, happy and interesting life—and there could be no better role for me.

CHAPIN, BARBARA MITCHELL. Mrs. Wallace Perry Dunlap, Soda Springs, Idaho. February, 1954. In June 1952, we moved from Grosse Ile, Michigan, where we had lived



for five years, to Anniston, Alabama; my husband, Sun, was sent there to get a chlorine plant into operation for Monsanto Chemical Company. This was our venture South, and we thoroughly enjoyed it—and were sorry to leave it in less than a year. Anniston is a lovely valley surrounded by high rolling hills; the people were so kind and friendly—the term “southern hospitality” might have originated there. Louisa, our youngest was born there last December. February, 1953, we moved to Soda Springs, Idaho, where Sun is Production manager of Monsanto's newest plant. We love this tiny town, almost 6000

feet high in the Idaho mountains; the country is gorgeous, winter and summer. The feeling of space and nearness to the sky is truly wonderful. Rodeos, the County Fair, picnics and explorations in the summer, square dancing in the winter. Most everyone knows everyone else; it's a busy town humming with activities and projects, but at the same time no one is too busy to stop and pass the time of day. We love it here! Last summer we drove to California, drove down its breath-taking coast to visit in Los Angeles; came home by way of the Grand Canyon and Salt Lake. This summer we hope to do some camping in the Tetons and visit Yellowstone. Despite this crazy, uneasy world, life is full of good things, big and small (W.P.D. III (Sandy) seven, Ann Leonard, six, and Louisa Mitchell, one, to name a few).

CHAPIN, ELIZABETH. Mrs. David D. Heath, 402 Nob Hill, apt. 1, Ann Arbor, Mich.

CHENOWETH, CONSTANCE. Mrs. W. Murray Kenney, 4716 Clifton Street, Saint Louis, Missouri. January, 1954. Since the 1950



book, I have had three children and moved into a new house. Kathryn Laurence was born in April, 1950; David Anderson in February, 1952; and Christine Murray on January 5 of this year. They are normal, average children the older two being short, chubby, blue-eyed blonds, and the youngest showing promise of looking just like them.

Our house (moved in the fall of 1950) is locat-

ed on the same property as the church. It is a modern, six-room ranch house, the two outstanding features being a thermopane window 26 feet long and 10 feet high, and a circular fireplace which reminds some people of a Bendix washing machine. It is wonderful for the type of life we lead, as we often entertain large groups. Once we had a hundred and fifty people standing in the living room—and did not have to remove any furniture.

After five and a half years, I am gradually getting accustomed to life as a clergyman's wife. I still rebel at the many evenings I spend alone (they average five a week), but there are compensations for it. Since our families all live over a thousand miles from us, we rely on parishioners for many jobs the grandparents might perform, mainly in the field of baby-sitting. Murray is the president of Planned Parenthood in Saint Louis, in addition to his work in the parish and diocese.

I'm sorry that I won't get to Reunion this year... a clergyman's salary does not provide for luxuries like that. I do work for the Wellesley Club here as Admissions Committee Chairman, but have yet to run into anyone from our class.

CHILDS, BETTY ANN. Mrs. Arthur Edward Rowse, 123 Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts. Ted is on the night editorial desk of the Boston Globe, and we have just bought a 150-year-old house here that was once lived in by the Bronson Alcotts and is referred to in Louisa May Alcotts writings as the "Dovecote." We have three daughters and are expecting a fourth. Those present are Ruth Ann, five and a half; Martha Clair, two and a half, and Margaret, 14 months. Before I was married I worked in the Library of Congress reference department and the State Department and was an editorial assistant of the Kiplinger Magazine. My hobbies are writing nonfiction and I hope to add politics to that in the 1956 national elections.

CHUMASERO, DONA, 229 East 51 Street New York 22, N.Y. October, 1953. For the past two years, I have been living in New York and loving it—it wouldn't seem that just moving across the river from Brooklyn would make all the difference in the world, but it certainly does! My family has gone off to rural domesticity in Connecticut. I am comfortably established (once you catch your breath after walking four flights) in a small but attractive apartment, complete with a working fireplace and a patio with a fountain. Workwise, I'm still at the Port of New York Authority—almost up to my fifth anniversary. Am now heading up the communications program, which deals with all internal employee-management communication: a house organ, a business digest, an anniversary letter and service award program, bulletin boards and suggestion system. It's a challenging job, and fascinating place to work, especially now that we have two helicopters and I occasionally get a chance to hop from the top of our office to an airport in a glass bubble propelled by a motor. Leisure time is taken up by taking advantage of what New York has to offer in the way of concerts, exhibits, theatre; frequent weekend airings in the Connecticut sunshine; and an attempt to make an annual tour of Georgia, Ohio, New Hampshire, and Connecticut Wellesley cronies. I've got two Wellesley godchildren to keep tabs on, too.

CLARIN, JEAN BEVERLY. Mrs. William C. Orr, Mansfield Four Corners, Storrs, Connecticut. October, 1953. Bill and I were married in 1946 and spent three years in Berkeley, California where Bill got his Ph.D. Since 1949 we have been living in Storrs, where Bill is assistant professor of Chemistry at the University of Connecticut. My activities are quite average—coping with and enjoying Sally, four and a half, and Kathy, three, cooking, garden-

ing, painting, working for the League of Women Voters and helping with other community activities which occasionally catch up with me when I am not looking. We are also enthusiastic (if not proficient) members of a square dance group. The combination of college town and rural life here is very satisfying. When we feel we are getting just too homey for words we head for New York for a long week-end, leaving the children with grandparents while we enjoy theaters, stores and un-home-cooked food.

CLARK, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Albert A. Blank, 2345 83rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CLARKE, ALICE. Mrs. Jay Paxton Bartlett, 1352 29th Street, Ogden, Utah. February, 1954. The summer after I graduated from Wellesley I spent at the University of Chicago taking courses toward a Masters degree in English, plus a course in shorthand to make it seem I was being "practical". In the fall I took a job with a very successful Chicago advertising agency doing secretarial work and research. At the end of nine months, having sold my senior novel to the *Ladies Home Journal* and one short story to *McCall's*, I decided to be a writer. So I abandoned my advertising job and was working hard on free-lance writing when, in September of 1946, I took time off to get married. Since then I have had very little time for anything but baby-tending.

My husband is Jay Bartlett, an M.D., doing mainly general surgery. He received both his B.S. and his M.D. degrees from the University of Chicago, where I met him when he was my brother's room-mate at Billings Hospital. After our marriage we spent one year in the Navy (at which time I had a lovely voyage on a Navy troop transport from New York City through the Panama Canal to San Francisco) and one year in South Chicago while Jay had a residency in neurosurgery at the University. Then we moved to Ogden, Utah, where Jay has since practiced medicine with his father.

Ogden is a lovely city on the foot-hills of the Wasatch Mountain Range, overlooking Great Salt Lake. It is a wonderful place for sportsmen, the skiing, duck-hunting, and deer-hunting all being superior.

We have three little girls named Sara, Mary, and Wendy. Ages five, three, and one respectively. None of them are yet in school, so my days are very busy keeping them all clean, well-fed and happily occupied. Sara, the oldest, is studious and precise as well as temperamental and imaginative. Mary, the second is the casual, athletic type with a clown's sense of humor. The baby is cute and pleasant but non-communicative as yet.

Ever since our marriage, Jay and I have been renting one inadequate apartment and house after another. This spring we began to build our own home, details of which we have planned with loving care. A most exciting project.

CLEMENT, MICKIE. Mrs. Otten MacClure Turner, 7157B Alvern Street, Los Angeles 45, California. February, 1954. By the fall of 1950, I had acquired enough credits through the evening extension courses at Rutgers University to complete my junior year and that September transferred all credits (two years at Wellesley and Rutgers, etc.) to Stanford University and graduated in June, 1951. It was a wonderful year and since my major was Psychology, I took every psych course I could possibly schedule. During that year I met the man who was to become my husband, a graduate student in the Business School. After graduation, we both started working at Hughes Aircraft Company in Culver City, California. I in Personnel, and Mac in Production Control. During the ensuing year we both worked like demons but still managed to lunch together. We were married in August, 1952 in Madison, Wisconsin with all members of our families present. Mac

grew up in Madison, Wisconsin and graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1944, served as an Ensign aboard the USS Enterprise during the war and after several years in a family business in Milwaukee decided to attend Graduate School of Business at Stanford where we met. Mac is a ski enthusiast (was on the ski-jumping team at Wisconsin) and we love to spend our weekends skiing in the mountains near Los Angeles. My eight year old son, Bill (by former marriage) is learning to ski too and will soon put me to shame!

Mac recently accepted a fine position with a company in Burbank and we are presently busily engaged in house-hunting in San Fernando Valley. Although I love my job, within the next year or so I shall probably devote full time to being a housewife and mother.

COFFIN, NANCY W. Mrs. William B. Martin, Jr., 63 Dutchman's Village, Schenectady, N. Y. November, 1953. We live in a veterans' housing development, converted barracks on Union College Campus, four rooms and a bath. My husband is assistant professor of chemistry at Union. We have a son, Timothy George Martin, aged 16 months and I'm expecting again. My hobbies are corresponding, Home Bureau and sewing.

COGGESHALL, CAROLINE. Mrs. Joseph Segar, 854 Locust Avenue, Charlottesville, Va.

COHAN, BARBARA. Mrs. Howard J. Fine, 281 Upland Avenue, Newton Highlands, Mass.

COHEN, JOY. Mrs. Marion J. Levy, Jr., 34 College Road, Princeton, N. J.

COLCORD, ANNE. Mrs. James Beall Rodgers, 628 East 20th Street, New York. October. 1953. The 1950 Record Book had us newly-married and newly-arrived in Trieste. There we stayed for two years while Beall did surgery at the Army Hospital and I taught high school English in a damask-hung room which had once been a boudoir of the Duchessa D' Aosta. During the winter months we battened down a triple layer of shutters against the "bora", which is fierce enough to blow a street car into the Adriatic. But during the spring, summer, and fall we jaunted about Europe as much as the Army would let us. That was quite



a lot as I look back on it, but it just seemed to whet our appetite for more. And we got so fond of Trieste, the city, that we would like to find a city over here with the same specifications to settle in some day.

When we got back, Beall started in again on the interrupted surgical training at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital. One of those endless deals that always lead into another year of this and that, and you are supposed to end up trained but with little idea of where or how to use it. I, having retired from the academic world, am engrossed in housewifery, but especially in David, our nine-month omnipotent sul-

tan. We live in an enormous hive in the middle of the city but feel as unique as if we were the only inmates, because our elevator is blue instead of red (like Stanley's) and we can see the river. That's city-living for you. For the time being we are very pleased with it all.

CONNALLY PATRICIA. 155 East 52nd Street, New York, N. Y.

CONROY, MARGARET. 60 Perry Street, New York, N. Y.

COOK, FRANCES. Mrs. Clendon Hunt Lee, 420 East 23rd Street, New York City, New York. October, 1953. When the last questionnaire came around I was so busy being the expectant mother I never got around to filling it in. Now that I am getting to be such an old hand at this baby business, my third is just three weeks old, time no longer poses such a problem. So to begin back in 1945. The year after graduation I moved over to another academic center, Cambridge, to take the Management Training Program. The emphasis was less academic and more professional, primarily training for personal administration.



After completing the course in 1946 I became a Training Supervisor at R. H. Whites and moved to Mount Auburn Street with a group that fluctuated from six to eight. Having as many as twelve or more at dinner any and every night of the week was nothing unusual. The next year I changed jobs to become the Assistant Director of Admission at Wellesley. In the fall of 1948 I was whisked away to New York and Peter Cooper Village by dint of marriage. The job for the interim before "retirement" was Assistant Personal Director at Blue Cross. That first year was as busy and exciting as they have all been. Clendon and I busied ourselves furiously to furnish the apartment. It was not long before we

became active in local organizations. That first year we engaged actively in an insurgent primary campaign to unseat the Tammany man in the City Council. Hot summer nights and weekends found me ringing doorbells all over the lower East Side and speaking on sound trucks on Grand and Delancy Streets. As a Poll Watcher my eyes were opened wide as the organization did its work! They turned out the vote. We lost. This past summer we tried again, this time for the District Leadership. Our showing was excellent, but we lost again.

The New York Wellesley Club has claimed a good deal of my time. Having enjoyed the activities of the Junior Club of Boston so much, with the support of the Club here I organized the New York Junior Wellesley Club and became the Vice President and Board Member of the senior group. More recently I have worked on the groundwork of a Placement Committee to work in liason with the college office.

Clendon Jr. arrived September 10, 1950. Alethea Frances came on April 17, 1952, and Harley Cook was born September 22, 1953. As little Clen said recently, "We have lots of babies around here." Just like any other proud parent I find the wee ones a never ending delight. Clen has just started nursery school and loves it. That adds Parents Association activities to my schedule for this year. Participation in the League of Women Voters will be renewed.

Last year we worked on a Church committee for the reorganization of the Sunday School curriculum which is presently a nation-wide program of the Episcopal Church. Time was we all four got to Church at eleven of a Sunday morning. Somehow I doubt the five of us will make it in the too near future. For the present, living in the city and in Peter Cooper Village is ideal for us, but within two or three years we plan to move to suburbia where a different life will begin.

COOPER, DORIS E. Mrs. David Bruce Powers, 1735 Spruce Street, Berkeley 9, California.



My husband is Lieutenant Colonel, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, stationed at present in San Francisco, in the office of Engineer Inspector-General. We live in an apartment just off the University of California campus here. My days are spent at the University; his at the office in San Francisco across the bay or travelling between Yuma, Arizona, and Fairbanks, Alaska, inspecting Army Engineer installations. Last year I discovered the delights of the tenor recorder. Still matching wills with it.

COPE, VIRGINIA. 331 South Smedley Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

CRAM, JEAN. Mrs. Ted Cline, 10819 Magnolia Drive, Cleveland 6, Ohio. January, 1954.

Since the last record book came out, I have completed my hospital requirements for pediatric specialty boards and have at last started on our family: our first child, Catharine Anne, arrived in November, 1953. In the meantime, Ted is finishing his surgery training which takes five years instead of my three. Thus things are much the same with the Clines—still living in the same place, still "in training". In July 1955, we'll strike out for parts as yet unknown where a general surgeon is needed (if anyplace!). I hope to have more children of course, and when we settle permanently some place, resume medical activities.

CRANDALL, ROSEMARY. Mrs. John Pennington Warter, 541 East Broad Street, Westfield, New Jersey. February, 1954. Our life has been pretty hectic since 1950 despite the fact that we thought we were settled for good here. In July of '51, our third son, Chris was born, and a real live wire he is. Penn finished his orthopedic training and opened here



full time in January of '52, but the Navy was breathing down his neck and in October he was recalled for another tour of duty. From then until last May, he was stationed at St. Albans Naval Hospital on Long Island days, but he came home every night to keep up his practice here. I was nurse, receptionist and handy man around here while we practiced medicine seven days a week. Finally last May Penn decided it was too much for him and asked to be transferred out of the country. He was made head of orthopedics on Guam. So we started out, spent six weeks getting to California and touring the

country, and then a new bill was passed by Congress and Penn was discharged. We are back home again, settled and happy with nothing to worry us—and three healthy boys (Lawrence is eight, Mark six), two dogs, a cat, three birds, and millions of tropical fish to keep us from getting bored. We are sailing next Thursday for a Caribbean cruise, and are so excited about it we can hardly keep going. It will be our first time without the boys, and a real second honeymoon. I hope to see you all at reunion.

CRAWLEY, ADELAIDE. 217 West Lanvale Street, Baltimore, Md.

CROOKS, JANET P Mrs. Russell H. Davis, 57 Haven Lane, Levittown, New York. October, 1953. My husband is a sales engineer for the International Division of the York Corporation. We have three children, Russell Porter, five; Kenneth Crooks, three; and Nanette Patricia, one. I held several jobs since college, with the Irving Trust Company, Equitable Life, and with A. T. and T., where I worked on a bond issue. I have been to Haiti twice to visit my sister, Barbara, Wellesley 1944, and her family.

CROSS, ANN. Mrs. George Limerick, 155 North Summit Street, Decatur, Illinois. January, 1954. After leaving Wellesley, I got my



Occupational Therapy Degree from Boston School in 1946. I held jobs as Occupational Therapist at Michael Reese in Chicago, Decatur, and Macon county Hospital in Decatur, Field Director for Decatur Girl Scouts, and Instructor in Social Work at Millikin University. At present I find myself busy caring for Jill, age three and a half, Sandra, two and one-half, and Sam age one. I am a member of Junior Welfare (similar to Junior League) and

teach Sunday School.

CRYAN, CLAIRE. Mrs. Richard D. Sedgwick, Howe Street, Dover, N. H.

CURTIS, CRITTY. Mrs. Keith A. Leibbrand, 9 Alfred Lane, Bloomfield, New Jersey. Keith and I were finally married on September 22, 1951 and settled here at our present address.



We live in a garden apartment though I have yet to find the garden. Some 555 families live in this development which consists of two-story dwellings, four apartments to an entrance. Actually it looks like "Kiddieland U. S. A." here. On August 15, 1952, Curtis Kendall Leibbrand came to live with us. As I have always wanted my career to be that of a wife and mother, I could not be happier. Before Curtis was born, Keith and I were advisers to the Young People's Fellowship at church. We now alternate with another couple so we can take turns baby-sitting for each other. We have also played some duplicate bridge. I teach the seventh grade class of girls at Sunday School and belong to the College Women's Club of Essex County, a branch of A.A.U.W. Keith works for United States Rubber as a research chemist. As a new research labora-

tory will soon be built and as we hope to increase our family we will most likely move into a larger place this coming summer near the proposed new laboratory.

DAMON, PRISCILLA. Mrs. Harrison M. Rainie, Jr., 34 Franklin Court, Garden City, N. Y.

DANHOF, ANNABEL. Mrs. Samuel A. Hess, 311 W. Broadway, Maumee, Ohio. February, 1954. My other opportunity at autobiography having been neglected in the process of moving

and having a baby, this will begin in 1945. My first year out of college was spent meeting the public via a bank teller's cage in Detroit. It was interesting to learn what goes on in a bank.... and lots about people. But after eleven months I decided to go on quite a different tangent and enrolled in Merrill-Palmer's course in Nursery Education. Part of my practice teaching was done at the Detroit Orthopedic Clinic Nursery School for Cerebral Palsied children. There seemed to be a real job to be done here in teaching children with limited and varing capacities who, until now, had never had the opportunity to develop abilities to the extent of their capacities. And so stayed I on to teach there the following year. It was very gratifying work. But my career was ended abruptly the following summer when Sam Hess (Amherst '43) and I were married and moved to Ohio. Sam is now a salesman for Socony-Vacuum Oil Company. We moved into a tiny three-room apartment in Maumee, where I kept very busy.... doing what, I can't imagine! When our first child was on the way, we moved to a five-room lower duplex with a big yard. We are still there and about to "burst our seams". We now have two little girls...Andrea Joan, three and a half, and Mary Barbara, ten months. They keep me busy but are wonderful fun. Maumee is an historical spot, partly country town and partly suburb of Toledo. Becoming a real part of a town has been an interesting and unique experience for us. There are enough community activities to fill every waking minute but, aside from all the "drives", I limit myself to the League of Women Voters, Church Guild, Garden Club, Wellesley Club and a bridge club just for fun. Presently we are expecting to be transferred back to Detroit where we hope to find a home of our own.

DAVIS, ANNE LOGAN. 552 Union Street, Rahway, New Jersey. February, 1954. After



an eight-month sojourn at Saranac Lake, spent in absorbing the "magic mountain" atomosphere, I resumed work at Bellevue in January, 1952 on the Children's Tuberculosis service under Doctor Edith Lincoln. In May, 1952, I went to Europe on a Norwegian freighter, and after spending a month in Italy, I visited Innsbruck, Austria, Munich, Switzerland, Paris, and finally Spain. I returned to New York on the Ile de France and continued my residency training at Bellevue from September, 1952 until January, 1954 on the Adult Chest Service. Extracurricular activities during this period included: (for a short time!) taking the "Great Books Course" at the New York Public Library, skiing at Bromley, Stowe and Mount Tremblant, a long weekend on Nantucket, another one on a wonderful wild island off the coast of Maine and many weekends in Vermont (my adopted state). After a vacation, Florida and Nassau, I began my last six months of residency at Bellevue in January, on the

first Medical (Columbia) Division. In July I expect to go to Presbyterian Hospital for a year on a fellowship in Endocrinology. Perhaps after that I shall settle down and practice Internal Medicine.

DAVIS, BETTY LU. Mrs. Charles J. DeBriere, 34 rue Scheffer, Paris XVI, France

DAVIS, DINNY. Mrs. John Fraser Hart, 240 Hillcrest, Athens, Georgia February, 1954. '45 five years later, left us tackling the first year's teaching at the University of Georgia. We are still there, but have truly travelled during the free summer months. We

spent the summer of 1950 in Milwaukee while Fraser finished his thesis for the Ph.D. in geography at Northwestern. The next summer we rented a small car in Paris and toured thirteen countries on the continent. That fall Fraser received a Ford Foundation fellowship which entitled us to spend the academic year visiting the geography department at the University of Wisconsin and McGill University in Montreal. The next summer we again sailed for Europe where Fraser had a grant for more research in Britain. Coming home that fall, we decided it was time to settle down for a while and on September 11, 1953 our first child, Richard Laird Hart, was born. I don't have to tell you what our life centers around at the present moment.

DAVIS, DORCAS. Mrs. Maurice E. Park, 129 Burbank Road, Longmeadow, Massachusetts. November, 1953. We live in a six-room house in the suburbs—share it with a cocker and an alley cat. At one time I was practicing law with my husband, Bud, but now I am retired! I am a happy housewife, active in house and community activities.

DAVIS, FRANCES. Mrs. Edward R. Buck, Jr., Merril Road, North Wilbraham, Mass.

DAY, CHARLOTTE. Mrs. Paul L. Hudson, mail returned

DEGRACE, THERESE. Mrs. Robert Wilson Crandall, 193 Schrade Road; Briarcliff Manor New York. November, 1953. We're living in the country in a two-year old ranch-type house where I am busily keeping house, raising a lively two-year old daughter, and expecting our second child at Christmas.

DELONE, HELENE. Mrs. Mark C. I. Feer, North Wayne and Eagle Roads, Wayne, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. We have been living in India....just got back....where I taught school in New Delhi, first in the Garden School, then the American school. I am now helping my husband finish up his thesis for a Ph.D. on "India's Policy toward China".

deMARCADO, PEGGY ANN. Mrs. John R. Hansen, mail returned

DERECKTOR, TINKA. Mrs. Herman T. Engel, 169 East 74th Street, New York. November 1953. Went to Aspen, skiing at Christmas in the Spring of 1951, decided to return East to enter the big-time film production field, and did so in June, 1951. My husband is a documentary film producer. By this time I had three articles in print, two in *Mademoiselle Magazine*, on child guidance, was pregnant that summer, swimming modeling for a beauty issue on the modern pregnant woman. The baby came in December, 1951, via natural childbirth (Mlle. June '52) and I flew to Nassau with him six weeks later, and from there for four months to Georgia, where I taught him to swim (*Pageant*, July '53). Then a summer in Greenwich, back to New York, doctorate work at the N.Y. School of Social Work for a year. And now a new apartment, a new part-time job doing therapy with a private child psychiatrist, and an enchanting two-year-old boy to take to the park. Summers, last and from now on, I hope, Easthampton and the beach. That's all, I guess.

DEVEREAUX, JEAN BRYANT. Mrs. Scott E. Doten, 71 Forest Hill Parkway, Newark 4, New Jersey. February, 1954. Our second son, Charles Devereaux was born in Ellsworth, Maine, April 1950—just missed the last record book. We were then living in Harrington, Maine, where we had been since 1946 when my husband had turned to lumberjacking and fishing for his health. By the winter of 1951 we decided that we had had our fun and it was time we buckled down to provide for our family. As a transition job, Scott

worked for a year with Associated Fish Products in Eastport, Maine, as chemist and we lived in Quoddy Village—what a place! It is the ghost town of the Passamaquoddy power project. In January of 1952, the fishing season being over, Scott came to New York to look for a job leaving me to battle some rugged snow storms, the kids and our five cats, etc. I followed and could write a book on the transition from woods-queer to a sophisticate. It took quite a while for me to get used to electricity and running water in the sink. But two years have passed and we seem to be doing quite well. Scott is a research chemist in Newark. I am busy with housework, writing, and sewing tiny garments. We hope that this New Jersey period is merely a transition for we are anxious to get back to New England. We now live in an apartment—ground floor with a park across the street which the boys enjoy. They seem to be doing fine, and we hope that we have been able to bring our stern inflexible Down East virtues along with us to the city.

DICKE, HARRIET LOUISE, Mrs. Richard Sides Hartline, Quarters 0-29, Fort Belvoir, Virginia. February, 1954. We are an Army family, living in spacious, drafty, World War I temporary quarters at a lovely post sixteen miles south of Washington, District of Columbia. Dick is a Captain, United States of America Corps of Engineers (M.I.T. after West Point). Douglas age two is our only child. I read, sew, play golf, work as a Red Cross Staff Aide, and do things for the Fort Belvoir Nursery Council and Officer's Wives' Club.

DICKINSON, LAETITIA. Mrs. Edward C. Atkinson, 15 Ridgely Avenue, Annapolis, Maryland. January, 1954. I was engaged in 1945 and married in 1947 to Edward Atkinson, a naval officer and have lived consecutively in Puerto Rico, New York, Newport, Pensacola, where Ed took flight training, completing it in Corpus Christi, Texas. We were then sent to an amphibious squadron in Norfolk, followed by a year in Coco Dolo, Panama where our son, Edward Junior, who is now two, was born. Since that time we have been living in Annapolis, and Ed is teaching aerology at the Naval Academy. I have studied some painting and sculpture off and on at American University in Washington, keeping it up as a hobby and have done a little volunteer work in each place we have been, writing art criticism for the local paper in Pensacola and doing community settlement house work with children in Corpus Christi. We are expecting a second child in March and hope to be stationed next overseas.



DIXON, MARY ELIZABETH. Mrs. A. Gordon Huson, 509 Canterbury Road, rt. 3, London, Ontario, Canada

DOANE, CYNTHIA. Mrs. Donald D. Nickerson, Jr., 2198 Massachusetts Ave; Lexington, Mass. November, 1953. I'm a typical mother and housewife: two kids to get off to school (Susan, seven to second grade and Debby, five to kindergarten) and one-year old Carolyn keeps me busy. "Spare time" is taken up with PTA Membership Chairman duties and helping with the usual run of soliciting for funds.

DONNET, JANET. Mrs. J. T. Holstun, Jr., Stoneville, Miss.

DOWNS, GLORIA. Mrs. Gloria Downs McCune, 3814 South Birmingham Place, Tulsa 15, Okla.

DRESSLER, JANET. Mrs. Charles Allen Lister, 12830 Fairhill Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio.



February, 1954. Since the 1950 biographies were written, we have added another daughter to our family, making two future Wellesleyites. Joan is four and a half; Judy one and a half. We have stayed in the same city, worked for the same company, and lived in the same apartment. Chuck finished the work for his masters (Electrical Engineering) at Case at night. Last year he had a wonderful business trip to England and the Continent. Unfortunately I couldn't go along. He has been doing research and development work in electrical engineering, and recently was named assistant director of the laboratory in which he works.

Between taking care of children and doing the hundred odd jobs of running a home, I try to keep in touch with Wellesley by serving on the board of the Cleveland Wellesley Club. This year we are trying to organize a Junior Wellesley Club group for people who have graduated since 1940. We have

thirty-five or forty at our meetings, and it's been very rewarding.

EDWARDS, JEAN S. Mrs. James B. Ludtke, 36 Butterfield Terrace, Amherst, Massachusetts.

Years 1950-52, more or less inclusive, largely occupied by pregnancy, resulting in two beguiling obstacles to intellectual endeavor known as Melissa Mary and Leslie Jean. Aside from children and housework, the other 5 per cent of my time is consumed in things like AAUW, various faculty women activities and a lively bridge club. Before launching the above career we had a once-in-a-lifetime trip through western Europe for three months in the summer of 1950. We used bikes a good deal as transportation, mainly in England and the Low Countries and found hosteling an uncomfortable but thoroughly rewarding experience. We have chosen Switzerland as our refuge if



threats of a hydrogen bomb era ever materialize. On our return we put countless victims to sleep under a battery of approximately 500 kodachrome slides, but at least always enjoyed the occasion ourselves. We surely will never regret this decision to "travel while we could" even though it has meant postponing the house hunting or building stage several years. In June, 1951, Jim received his Ph.D. in Economics from the University of Iowa, with Melissa, aged 10 days, in attendance for the conferring, and we found an apartment here, where he has secured an instructorship at the University of Massachusetts. He is now an assistant professor in the rapidly-expanding School of Business with a bright future in prospect, as regards advancement, friends, scenic surroundings, and a feeling of belonging in a friendly community.

EDGELOW, CAROL. Mrs. Halsey DeWolf Howe, Box 455, South Hamilton, Massachusetts. February, 1954. In the Autumn of 1950 we moved to South Hamilton, where my husband took on the rectorship of Christ Church of Hamilton and Wenham. There was no rectory, although a new one was just begun; so for nine months we lived in a fabulous apartment. When we did move into the new Rectory, there were still lawn and bushes to plant; you can imagine the amount of dirt which drained from the children's clothes via the Bendix every day! The towns have been growing and so has the church; consequently about thirty-five children meet in the house for Sunday school every week....an overflow from the church until the new Parish House is finished. There are also frequent meetings here. Most of my involvement with this is in the removal of children's toys and old lollipop sticks. Every summer since we have been here, we have gone back to Martha's Vineyard for our vacation; and thoroughly enjoy being "summer people" after our happy years there as "winter people". Our third child, Faith, was born in November; David is almost six, and Mary almost five.

EICHNER, CAROL. Mrs. Carl E. Dengler, 211 Potomac Road, Fairfax, Wilmington, Delaware. February, 1954. Instead of going to Wilmington, Delaware, as anticipated



in the 1950 Record Book, we took ourselves and two daughters, Candy then five and Leslie, twenty-one months, back to Massachusetts Institute of Technology; cut off our financial limb, held our breath and pulled in our belts until Carl received his Science Degree in Chemical Engineering in 1952.

Shortly thereafter we moved to Wilmington where Ellen Christine was added to our harem in March 1953.

In spite of her arrival, I have kept reasonably busy as a Brownie Scout leader for my eight-year-old plus eleven of her colleagues and also

as a Sunday School teacher for my kindergartener and twenty-two other angels. The rest of the week is very "hausfrauish" except for car pools ad infinitum for said daughters.

Fairfax our "beautiful suburban housing development" seems to be the hang out of all '45ers from colleges everywhere—a wonderful coincidence especially for our numerous offspring.

ELKINS, ELAINE. Mrs. S. E. Kaufman, 614 Midwood Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ELY, JANE. Mrs. Thomas B. Wolcott, Spruce Circle, Westfield, Mass.

EMERSON, CHARLOTTE. Mrs. Frederick Alexander Blount, 2540 Forest Drive, Winston Salem, North Carolina. January, 1954. We live in a medium-sized home (with four bedrooms) in a big residential area. Ted is a pediatrician so his practice keeps him gone and the telephone ringing most of the time. We have three children: Sandy nine, Sumner six and a half and Allison one and a half. I attended Nurses's School at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia and worked in a doctor's office while Ted was interning. Since then, I have been a very busy and contented wife and mama. I am a member of the Junior League and so do work for that and also for the past five years I have had a weekly radio program, listened to by all 25,000 children in the county as part of the school

curriculum. In it, I adapt outstanding children's books for radio. I often speak at schools on books and story-telling and now have a monthly television program, also on books. I write a weekly column in the Sunday paper reviewing children's books. I have also been active in founding the local unit of the League of Women Voters and was its first president. I was active on a bipartisan committee last year called "Citizens for Eisenhower". I recommend North Carolina to any Wellesleyites looking for a spot to settle. It's the most progressive state in the south, the most attractive, pleasant and friendly. I am a Tar Heel for sure by now and we love Winston Salem. (I also recommend Doctor Blount, if you need a pediatrician!)

ELLIS, MARTHA GRACE. Mrs. James Donald McArthur, Lake Road, Basking Ridge, New Jersey. February, 1954. The years since 1950 have brought about a complete change in



my life. In June, 1950 I married Donald, a fellow member of the church choir. After a wedding trip to some of the Western National Parks and camping in Grand Teton Park, I returned to my chemist's job at Ciba Pharmaceutical Products. All our spare time was spent working on our house and refinishing old furniture.

I resigned from my job at Christmas time and on Memorial Day 1951, our first daughter, Janey, was born. She has proved to be a good traveler and a good camper so we haven't had to curtail our activities. October 14, 1953, Marion Ellis was born. She is the exact duplicate of Janey as a baby, although much more active, and now at four months is already trying to stand up.

These two little girls are my chief interests and take most

of my time.

EVANS, NANCY. 2914 E. Newberry Boulevard, Milwaukee, Wisc.

FEARING, KAY. Mrs. Henry R. Walcott, Jr., 269 Crescent Avenue, Wyckoff, New Jersey. February, 1954. Even though I spent only a year and a half at Wellesley, I remember most everyone pretty clearly. After I left college I had various jobs while Hank went overseas a couple a times, and we traipsed from Boston to Florida and out to Ohio, moving every few weeks to a new station while he was in the United States. After the war, we moved out to New Jersey to be closer to his job—bought a rather beat-up house and two and a half acres of land. We worked hard getting the grounds in shape, putting in a modern bathroom, modernizing the kitchen and, this year, really improving ourselves by putting on a big addition which gives us a much-needed master bedroom with lots of closet space plus a lovely new living room with fireplace, a downstairs lavatory for small fry (John Lea is four and a half; Charles Fearing was born last December first.) and a larger kitchen. We are now in the poor house, but really comfortable for the first time. Our projects for the future are mostly outdoor jobs—a new lawn, screening in the porch, etc. I keep busy with my various activities and never get bored. Have yet to catch up on my reading—it's confined to the newspaper and a few magazines.

FERGUSON, CHRISTINE. Mrs. George G. Salmon Junior, 243 South Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

FERGUSON, RUTH. Mrs. James W. Tourtellotte, 1014 Sunnybrook Drive, Lafayette, Calif.

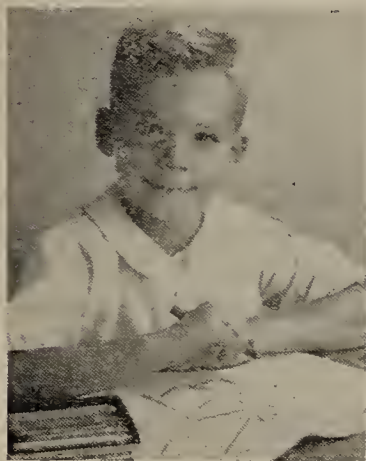
FISCHGRUND, BEBE. Mrs. Alfred B. Lavin, 501 36th Street NW, Canton, Ohio

FISH, VIRGINIA. Mrs. John G. Davis, Pelham Biltmore Apartment, Pelham Manor, N.Y.

FLICK, ANNE TANGUAY. Mrs. Edward W. Garrison, 38 Darthmouth Road, Cooper Farms, Wilmington 8, Delaware. February, 1954. We live in a ranch house which we are decorating by degrees, helped or hindered by Penny, nine, Ted, seven, and John age three. Besides housework, I am still at work on my B.A. I am taking courses at the University of Delaware. My husband works for DuPont as a design engineer.

FLOOD, JEANNE. Mrs. Henning N. Ludlow, 7827 Eastern Avenue, Philadelphia, Penna.

FOSTER, JESSIE. Mrs. Miles Harvard Overholt, 114A Wallworth Park Apartments. Haddonfield, New Jersey. February, 1954. We are in the throes of moving, but I have time for a brief summary: I can still fit into anything I wore at Wellesley; my husband is manager of the South Philadelphia Branch of RCA Service Company; and our son, Miles Harvard Overholt III, called "Happy", is five and a half.



FOSTER, MARY JANE. 6813 Golf Drive, Dallas, Texas. February, 1954. Early in 1950 I went to work for the Atlantic Refining Company in Dallas at their research laboratories (not, however, over the test tubes). In 1952 I resigned to meet Phyllis Creighton, '46, in Beirut, Lebanon. We traveled through Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, France, and Belgium. On August 1, 1952, I saw Phyllis off for America and went to work for the United States Air Force as a Service Club Director in England. In this fascinating job I had charge of the recreation and morale of about 4000 airmen and soldiers stationed in the wilds of East Anglia. During my stay in England I was able to see many interesting sights, both military and civilian, including the first non-stop trans-Atlantic jet fighter flight, Queen Mary's funeral procession, and, of course, the coronation. We could have had almost any seat on the route, but decided that spending the night on the sidewalk to save curb space would be more fun. It was. After coronation I spent my furlough in Spain. I returned to Dallas late in 1953 and am now recuperating from noncombat fatigue.

FRANK, JANE. Mrs. Ralph A. Garrabrant, box 212, Dublin, Penna.

FRENCH, BUNNY. Mrs. Philip A. Ryan, 4509 Saul Road, Kensington, Maryland. February, 1954. For the past three years we have been



living in our own home in Kensington, a pleasant community of young, civically active families. It's fun to be close to the "pulse of things" of Washington, D.C. Philip is a law professor at Georgetown University. No need to describe a typical day! With five children under six years, intellectual and social pursuits are surrendered, but happily so, for these early years, to domestic ones. My community activities are limited to occasional canvassing for blood donations and the like, except for Church and school activities. Our children are: Thomas More, five; Mary Inez, four; Billy, three; Peter, two; and Philip, seven months.

FREYER, DOROTHY. 501 Linden Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois February, 1954. Biggest news



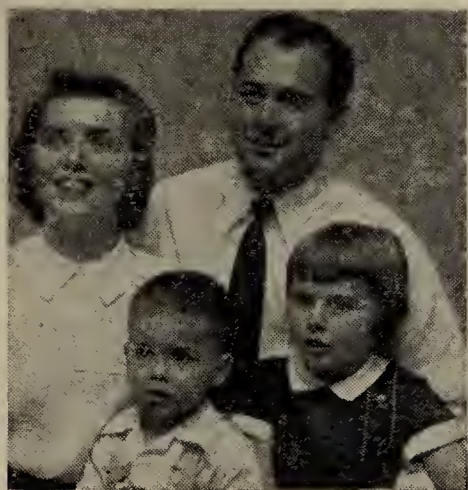
from here is that my engagement was announced at Christmas time....to George Bailey Pratt, Harvard '44 and at the present time a chemist in the research department of the American Can Company in Maywood, Illinois. So far, we've set no date for the wedding, but it won't be too distant. Meantime, I'm living at home and am secretary to the Chairman of the Department of Biochemistry at Northwestern University Medical School.

FRIED, SHIRLEY. Mrs. Merwin A. Meyers, 1916 Pelham Avenue, Los Angeles Calif.

GALLIC, GLORIA. Mrs. Philip Perkins, 6209 Wagner Lane, Washington 16, District of Columbia. January, 1954. While taking my degree at Radcliff and the Harvard Graduate School of Education I lived and taught at the Cambridge School in Weston, Massachusetts. This is a coeducation boarding school known for its "progressive" philosophy, and I am sure I received more education that year than my students did. Anyway it was a wonderful introduction to the adolescent mind. The next year I came here to Washington to teach English at Holton-Arms, a girls' school. I shared an apartment with another teacher (Smith '45) so we had constant rivalry. Then I met my husband at (of all places) a spelling bee at school. He teaches at Saint Albans School for Boys here, and we were each unwilling chaperones at this annual interscholastic contest! Needless to say, the students were so delighted by this development that the spelling bees will probably go on forever. At any rate, I taught until our older boy was born. He is Philip Ashbridge Perkins, age two and one-half. His brother is Roger Gallic Perkins, eight months. We live in a white brick Cape Cod house, sandwiched among playpens, high chair, rocking horse, baby carriage, etc.!

GARCELON, JEANNE. Mrs. Walter Tamlyn, Jr., Bear Ridge Road, Pleasantville, New York. October, 1953. My husband and I are in the process of building a house in the woods for our growing family, in a housing coöperative of modern homes, called "Usonia". We have been engrossed in our architectural problems and are becoming more and more interested in the possibilities opened up by coöperative action, as for instance the summer play-school Robert, our three year old, attended this last summer, and the swimming pool which the community has built. Generally, I cook, clean, do laundry, and shop, take care of Ralph who's two weeks old and entertain and visit with Robert by day, and with Walter by night. I did some community work before our recent move and hope to again.

GARFIELD, MARILYN. Mrs. Ronald E. Stillman, 454 Manor, Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan. February, 1954. After we thought we were permanently settled in a town and home



we liked very much, we were transferred here to Detroit. Gary, number two child (now three, and his sister Sara is five and a half), was born just before our exodus. After a year of living in a terrace or development, we finally found a house to buy. Ronnie enjoys the selling here, and business is lush in Detroit. We will be moving on in another year or so, which we won't mind at all. In spite of wonderful friends, we can't acclimate ourselves to Detroit. I wish I could make reunion but distance and baby sitter problems seem to make it impossible. I am thoroughly enjoying being a wife and proud mama and until both the children are in school, my outside activities will be kept to a minimum. To paraphrase: "A good baby sitter is hard to find". Grosse Pointe is a lovely place to live, with a lake nearby and swimming and sailing

in the summer, skating in the winter.

GARTH, PUNKY. Mrs. Charles Donnelly, Box 557, Fayette, Mo.

GIBBS, MARTHA. Mrs. John H. Garretson, Junior, Moraine Street, Marshfield Mass.

GINSBERG, HARRIETTE. Mrs. Kenneth Freeman, 1304 Broadlawn, Bettendorf, Iowa

GIVAN, JOAN. Mrs. Herbert Mather Kritzler, 95 Twelfth Street, Cresskill, New Jersey. February, 1954. We have a six-room split level ranch type suburban house that Herb is making into a seven-room house by finishing our basement. Ours is one of forty-four houses in a group....all three years old now. I am a housewife and mother and enjoy staying home with my children: Robert five and Susan three.

GODLEY, JANE. Mrs. William Martin, Junior, 515 Burton Road, Orelan, Penna.

GOING, DOROTHY. Mrs. Wallace F. Warren, Milford, N. H.

GOODMAN, FRANCES. Mrs George S. Fenn, 8 Quail Ridge Road South, Rolling Hills,



California. February, 1954. After five years of career and marriage with the hard work of a fast pace, but the fun of no family responsibilities, I'm now in the somewhat more conventional business of wife and mother and community volunteer worker. We have a very quiet home life, with the girls Elizabeth, three, Louise, one and one-half, providing our domestic help, hinderance, and general entertainment. Our chief extra-curricular activity is political.

GOURDIN, ELIZABETH. 35 Hutchings Street, Boston 21, Mass.

GRAWOIG, ELOISE. Mrs. Paul Mayer, 997 Bob-O-Link, Highland Park, Illinois. February, 1954. We produced our second son, Peter, February 15 (John is three). Hardly startling news but we are delighted, and that's all I have to offer at the moment.

GRIETEMER, ELEANOR MEAD. Mrs. William H. Baldwin, Junior, 34 Green Avenue, New Canaan, Connecticut. December, 1953. Let's see, where was I? At the last class report, in 1950, I was married, after quitting my job with the Associated Press, doing part time newspaper work in Annapolis and had one youngster. The count now stands at three: Debby, aged four; Billy, three, and Douglas, eight months, and I am still combining



homework with newspaper work, this time as a reporter on the afternoon daily *Stamford Advocate*. I work eight thirty a.m. to two p.m., and my sitter-light houseworker leaves when she sees me coming. Evenings, I cover town meetings in Darien and New Canaan or work on various local groups such as the League of Women Voters, the Democrats, the citizens committee for teacher salaries and publicity committee for a better schools council. (This town has committee-

itis, more per square person than any other suburb, I am sure.) Bill does public relations for the National Cotton Council, plane spotting, and was recently elected Constable on the Democratic ticket. I envy him the four hours round-trip commuting when he can read and write. This is a good life, but not enough wide and quiet empty spaces in it to gather one's thoughts. I think a part-time job is ideal for a woman with small children. It gives me a change in perspective and makes home seem twice as wonderful.

GRISWOLD, PHOEBE. Mrs. Ray F. Robinson, 726 Rincon Boulevard, Tuscon, Ariz.

GROOT, TIGGER. Mrs. John M. Waters, Quarters F, Mare Island Naval Shipyard, Vallejo, California. February, 1954. The four years since our first record book have seen surprisingly few changes, considering that we are "Navy" and subject therefore to many and frequent upheavals! We lived in Alexandria, Virginia for five years while "Muddy"

(the old nickname still sticks!) actually was stationed in Washington, District of Columbia for six years.

After working in the Bureau of Ships as head of the Atomic Warfare Defense section, he was transferred to the Military Liaison Committee for a year and a half. Then he was sent back to BuShips as Deputy to the Director for Materials Research. After several months he went to work as an assistant to Mr. Thomas Murray, one of the Commissioners on the Atomic Energy Commission. This was extremely interesting, and he had the opportunity to visit many of the Commission's installations around the country.



In July, 1952 he was detached from BuShips and transferred to Mare Island. Getting out here was the biggest enterprise our family has undertaken so far. It involved visits to relatives and vacations, in Croton-on-Hudson, Lexington, Massachusetts, Maine, Rochester, Erie and Logansport, Indiana. From there we drove to Vallejo in four and a half days with brief glimpses of Rocky Mountain National Park, desert and mountains, all new to my inexperienced New England eyes. We have lived on Mare Island now for a year and a half, in a Quonset hut for two weeks, the remaining time in Government Quarters which are very nice six-room, three-bath duplex houses. All is strictly

Navy of course, and at times a bit confining after our taste of "civilian" life in Virginia. However, Yard life is very convenient with new school, commissary, hospital all close by. We have "help" who live out back in an apartment over the garage, as is done in all quarters, but each family must do its own hiring and firing. We are currently on our third couple, but when one finds someone good, the cleaning and baby-sitting problem is eliminated, an ideal situation as there are so many time-consuming outside activities. Muddy has been Assistant Planning and Estimating Superintendent, but as of January, he became Superintendent of same and we are about to move to slightly larger quarters down the street. Family activities are now confined by school attendance for Steve, age seven, second grade, and Nancy, aged five in kindergarten. We have managed to get in trips to the Grand Canyon, Death Valley, the Las Vegas area, Lassen Volcanic National Park, the Redwood Highway and twice to Yosemite. There is much to interest an Easterner, and I am even becoming accustomed to the brown hills around Vallejo. As they grow, the children become increasingly interesting, often surprising, but always rewarding to their fond parents. The past four years have been satisfactory indeed. We will probably be at Mare Island another year and a half, and then I must confess to the desire for a tour of duty "back East."

GULICK, JOYCE. Mrs. Sanford E. Nelson, c/o Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, Bangkok, Thailand. October, 1953. I left off my Odessey in 1950, just as we were about to return to Singapore after a six-month home leave. We reached Singapore in April, 1950, and on August 2, Anne Carol Nelson was born. Unhappily her twin sister, Joyce Elizabeth, was stillborn. Toward the end of 1950, with the situation in Korea looking very bad for the U.N. forces, cables came from the New York office urging wives and children to go back

- to the U.S. Naturally I didn't want to leave Tink, my husband, and also the doctor advised against such a trip for Anne, then four months old and still very tiny. Although most of the families went, I managed to avoid doing so until March, when Tink was transferred to Bangkok, Thailand, and it was decided that Anne and I could go with him. We arrived in Bangkok on April 2, 1951, in the middle of the blistering hot season. In time we became used to the heat, the low voltage electricity, the lack of water pressure, etc. and found that we enjoyed Bangkok thoroughly. The Thais are a wonderful people...happy and relaxed toward the foreigner. They have always been an Independent kingdom—the word “Thai” means “free”...therefore they feel no compulsion to prove their superiority to the foreigners, as so many former colonial peoples do. They are content to consider all people on the same basis and the result is wonderfully refreshing. Still, we had our ups and downs. One of the “downs” was an abortive *coup d'état* the end of June, 1951. Tink had left for Singapore on business the day before the shooting started. The Navy kidnapped the Prime Minister and attempted to take over the government. The Army, Air Force, and police fought to get the Prime Minister back—successfully—and reinforced their own control of the government. Unfortunately our house was in the middle of Navy territory. Anne, then ten months old, and I spent two days with neighbors, an American couple with four children. Although both houses showed a number of bullet scars, we were lucky enough to escape unhurt. Needless to say, Tink was nearly frantic in Singapore, reading banner headlines about “Bangkok's Day of Terror”. After that, life settled down to normal. We acquired a French-speaking servant, thereby putting my time at the “*Centre français*” to good use. On August 6, 1952, Margaret Louise Nelson was born. From then on we were busy planning our home leave. We left Bangkok by air April 13, 1953, and have divided our time between the Nelsons in Minnesota and Iowa and the Gulicks in New York. Right now Tink is taking an eight-week course at Pittsburgh University, while the girls and I are in New York. In December (1953) we expect to be on our way to Bangkok again. This time via London and Europe.

HADLEY, CAHKL. Mrs. Richard L. Schumacher, RD 1, Center Valley, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. At the time of writing for the last Record Book, we were living in Tennessee and had been moving quite constantly. Three and a half years ago, Dick's company transferred him to Pennsylvania, near Bethlehem, where we have been ever since. After spending the winter of 1950 with relatives and in a small apartment, we were able to get a company house. (Dick is a geologist with a mining company so we are usually attached to some mining operation and hence a mining community.) Ours was a large farmhouse, 150 years old, where we lived until last December when we moved into another similar but much more gracious and attractive “company house”. Very reasonable rent for a large eight-room, four-bath house—100 years old, with two open fireplaces (one an old kitchen fireplace big enough for the children to get into for a hot dog roast). There are extensive grounds with many varieties of trees, shrubs, and flowers. This is a perfect spot for children! Karen, four and a half, and Joanne, almost three and born here at Bethlehem, are reveling in all possible activities in the house, yard, and adjoining woods complete with brook. We have enjoyed being in one spot for these three and a half years, and love living in the country although it does create transportation problems in providing playmates for the children and company for me. Until recently Dick's work took him away from home a great deal, but at present his work is more centrally located. Our main extra-curricular activity is in the Moravian Church five miles away in Bethlehem. I am currently the leader of one of the Women's Fellowship Groups

(70 members), Dick is in the choir and we both are active in a very lively Sunday school class and a couples' club. Karen and Joanne also are ardent Sunday schoolers. We have a pure black cat, Midnight, a Miniature Schnauzer, Yippy, and three 3-day old puppies.

HAGNER, LOUISA. Mrs. William R. Trigg, III, 369 Cameron Road, Wellington, Alexandria, Virginia. It was a whole lot easier to leave Vienna, we find, than it is ever to return! We came back to the States in the early summer of 1950 with our baby daughter. I remember now, with some amusement, that journey down to Genoa on Italian trains...our first experience taking care of the baby alone! Home leave was spent with our two families in Richmond, where Billy made his decision to resign from the Foreign Service. Although we were offered the post of Athens (very tempting), the work there would have been exactly the same thing which Bill had been doing in Austria. We decided that one post, and perhaps one child, further along, we might be unable to consider making a change. After a thorough search by the Triggs, followed by just as thorough a search of us by the security powers, Billy began work under Mr. Averell Harriman in what was then the office of the Director of the Mutual Security program. Since the change of administration, he is doing much the same work in the same kind of outfit, under different initials. FOA...the Foreign Operations Administration. My husband admires his boss, Mr. Stassen, and greatly enjoys his work in Latin American affairs, as well as that in United Nations' and other affairs. In our home outside of Alexandria, not far from Mount Vernon, we lead exactly the kind of life which most of you thoroughly understand. Our hardest time was in October of 1952 when my young brother Ranny was killed fighting in Korea. He had volunteered for the infantry, in the midst of his studies at Chapel Hill. The following spring we were blessed with the arrival of our own first son, named Randall for my father and the brother we lost.

So here we are, living our usual and not a bit dazzling life. (There are no new words to describe the rare and whimsical happiness in your children, are there?) Our "Wanderlust" is always with us however. Billy says not to give up on us. Our next Contribution to the record will be more interesting! I do like to travel and live abroad. I'll love to go when the time comes again, but I am deeply enjoying this American home life. Living in almost any other country brings a keen realization that we are perhaps *the* only nation of families in the world so privileged. My brother once wrote me a "bread-and-butter letter" from camp after a weekend. He said, "What you all have there in your home is worth living for...and what's worth living for, is worth dying for." I keep that for my rebellious moments after both the children have been roaring at once, while something was boiling over on the stove, when the door bell rang!

HALFYARD, FAITH. 252 Kenwood Court, Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan. February, 1954. Since 1950, life has been most pleasant. After finishing a second happy year teaching in Troy, I spent a year studying for my Master's degree in Education at Harvard. My family lives in Cambridge overlooking the Charles, and it was good to be home with them. Harvard is wonderful, and my year at the school of Education was my best "education". Then I ventured forth again, this time a step westward and into the public school position at Purcells Junior High School in Grosse Pointe Woods to teach five English classes. Most fun was last summer's trip to Europe on the wonderful S.S. United States. Though I liked England and Norway most, I wanted to stay longer at every spot, and plan to go again soon. One of the advantages of being single is the opportunity to transplant oneself at will; while I will never be a "middle westerner", I may well move further west—my plans are not formulated yet.

HAGOPIAN, HELEN. 23 Fiske Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

HAHN, JANET. Mrs. Hugh C. Anderson, 3816 Bridgeview Drive, South Euclid 21 Ohio. February, 1954. We moved from Warren to Cleveland two years ago, bigger by a second daughter than when we left in 1948. We have found that we miss small town living, the easy, casual relationship with friends, church and civic organizations. Life in Cleveland has offered compensations, a fine University (where I am becoming a campus perennial), the Art Museum and Music Institute (where Molly struggles through lessons, poor-parent-pushed child), and a far more complex and competitive business order to challenge Hugh's financial abilities.

Paradoxically, because we now live with hills, trees, and vacant lots, the children are learning to skate, sled, and enjoy outdoor sports, more than they ever could have in our apartment living in Warren. So the simple "joys" are not denied the urbanite.

Our schools here are making valiant efforts to keep pace with a population that has tripled since 1946, and excepting a tense moment now and then, have done a good job of it. We have decided that no matter where the child is in school, public, private, crowded, or not, the important factor is an interested and inspiring teacher, and we have been lucky.

Molly is a gregarious six-year-old, thriving on companionship; Amy, at three, is a lone wolf and I use the word advisedly. Worlds tremble before her wrath, and even older children view her with respect and a little awe. If she were not so affectionate, we might worry.

As you see, children absorb my time, along with home and husband. Outside activities are mostly PTA, Church work, Urban League, A.A.U.W., and United World Federalists.

HALE, JOAN. Silver Hills, New Albany, Ind.

HALL, HELEN. Mrs. Rea C. Ostic, 821 23rd Street, Watervliet, N.Y.

HALL, RACHEL. Mrs. James Sloane Higgins, 37 Vista Clara Road, Sausalito, California.

January, 1954. "Expectantly", I made the transition from a 40-hour-a-week job to the 24-hour-7days-a-week task that is the wonderful, exasperating, joyful, exacting, loving career of motherhood. Christie, born in April, 1951, has developed into a straight-haired blonde with lovely violet eyes, impish dimples and a "good" disposition. (She minds me!) Her vocabulary will surely lead her straight to Wellesley's gates, though her charm may lead her to the alter first! Cathy, born in April, 1953, seems entirely different from her rather placid sister, for she has thick dark hair, "interesting" blue-black eyes and a frenzied exuberance, wildly curious, eager and grasping. The best things in life are at home.



To accomodate our growing family, that now also included a black siamese, we moved to a larger, older house on the same high hill in the village of Sausalito overlooking the beauties of San Francisco Bay. With a few layers of paint and a lot of imagination (which, I am finding, turns increasingly toward

the Oriental), our house may soon equal our lovely garden which my darling husband periodically encourages.

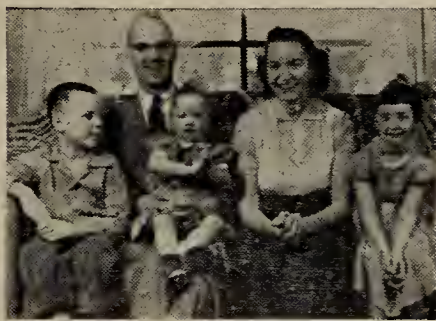
Jim has been steeped in a lot of hard work as a lawyer with the active San Francisco trial firm of Dunne, Dunne, & Phelps. When I am not washing "little things", I am struggling with Japanese flower-arranging, cooking with herbs, reading e. e. cummings and working for the church, where Jim has been a vestryman the past three years. Today, our fifth wedding anniversary, finds us together thanking God fervently for "all the blessings of this life."

Happiness and long life to you all.

HALL, VIRGINIA. Pond Road, Stamford, Conn.

HANDY, ELIZABETH. Mrs. John W. Hogan, 550 Surf, apartment 3-N, Chicago, Ill.

HATCHER, MARTHA. Mrs. Paul Morris Cargo, 202 East Hewitt Avenue, Marquette, Michigan. February, 1954. Home again, in Marine City, after a summer, in 1950, of visiting, we took up the parsonage life with its constant round of activities. That Fall I joined with another mother to organize a coöperative Nursery School which met in



our church three days a week. Although it lasted only one year, we all felt it was richly rewarding to our children. The summer of 1951 found us realizing a dream. Paul and I left Bill and Rachel in Tennessee with my parents while we travelled to Mexico. We had twenty-two days in Mexico, and found we did not have nearly enough time to do the things we wanted. We visited Monterrey, Vera Cruz, Puebla, Xacapoxtla, Amecameca, the Pass of Cortes, Teotihuacan, and finally drove over to Cortazar, the volcano Paricutin, and Guadalajara, coming back to the border via San Luis Potosi. Much of the

time we visited Methodist missionaries and learned about their work, and through them met the Mexican people. It was a wonderful trip in every way.

June 1953 was a busy time. At Conference, Paul was appointed to First Methodist Church, Marquette, and we packed all our belongings to move. We love the city, and have a lovely large parsonage five blocks from the church. Life here is every bit as busy as in Marine City and just as much fun. Ministers and their families never have time to be strangers in a new community, and we were included in many activities from the start.

Bill is now in the first grade and Rachel can hardly wait to go to kindergarten next year. Libby Lou, almost two years old, is both our delight and our despair, winning in so many ways and yet such a chatter box!

I am as enthusiastic as ever about being a minister's wife. Paul and I find our life busy and exciting, interesting and satisfying. It is wonderful to share in his work in such a real way, and to have him share so fully in my everyday family chores.

HAYES, CORDELIA. Mrs. George Wyatt, San Jose, Calif.

HAYES, MARGERY, Mrs. Donald D. Heindel, box 11-A, Supply Department, Navy 3923 FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

HEATH, NANCY, Mrs. William R. Latady, Richboro Road RFD1, Newtown, Bucks County, Penna.

HENDERSON, FLORANNE, Mrs. Jacques H. Passino, 2723 Powhatan Parkway, Toledo,



Ohio, February, 1954. The past four years have increased our family by two, Ralph born in 1951, Ann born in 1953. Also increased has been our enjoyment of Toledo, due I imagine to increased participation in various activities and many new friends. We have acquired a nice house and energetic garden interests, have joined the Unitarian Church, the PTA, and numerous social groups. I am reserving active volunteer work for later days when the children are all in school. There has been nothing dramatic about our last four years, but we are happy and enjoying our Jack, Ralph and Ann and the very challenging position Jacques holds as Vice-President of Willys Overland Export Corporation.

HERMAN, WINIFRED, Mrs. Edward W. Friedman, 35 Beaconwood Road, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, February, 1954. After spending a year and a half doing fascin-



ating work at the Institute of Fine Arts in New York, I married Edward who had just finished his internship. Six weeks later, after wandering happily around New England, we were rushed to Augusta, Georgia by the Army. Transient Army wives were deemed unemployable, but I did manage to beg some Red Cross work and quickly and gleefully adjusted to enforced leisure and the relaxed tempo. We spent a year and a half in the South, made some wonderful friends, and will never forget the unbelievable riotous Spring-times.

We had several months between Edward's Army discharge and the beginning of his first job in Boston, so we hopped in the car and spent nine weeks travelling around the country. In Boston, July 1943, to a charming Back Bay apartment which began to shrink rapidly when John was born in January, 1945. Moved here, to a duplex in Newton Highlands, in September. Shirley Smalls Prudden and I spent three years together (she is the other half of the duplex) waiting for our husbands to come home (every other night, every other weekend) and disentangling the kids. Alice was born in September, 1950 and since then things have progressed slowly and steadily from a 15-hour work day (I omit the baby-tending nights!) and complete bedlam

to comparative peace and quiet, with both kids in nursery school on cold-less days. Last year I worked furiously for Stevenson, took a marvellous literature course at Harvard (extension) and tried some dancing. I was humiliated to find that I had to practice patiently to dance at all (I thought I had been preserved intact over the years, I guess!), and in order to practice I had to get a lot of sleep, and in order to get all that sleep, I had to stop reading. So I stopped dancing. Except for and with the kids.

Both kids are full of the dickens; John is at once wilder and more wistful; Alice completely social and talking and bustling. Edward is now doing surgery, surgical research, teaching at Harvard Medical School, and several other things. He almost always gets home to dinner, which still seems miraculous after the years of residency. We're thinking about a house and maybe more babies. I'm thinking about a trip to Europe, but then, I'm always thinking about a trip to Europe.

Also—Reunion—please come.

HERZ, ELEANOR. Mrs. Langan Waterman Swann, Tayolita, Durango, Mexico, January, 1954. We live in a three-bedroom concrete block house with a nice big garden and a gardener to go with it. Also have a laundress, cook and housegirl—my tasks include meal planning ordering, making most of our clothes and doing all the mending, cooking any "extras" (desserts, United States specialties, etc.), taking care of the baby Richard Langan, and teaching kindergarten to the two older children (Jay, 4 and Christine, 2). I teach Calvert school at-home which will continue until the ninth grade when they will go to boarding school in the United States—this through necessity since there are very poor schools in Mexico. If I'm permitted, I'd like to offer my current philosophy of international relations. I came here all on fire with goodwill, brotherhood, etc. I was sure all I had to do was learn Spanish, not wear shorts, study Mexican history, etc. and all would be well. I did all those earnestly, and we're still studying as much Mexican history and folklore as possible in all our spare time, and though I have a few real friendships with Mexicans, after almost seven years here I have concluded that there is at least one obstacle which no amount of good will can surmount. For instance, we assume that merchants, etc. are honest until we find out otherwise. But most of the world seems to do things the other way around. One American family here lost face when their son was drafted, the assumption being that at home they must be very unimportant people or they could have got him released from service. They also have no sense of fair play in sports, what we call "losing well". Since we've been here, at least three baseball leagues have started and not a one has finished its tournament. As soon as one team gets the lead and seems sure to win, the other quits in a huff—not interested at all in playing the scheduled games just for fun. And we have a terrible time keeping the maids from lying to the children. They use the most fantastic lures and threats—a bird will peck your eyes out if you are bad—if you are good there will be ice cream for supper (this at six p.m. when we use a hand freezer!)—or a parade tomorrow or some completely impossible thing. If a child asks for a cookie and should not have it, the girls never just say "no" but always "they are all gone" even though fifty just came out of the oven. It is done with an eye to keeping life as pleasant and easy as possible. No one but us can see any objection to it at all. I think that Americans (United States) are also different in their sympathy for the poor, the underdog, the cripple and animals. All these United States traits are very much misunderstood by most Latins, and keep us from understanding Latins—and perhaps other nationals. No wonder the United Nations has a hard time. I'm beginning to think that Americans are the

only people in the world who even *try* to mean what they say. Not that there isn't corruption and dishonesty among us too—we are all alike in that.

HILL, SALLY. Mrs. Robert N. Bonner, P. E. Department, Creole Petroleum Corporation, Apartado 172, Maracaibo, Venezuela. February, 1954. In 1950 we bought a house to end apartment dwelling. Vacations were spent going west and included a stop in Salt Lake City each year to see Bob's family. I have worked with the American Association of University Women here (Tulsa) and have been on its Board of Managers for several years in many capacities.

Ann, our first child, was born in February, 1953 and is now at the stage where I am wondering how I will get from Tulsa to Maracaibo alone with her.

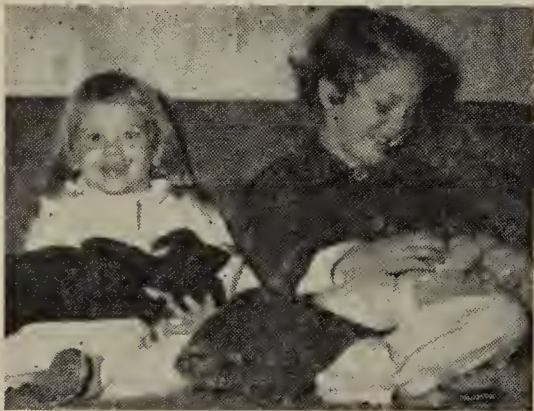
While in Tulsa, Bob was in the research lab of Carter Oil Company, but transferred to Creole Petroleum Corporation, in December. He left for Venezuela before Christmas, so I have seen the furniture and household goods depart, have sold our house and have been buying a two-year supply of clothes for the three of us. I hope to be down there sometime before March tenth.

After taking Latin in high school and French and German in college, I find myself in desperate need of Spanish. I have been taking lessons but still feel inadequate and am hoping that being exposed to the language will help.

HOFFMAN, ANN. Mrs. E. Kirkbride Miller, Jr., 5012 Greenleaf Road, Baltimore, Maryland. January, 1954. In 1950 Kirk and I moved from Boston to Baltimore. In 1951, our daughter Pam was born and we bought our own home, a suburban house in a residential area. The past two years have been busy ones devoted to home, baby, and community volunteer work.

HOLT, PATIENCE. 910 South San Rafael Avenue, Pasadena, Calif.

HORTON, ALICE. Mrs. Norris L. Tibbetts, 5716 Arbor Vitae Place, Madison 5, Wisconsin.



February, 1954. My husband is an instructor at the school for workers, part of the extension division of the University of Wisconsin. Children: Mary, four and Ellen, two. We live in a small four-room house, where housework routine keeps me pretty busy, but is broken occasionally by work at the YWCA, church functions, neighborhood activities, etc.

HORTON, JANET. Mrs. F. Wesley Moffett, Jr., 3021 Chili Avenue, Rochester 11, New York. November, 1953. We live in a one-hundred-fifty year old farmhouse, six miles outside of Rochester. I keep busy with a constant whirl of activity for Junior League and other social agencies. I also act as secretary for my husband. He owns the Idylbrook Farms, Inc. (dairy store and bakery). We expect our first child the end of this December, and will then find myself busier than ever no doubt.

HOSKINS, JEAN. 1801 Harrison Avenue, Gwinhurst, Wilmington 3, Delaware. February,



1954. This may be the shortest autobiography of the book although these last four years have been full and interesting. I'm still working at the Delaware Curative Workshop.... with change in job responsibilities having occurred with the rapid growth of our agency. In 1950 I was the staff "O.T." Now we have three gals....and along with directing the department, I ad lib as assistant director of the Workshop. It's a great thing to be associated with an agency really serving a community and giving aid to injured persons. It's very rewarding although it is a time-consuming job. There's always time for other community activities on a small scale, fun and frolic and keeping the apartment running.

HOSKINS, JEANNETTE. Mrs. R. J. Scott, 1801 Harnson Ave., Gwinhurst, Wilmington, Del.

HUGHES, DOROTHY MAY. Mrs. Philip H. Henneman, 271 Corona Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

HUGHES, HELEN. Mrs. Edward J. Cahill, 561 33rd Street, Richmond, Calif.

HYDE, MARY. 14 Glenmore Terrace, Newton Highlands, Mass.

INGLEY, JANE. Mrs. John M. Ward, 408 North O Street, Madera, California. February, 1954. Since 1950, my husband and I have worked hard together to build a satisfactory



life raising children, Frank Allen, five, and William Kenneth, two, and following a profession that's best suited to him. I worked a year while he was getting his library degree from the University of California. From the summer of '51 to December, '52, he was a junior librarian in the Richmond Public Library. From then until February '54, he was a branch librarian in Richmond and now he has a job as county librarian in the San Joaquin Valley. It seems that every time John and I make a move we have a baby. Frank was born in San Francisco and Kennie in Richmond. Maybe the next record book will show another addition to the family in Madera.

ISHIGURO, KOKO. Mrs. Hiroshi Herbert Nishino, 531 Kings Highway, Apartment R-4, Moorestown, New Jersey. February, 1954. After college I spent two years at the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy and got my O. T. R. in the June of 1947. For the next two years I worked with children who had cerebral palsy at the Crippled Children's Clinic in Washington, D. C....a very rewarding experience to watch children improve with such great effort. For the next four and a half years I was director of the Occupational Therapy and Rehabilitation Department at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. This was a most challenging job, as I went to reorganize a department

that was not medically recognized. I got the department incorporated as a department of the hospital and medically supervised by the hospital staff. With the department included in the plans of the new out-patient clinic, I was able to do all the planning for my own department with new equipment and saw the department dedicated in September, 1953. In addition I helped plan and setup the Rehabilitation Center which opened in January, 1954.

In the meantime I also found time to vacation in Bermuda, Canada, and Hawaii. As far as civic duties were concerned I was active as a board member and education committee member of the Philadelphia Council of Girl Scouts and also was active in the Health and Welfare Council of Philadelphia.

On top of all this I met Hiroshi Herbert Nishino of San Francisco, California. He is a graduate of Stanford University in California and also got a professional graduate degree in Electrical Engineering there. We were married in Milton, Pennsylvania on May ninth, 1953. My husband works for Radio Corporation of America as an electrical engineer, and is working towards his Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania.

I finished up my work at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania at the beginning of this year and am now looking forward to a practical application of occupational therapy as a housewife and mother.

JAEKEL, ALICE. Mrs. William Dietz, 664 Irvington Avenue, Maplewood, N. J.

JEFFRIES, BERYL. Mrs. William C. Osborne, 773 Clark Street, Westfield, New Jersey. February, 1954. September 1950 found us back East after two and a half years in California. In May, 1951 we bought a house in Westfield, and have been busy since with redecorating and remodeling. Gwendolyn Carol was born in August 1951, Jeff is now in first grade and Jimmy is looking forward to kindergarten in September.

JEFFRIES, MARIAN. Mrs. E. Herbert Kittredge, Junior, 7 Brookway Drive, Greenville, South Carolina. February, 1954. Early in 1950, Herb and I took a trip from Rochester, New York to Florida. En route we stopped in Greenville, South Carolina to visit good friends who had been at the University of Denver with us. While visiting, Herb met a man who had started a new company to manufacture textile sizing and a line of liquid household products. Herb was offered a fine job with this company (Textile Chemicals) and a few months later, after deep consideration, we reluctantly left Rochester and hopefully settled here in Greenville.

The "Horatio Alger" concern grows yearly in size, sales, stature, reputation and territory and we have no regrets about our decision to make the change. It has been very exciting these past few years to be close to something so vital and so successful. At present the distribution of the household products covers only the southeastern states but eventually may be handled in other areas by brokers.

Our social adjustment here was very pleasant since we had good friends already here. We like the south very much and feel it to be the coming thing, a land of very great opportunity and delightful living.

In 1951, Herb had a rather serious operation and a bad year healthwise following same. However, that seems to be over, and we are in good physical condition. We both are very active in community affairs, play golf a good bit (though not together as we are definitely in different leagues) and have fallen quite completely under the spell of duplicate bridge which we do play together at least once a week.

My way of life has changed. I no longer take any active part in heavy housework, ironing etc. There still seems to be plenty of work to do and my most boring duty is chauffeuring our two youngsters (Kirby eight, Kay six) from school to lessons, to home, to parties etc. My wildest dream is to have a chauffeur.

But these are wonderful years, growing building years. Life is full of hope and expectancy and it is my privilege to dream of having a chauffeur someday. I am going to need one as the third passenger arrives in August, we are happy to announce.

JOHNSTON, ANNA, Mrs. Edward J. Keyes, 3 Terrace Circle, Great Neck, New York, October, 1953. Neglected to send my autobiography for the last book, so I will just say that I married Edward J. Keyes, in June, 1947, in Waukesha, Wisconsin where our first child, David Macon, was born in 1949. From there we went to the University of Iowa where Ed got his Ph.D. in Psychology in 1951. Thoroughly enjoyed my years there though have nothing good to say for the climate. Ed took his internship in Clinical Psychology at the Veteran's Hospital in Roanoke, Virginia. Our second child, Ralph Edward was born a Virginian, but it certainly seems that he will never be one. At the end of the internship, we were faced with the interesting prospect of a Ph.D., two children, no money and various teaching jobs offering very little money. Thus we are living in Great Neck, New York and Ed is with a firm of psychological consultants to management. We miss teaching very much and hope to return someday. I seem to keep awfully busy between children and washing machine...wish I read more and did more but plan to do it in the future.

JOHNSTON, MARGARET. Mrs. Horton Johnson, 180 Hazel Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois. February, 1954. Since 1950, we have spent our time remodeling and fixing up the house we bought and raising our daughter, Beverly. Another baby is expected in June. Gardening, housekeeping, and volunteer work in the community occupies most of my time while Horton works in Chicago in his own employment business.

JONES, M. ELIZABETH. Mrs. Charles E. Crandall, 580 Prospect Street, Maplewood, New Jersey. February, 1954. Deadline past due for our third child, but I will seize these few precious moments and beat your deadline for a change. In June 1950, husband Charlie and I received our M.D. degrees from Columbia with Eisenhower handing out the sheepskins and daughter Marilyn, then one, cheering us on. Next, a year at Bellevue



Hospital for a year's interning together. Off duty time spent traveling to New Jersey to see our pride and joy and recuperating from strenuous routine. Exhausting even to think about. In 1951, began residencies in Orange, New Jersey, a heavenly ten minute drive from home. Charlie became head resident of the medical service, and I resident in pediatrics and obstetrics. Charles Stevens was appropriately born in January, 1952. This year proved to be my last in hospital service for it had become increasingly apparent with two children at home that medicine must for a time at least be part-time. Charlie is now chief resident in medicine at the Frances Delafield Hospital and on a fellowship from

the National Institute of Health doing work on cancer. I was fortunate in obtaining a position on the regular medical staff of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company and am now on a leave of absence. I commute to Newark, New Jersey daily and spend from three to four hours in a department which cares for some 22,000 employees and applicants yearly. Marilyn is in kindergarten and dancing school. Stevie, aged two, has taken to ice skating on double runners. I find this is the only way I can control his perambulations about the ice pond...and in the uninhibited open stretch he outclasses his mother twenty to one.

JONES, MARY JEAN. Mrs. Herman R. Johnson, 2778 South Sherman, Englewood, Colo.

JORDAN, ANN. Mrs. Norman H. Hinton, Old Rangeley Place, Rangeley, Maine. November, 1953. It's the rural life for me—some contrast to what I thought I wanted back in Wellesley days. Big city life looked just fine after graduation, so off I went to New York. In order to continue the blue jean tradition I lived in Greenwich Village. For six years, I worked for FARM JOURNAL and PATHFINDER magazines, in charge of advertising research (a euphemism for discovering and utilizing those statistics that prove your point) for their New York office. Married Norman in 1946 (Ph.D. in Political Philosophy; taught at Dartmouth, Barnard and Columbia; now associated with a New York advertising agency, program planning, reasearching, and writing in the fields of industrial electrification and automation, community action, engineering recruiting, education and various technical and public relations projects). After one more year in the Village, we bought and restored a 1775 house in Peekskill, New York, and commuted for four years. We liked the rural aspect of this arrangement but not the commuting. So in 1951 we decided really to get away from it all, and when a chance presented itself to buy a fine old house furnished in Early American primitive furniture and situated 'way up in the woods of northern Maine, we grabbed it! My husband's work fortunately adapted to such a set up. So here in this tiny mountainous village, surrounded by cats and dogs, Norman writes and I do ceramics and gardening—and it's a fine life.

KEIL, DOROTHEA. Mrs. Paul V. Mifsud, 93 Perry Street, Care of Keller, New York, N. Y.

KENNEDY, JEAN. Mrs. Rene L. Blanchet, Old Mystic, Conn.

KERR, MARION. Mrs. Roger Rowles Miller, Care of Lieutenant R. R. Miller 0990650, 97 General Hospital, APO 757, Care of Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

KISLAK, NAOMI. Mrs. Arthur B. Fisher, 814-C Larchmont Acres, Larchmont, N. Y.

KINEKE, JEAN. Mrs. David McLaughlin, 501 North Selby Boulevard, Worthington, Ohio. February, 1954. February 1950 found us living in a Boston apartment with an almost-two-years-old son and a brand new daughter. In May of that year, we bought a little Cap Cod house in a new development in Natick where we lived a year....and loved it.

We found there is nothing like a small-homes-development for congenial neighbors and lots



of playmates for the children. Dave had just finished converting the back yard from woods to a lawn, and building a bedroom in our un-finished upstairs, when his company transferred him to their Columbus, Ohio office. We feel so settled in Ohio now, it's hard to remember what a shock it was at the time. We found a neighborhood here very similar to the one we left, but this time we bought a ranch-style house with the added advantage of a screened porch and an attic which had been converted to a children's playroom (perfect on rainy days!). We have lived

here over two years now, and while our life could hardly be called exciting, we enjoy the friendly informality of the neighborhood, and have lots of good times. Since our small town is just north of Columbus, I have the Columbus Wellesley Club and American Association of University Women activities to keep me from feeling too domesticated.

Steve is in kindergarten now, and Kathy in nursery school...and both are healthy, happy kidlets. Dave recently changed jobs, and is now on his own as a manufactures' agent, selling work gloves to industrial users in Ohio and Indiana, and likes the work tremendously. Last year he came through a serious illness in good shape, and now we are happily anticipating adding to the McLaughlin clan sometime in March. All in all, we think life has been very good to us.

KING, DORIS. Mrs. Edward Brubaker, 1211 Andover Road, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

February, 1954. My husband is now Director of all work with Presbyterian students in the Philadelphia area and minister of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, which is next to the University of Pennsylvania, and has a congregation of two-thirds students. This is what we have always wanted and we could not be happier. Our "manse" is not typically next to the church which is in the city, but is out in the suburbs, a twenty minute drive. It is a lovely colonial home with a white picket fence, handy to contain two small children (Wendy, four, Scott, two), and one dog.

As a minister's wife I enjoy work with the church youth groups, as well as congregation functions. I also work with the United Council of Church Women. On a community level I am very interested in the Red Cross, Community Chest and am an active Community Concert Worker.

KING, VIRGINIA. Mrs. Myles Standish Delano, 146 Edge Hill Road, Sharon, Massachusetts.

November, 1953. My main job is mother (June is four years old, Elizabeth six months), but I do teach Principles of Economics and Economic History of the United States two evenings a week at Boston University's College of Business Administration. Since moving to the country, where we live on but do not work a 240 acre farm. I have become facinated with gardening and birds.

KINGSLEY, VIRGINIA. Mrs. Kevin F. Hughes, 31 Beaufort Avenue, Needham, Mass-

achusetts. November, 1953. After leaving College, I had several secretarial jobs and then started selling (or trying to sell) real estate—a job which I loved and which kept me busy

for five years until my marriage. Kevin is in the real estate business, but I am just an onlooker now, taking care of our home and nine-month old daughter, Nancy.

KIRSOPP, JANE. Mrs. Edward C. MacBean, 451 Crescent Avenue, Moorestown, New Jersey. February, 1954. We live in a ranch-type home in a suburban community, and my days are full of home, husband, three children and volunteer hospital work. My husband is president of the Carter Paper Company in Camden, and the children are Craig, eight; Scott, six; and Laurie, two.

KNAPP, PATRICIA. Mrs. John Luther McLucas, 1320 Old Boalsburg Road, State College, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. We must be part of a small minority whose address is the same now as in the first record book. We like State College, Pennsylvania, very well, thank you.

To continue, Mac finished his Ph.D. in August of 1950, and accepted the position of vice-president and technical director of a young and rapidly mushrooming research lab here in State College. It has been exciting. The company—Haller, Raymond, and Brown, Incorporated, plug!—keeps doubling its size and increasing in professional stature, and offers all the challenges of a new and growing organization. The McLucas have not doubled in size, but we have added John Cousar McLucas (June, 1952) to our former roster of Pamela (July, 1947) and Susan (January, 1949). It is our surprised observation that a little boy-child is quite different from girl-children in growing up—both delightful, but different.

With Pam in first grade and Susie in kindergarten, we find the public schools, Parent Teachers Association and all, to be an interesting new adventure. Also new is the experience of a daughter reading, posing arithmetic problems, etc. And Susie, for all that she follows along just one year behind Pam, is an entirely different child, and maintains her own identity very nicely. Aren't they fun?

I find that a report on my activities consists quite considerably of a report on the doings of my husband and children. It is appalling but for me inevitable. I find that if I try to do all the outside things that appeal to me, it works out that it is husband Mac who is supporting the League of Women Voters. So I am getting relatively hard-boiled about saying "no". Anything I do outside of baby-tending has got to be worth doing, and fun.

In the "lull" between Susie and Johnny, Mac and I advised the high school age club at church, which was really enlightening, and I worked in a (very) amateur group putting on an annual play for the children of the area. This year all I mean to be doing is the Couples Club at the church, but other things do keep coming along. Haller, Raymond and Brown has grown so big that we really need a wives' social group to help newcomers get acquainted, so that is in the process of getting started.

Life is never dull, with Johnny underfoot, and anywhere from three to ten of the neighborhood children here with the girls, etc.—but I can not think of any place I would rather be.

KNICKERBOCKER, JANE. 256 South Main Street, Torrington, Conn.

KOJASSAR, ELEANOR, Mrs. Leonard Felder, 1 University Place, New York, New York, October, 1953. We live in a New York City apartment near Washington Square, with Lenny's office (physician) just around the corner. Sammy, our older boy, is 3½ and entering

his second year in nursery school. Best subjects: rhythms and egg beatering soap suds. Leon Kojassar Felder is six months old and still pramming. For the past year or so I've been doing some free lance magazine article writing.

KOCH, VIRGINIA. Mrs. Allen Eugene Senear, 326 Canon Drive, Santa Barbara, California.



February, 1954. My main occupation in the last four years has been to produce two more children, rounding out a lively and unpredictable, but cute trio. With some gardening and volunteer work, club work thrown in, my days are long and busy. Allen is still in the chemistry department at University of California, Santa Barbara College. He is anxiously awaiting next summer and the move into the brand new science building on the campus which is located ten miles West of Santa Barbara.

We manage to get back to Chicago twice a year, children and all. Otherwise, our only real trip, except for an occasional weekend, was to Hawaii in September 1951. We always look forward to our friends being lured to Santa Barbara on their vacations.

KREPPS, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Robert W. Tolley, Jr. RD2, Blue Mill Road, Morristown, New Jersey. February, 1954. I was married at the end of my junior year, have two boys (Robin, seven and Sam, four and a half) and live in the country. My husband "did over" an old farm house, and we love living in this particularly beautiful part of New Jersey. We usually go to Maine in the summer and went to Bermuda last year. I garden, make clothes and decorate everything in sight, from bottles to furniture; but most of my time and energy is centered on my boys. I am having the most wonderful fun just being a mother, and I am not belittling the job. I think that helping children to grow into independent, thinking and purposeful adults is the most terrific challenge anyone could have.

I have also been interested in community affairs. Most of this has been through my Junior League work: teaching English to D.P.'s at our local settlement house; helping to train Junior League provisionals; helping to write and tape a radio program series for children; originating a study group on the United Nations; co-chairman of a study group on welfare in New Jersey; education chairman and board member of the Junior League for the second year. I am also interested in the PTA and am acquaintanceship chairman for the Wellesley group. I have spent a lot of time campaigning for neighbors in local, state and national politics and am particularly interested in our newest local agency—Mental Health.

In retrospect, these past ten years since I left Wellesley have passed all too quickly, but I have loved every minute of my mother-housewife-Helen Hokinson role.

KRIEGER, CARYL. Mrs. Martin Horwitz, 60 Plaza Street, Brooklyn, New York. October, 1953. I live in an apartment house in a typical residential area. Our family includes my attorney husband and William Eric, age 4. At present I'm studing painting with Isaac Soyter.

KUHN, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Richard D. Robinson, 17 Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, London North West 3, England. February, 1954. Since we are both anglophiles, we are making the most of a year in London. We live on the top floor (formerly servants'

quarters) of a Victorian brick house converted to flats, in an area reminiscent of Beacon Street. Seven rooms, no central heating, typical London upper middle class.

This year we will be in our jeep station wagon somewhere between England and Turkey. Wish reunion had been last year. We spent the whole summer on Cape Cod recuperating from nine months of on-and-off separation while Dick lectured in various colleges and universities on Turkish affairs and went around the world again on business. It was our second visit to the States since 1945.

Our adventures are far too many to relate. Suffice to say that we lived until 1947 in Korea and then sailed off on a three-month voyage aboard the famed Flying Enterprise which took us to Turkey. We now consider Ankara our home, but we lived a year in Istanbul and a year in a town just north of the Syrian border before moving to the capital. Our children were all born in Turkey (daughter Sharon deceased would be four and a half, Linda three and a half and son Kit two), and we are very much looking forward to our return next summer. We long for the Ankara sunshine and the feeling of optimism that one gets in a country which is moving ahead *fast* economically.

KYNOR, EDITH MOORE. Mrs. James M. Sprouse, 3625 Gunston Road, Alexandria, Virginia. February, 1954. My husband is a civil engineer, manager of heavy construction division, Associated General Contractors of America. Children: Susan, four; Betsy, three; and Peter, one week old. We live in a suburban garden-type apartment about four miles from downtown Washington.



LACY, LUCY. Mrs. Julius Taylor, Route 1, box 131, Waco, Texas. April, 1954. I graduated from the University of Texas in 1944, met and married Julius (married November, 1945) and now have three children: Lucile Lacy Taylor born February, 1948, Julius Heyward Taylor, Junior born September, 1949, and Madison Cooper Taylor born October, 1953. Julius is president of Miller Company, a wholesale automobile parts company. We live a sane wonderful life, punctuated at least once a year with a grand trip...New York last fall and Bermuda via Havana and Nassau this May.

LANE, MARCIA. Woodland Road, Westfield, Mass.

LASSER, FAITH. Mrs. Robert Schwarz, 1025 Meadowbrook Avenue, Los Angeles 19, California. February, 1954. Since the last class book was published. I have had two additional children, David Michael (born January 26, 1951), and Janet (born November 19, 1953). Our first born, Hope, is now five years old, and is in kindergarten.

My husband, Bob went into partnership with another man in the plastics business, Falcon Plastics, in September of 1950. We have had a fair amount of luck, along with the customary problems of a young business. One of our biggest thrills was a full-page picture of the plant, Bob, and his partner in the 1953, American-Economy issue of Life Magazine. We make household products, children's gadgets, and do some custom work for industrial outfits.

I do a little work with Bob in his business, run a small mail order business with a friend on

Bob's products, keep house and take care of the children. I do some community work, and am presently chairman of the parents group, and lay and parent member of the Board of Directors of David's nursery school (sponsored by the Los Angeles Psychoanalytic Institute). I have worked in some of the political campaigns also.

For relaxation I sew, play the guitar (a new hobby) or piano, play our tape recorder, read or visit with friends, occasional theatre, a concert, a movie. We take an occasional trip East (Bob travels more often for business), and have been up to the Northwest and points south of here.

LAUBER, PATRICIA G. Sasqua Hills, East Norwalk, Connecticut. October, 1953. I had a brief stint at UP, a year at *Look* and have been with Scholastic Magazines ever since, first as a writer, then as editor of *Junior Scholastic*, now as editor of *Junior Scholastic* and as managing editor of *Newstime*, both weekly magazines for school use. I have spent five summers abroad and made one trip to the West Indies. Most of my free time I spend on freelance writing, much of it stemming from European travels. I have had recent sales to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Reader's Digest*, *Everywoman*, *American Magazine*,—articles, humorous essays, and short stories.

LAWRENCE, MARY LOUISE. Mrs. Otis Dike Purdie, 129B Martin Lane, Monroe Park Apartments, Wilmington 6, Delaware. February, 1954. We are expecting to be moved to Aiken, South Carolina, where my husband will be connected with the H-bomb plant, probably by the time this reunion record comes out. (parents' address given here.)



My husband is a chemical engineer with duPont in the atomic energy division, and we were moved from Nutley, New Jersey to the Chicago area in the Spring of 1951. We enjoyed seeing some of the midwest on a trip through Minnesota, Northern Michigan, and Wisconsin. We were moved to Wilmington in the Spring of 1952, just before Jimmy was born in May. We like it here very much but we do not seem to

be able to dare let ourselves get too attached anywhere. We took a 2,300 mile trip, seeing some of the sights of New England that summer, with a month-old baby. A wonderful time was had by all. Edith stayed behind at the South Jersey shore with my aunt. I know we shall enjoy living in the South.

LEE, MARYAT. 192 Sixth Avenue, New York. After hibernation for ten years....or has it been for thirty years....I feel kind of as if I am having my coming out party! I warn you that this is going to be hard reading. Anyhow, to get down to the facts, recently—that is in the last three years....I have gone through a great many changes: I switched from that major distraction I went through in school—Biblical History, which after loosing quite a few jobs right after school, I began to pursue in earnest (despair) at Union Seminary, switched from it to the theater by means of writing and directing a small play almost as a gag in East Harlem, which suddenly panicked me in the rush and whirl of big time success. However I was too naive and green and made no money. That was three years ago, and it was

a turning point: for the first time in my life, I said what I wanted, how and just the way I wanted, to hell with everyone else in the world. And curiously and significantly, this was the first time the world had given a hoot about me! The tremendous meaning of all this still makes me tremble. Since that time, I have been adjusting myself to the facts and changes: to the fact that I am really an artist and not a scholar, a feeling and warm person, not an intellectual person, and that it's not so bad at all. And, since that time I have been learning, believe me a thousand times over, that it is pure and simple nonsense to think that you *have* to submit and annihilate yourself for manners' sake or for politeness or convention, and furthermore that it is downright revolting to do so. Sure you run against disagreement, disapproval, but the invigoration of it! and the peace you have inside. Well, this is a tough thing to do, especially for an informed and polished old hypocrit like myself. I don't think any of this would have happened unless about three or four years ago, three or four difficult personal things all happened at once, and I couldn't take it. How fortunate they happened at once and hit hard! Otherwise I would have "risen" above each as it came along, as I was trained to do, and at our 50th reunion you might have said, why there's old Lee same as ever. No, my entire structure that I had raised from way back was completely inadequate for living in this world. Living for "other people" pah. Curiously if you somehow learn to live for yourself, make your self happy, it works out all the way round. You don't have to drain or be drained. And so I learned, but certainly not alone. I couldn't have done it alone. Then I began to adjust *not* to the world, but to *me*, my capacities, the 90% of me that like almost everyone, I was afraid to use and never exposed. I suppose I'm not saying very much about what I have literally been doing because this deeper thing is so much more important. And actually, the jobs seem to me still kind of beside the point. I personally have yet to be involved in a job that is really connected with me. The more I get around, the more this seems to be a universal complaint...male and female. But I think that anyone who feels this way ought to wriggle himself around somehow into such a job even if it means creating it or going into independent and new work and taking enormous risks...yes, even with a family. It galls you to see competent women, our sisters from school, dwindling away their energy on someone else's safe work. It makes such old maids of young maids, little piddling, whining and tired. Old maids are only old girls—not women! There are thousands of things to do other than follow someone else's initiative, be some dope's secretary who exploits some fraction of your abilities and the rest go hang...and it must be so. (I'll let you in on what may not materialize, but is the sort of thing I would like. I have put, at this writing, a notice in SHOW-BUSINESS, for actors interested in an experimental project. For three weeks I'll coach them for free, at the end of which if they want to continue, they will start paying me a fee. I will then put them through the most rigorous conditions possible which will cure them forever of wanting to be actors, or it will of itself make them real actors. When they are ready, and know how to improvise and have made up a story, we will go into the streets and they'll play from the Bowery to Wall Street. When they have learned from this and are masters of it, they will go indoors and tour around. I will need a business manager then! However, this is to provide me with some revenue so that I can go on writing a long play that will take me a year maybe. Well, this is where I have come, in these years. I haven't said much about my jobs, which have *sounded* very good. But they were meant to sound impressive and if you were told them, I would be missed in the nonsense altogether, who was to timid until recently to do anything *but* try to get impressive jobs under other people. And so there's not much point in going into

that, is there? Anyhow, I just moved to Greenwich Village which is not nearly so off color and dangerous as I always thought. You find your own level eventually. All kinds of people here. Last week I dropped into the Wellesley Club. Bebe Wilmerding showed up and the honesty with which we suddenly began to speak after so long an absence has led me to write rather personally here I suppose, instead of the usual thing. So with this what sounds like a call to arms, but actually with my first really warm greetings to you all, I'll hang up—and if anyone wants to drop in with any ideas, welcome!

LEHN, LENORE. Mrs. Bernard Brindis, 7 Voorhees Road, New Brunswick, New Jersey. January, 1954. We live in a six-room white house with blue shutters on three quarters of an acre. The grounds are over run with bikes, swings, slides, wagons, see-saws and toys for we have three children; Ralph four and one half, Jane three and Susan two. My husband is President in charge of Finished Products of Louis Lefkowitz and Brothers, Incorporated, manufacturers of leather and leather goods. I have taken part in volunteer work with the March of Dimes, Community Chest, United Jewish Appeal and am Secretary of the Citizens' Federation for the United Nations. I am a member of the Jewish Community Center, Temple Sisterhood, Hadassah, the Brandeis Committee and the Central Jersey Wellesley Club. In 1951 and 1952, I was President of the New Brunswick Section of the National Council of Jewish Women. My main interests, however, are my husband, children and home. I was brought up to think that they would be my main interests and that I should be content and happy in them. For the most part I am very happy. My discontents are minor ones. My children are no smarter, prettier or better behaved than my classmates' children. However, they are very special to me. We are planning to build a new home sometime; if prices aren't prohibitive, maybe within the next year. I feel very strongly that home economics and such subjects are not at all needed in a college curriculum. I have all of the home economics a person could want now—at least I was able to begin marriage and home-making with the spirit of an adventurer. You would be surprised how quickly a Wellesley graduate can learn to cook, clean, burp the baby and bolster the hubby's ego. I admit that sometimes I feel that I am getting lost in all this and that very few of the things I do are of my own free choice any more. But this feeling only comes on very dark days.

LEWIS, PEGGY ANNE. Mrs. Wheeler Dennis, 88 Kenwood Road, Garden City, New York. October, 1953. Our only change since 1950 is the move to a new house (for us at least) in Garden City. It is a two story colonial and a good size. We are about four blocks from the grade school where Bill is in second grade (Bobby is four). It is a very happy, intelligent and active community and we love working for it and being a part of it.



LENT, MARJORIE. Mrs. Stirling Garrard, 2424 Ariel Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

LEVINE, SELMA. 1610 Park Road North West, Washington, D. C.

LEVY, GLORIA. Mrs. Carl J. Herman, Junior, 2102 Sheridan, Houston, Tex.

LEWIS, PATRICIA. Mail returned.

LINDEN, DOROTHY. Mrs. Edward L. Markham, Junior, 3428 Cornell, Dallas, Tex.

LIPSKY, PHYLLIS. Mrs. Matthew N. Goldstein, 78 Sagamore Road, Maplewood, New Jersey. February, 1954 Third daughter, Martha, born in June, 1953 (Total score to date,



3 and 0). Also announce the birth of the Christine Salmon Construction Company, Inc. Chris Ferguson Salmon is president and general foreman; I'm treasurer and general factotum, including "holding Chrissie's coat".

Total two year production for the corporation: two houses and two babies.

Babies slowed us up this past summer, but they've now reached an age where they enjoy sharing the back of the car with tools and lumber—to the enormous amusement of the workmen and much head-shaking by neighbor ladies.

Chris is a real whiz at figuring, estimating and organizing to say nothing of her ability with hammer and saw. On the first house, even I learned to use a mason's trowel with some facility myself. We've both managed

the surveyor's transit to lay out the buildings, etc.—and can speak with great assurance of joists and collar beams, soffits and fascia boards. Chrissie's lecture on some of our experiences was a great hit at a Wellesley Club meeting last year.

Also am now devoting one morning a week, when possible, to sculpture, taught by another Wellesley alumna.

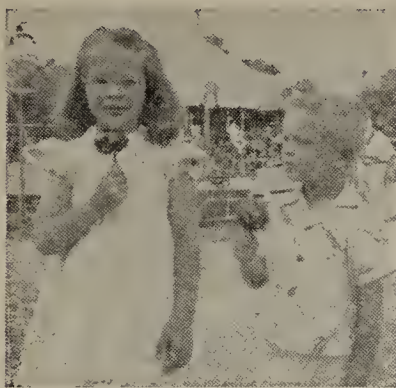
LOTHROP, HARRIET. 14 East Street, Portland, Maine

LUTHER, ISABEL T. Mrs. George H. Bright, Jr., 133 West Abbott Street, Lansford, Pennsylvania. January, 1954. I was divorced in January of 1950 and went to New York from Pottsville, Pa....my home town and where I had been living during my marriage. In New York I got a job as receptionist for Carrier Corporation and stayed there a year. In November of 1951, I remarried and came back to Pennsylvania to live, but this time in Lansford where my husband is located. Outside of a lot of community work and some traveling, I am afraid that there is not very much of interest to tell. We own a cute ten-room colonial style house in Lansford and a nine-room ranch house in the country near Lehighton, Pennsylvania where we spend the summer months. Actually, they are only fifteen miles apart, but it's like two different worlds, for there are three large mountains to cross between the two. Lansford is definitely a coal-mining town; whereas Lehighton is a farming center. I should like to add that I am extremely proud of my husband....he has done so well in his work and so much for our community and is extremely well thought of.

LYONS, MARY. 4141 Glenwood Street, Little Neck, N. Y.

MacNEAL, MABEL RUTH. Mrs. Robert A. Gring, 313 Phelps Avenue, Bergenfield, New Jersey. January, 1954. I live in a small ranch house in a pleasant community with a wonderful husband and new son, Jeffrey MacNeal Gring (born four weeks ago). My husband is an industrial engineer with United States Rubber Company. At present he is doing a Time Study. I have been teaching piano privately and directing the church choir at the Clinton Avenue Reformed Church of Bergenfield. Now that Jeffery is a month old, I expect soon to be back to working with music.

MAKINSON, ROSEMARY. Mrs. Leonard A. Franz, 6558 North 28th Street, Arlington 13, Virginia. January, 1954. By the time the first installment of my autobiography appeared in our first Record book, it was already obsolete, as we had made another of our rapid, unexpected moves—This time aboard the Lurline to Hawaii, where we lived for two years while Len acted as Exec on a Pearl Harbor based submarine and later as Squadron Engineer. One of the highlights was our trip to the Kilanea National Park, on the Big Island of Hawaii—



For the past year we have been living here in Arlington. Len is stationed at the Pentagon, and now that both children are old enough, I have devised a means of getting out of the household rut by teaching in a nearby kindergarten

five mornings a week. Allen goes with me, and Chris is in second grade. It is a very satisfying work, although apt to be a little strenuous on rainy days, when fifty children have to be stuffed into snowsuits and boots.

MALAKOS, DUSTY. Mrs. Arthur J. Pantos, 17 Milo Street, West Newton, Mass.

MALMSTEDT, JEAN. Mrs. Robert E. Sweeney, care of International General Electric, S.A., Apartado 1666, Caracas, Venezuela. Bob and I were married when Bob, a Wellesley ensign, returned from the Pacific in December, 1945. Bob was assigned to the Tomkinsville base on Staten Island, so I was able to continue with a brief glimpse into the New York business world, assisting the Director of Research at *McCall's*. That spring Bob donned civilian clothes and took a job with International General Electric. For the next two years I lived the life of a Long Island suburbanite. Patricia arrived the day of the 1947 February blizzard. We have been in Caracas five years. When we first knew Caracas, traces remained of the somnolent Spanish colonial town it had been. But the transformation had begun even then. We have lived through her growing pains, marveling at the rapidity of her growth. The bulldozer reigns supreme. Whole city blocks have fallen before it, as freeways have been cut through the city. Buildings, that appear to sprout overnight, are mostly so modern I thought they only existed in architectural magazines. The entire country has benefited by a public works program ranging from highways, electrification, water supply works, to schools, hospitals, public buildings and worker's homes. This almost incredibly extensive program is being accomplished by a wise government plowing back into the country revenues received from oil with which Venezuela is so bountifully endowed. Although we find it fascinating to observe a country mature, we have remained because, simply, we like it here. The year-round springtime climate and mountainscapes are delightful, and Bob finds his job as supervisor of lamp and lighting sales challenging. We live in a modern seven-room garden apartment, less than a ten minutes drive from office, schools, shopping and club. A live-in maid and weekends by the pool are a routine possible year-round, and every other summer the company ships us all back to the states for

two or three months of vacationing and shopping spree. There is another side of course. You must decide between an American and a native school for your children. Patty entered a Venezuelan school last fall. She is in a preparatory class learning to read and write Spanish before she enters first grade. Schooling is formal; she is at her desk from 8 a.m. to 11 a.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. and I must give her English reading lessons at home. Peter spends his mornings at a more or less bi-lingual kindergarten. I feel at home with the country and the language, but I am still learning, so life here refuses to be dull.

MANLEY, SARAH JANE. Mrs. Clem C. Williams, Jr., 184 Main Street., Williamstown, Massachusetts. November, 1953. Deadline date finds me with a four week old baby, Mary Mitchell. She's our first—and is the first girl in the Williams family in almost sixty years, so she's bound to be spoiled. We are beginning the process already. It looks as if she's going to be a red-head, or at least a strawberry blonde. This is our third year in Williamstown, where Clem is an English instructor at Williams College. I finished the final draft on my dissertation before we left Yale in the Fall of 1951—although the movers almost had to carry me off still writing at my desk—and received my degree the following Spring. In 1942 I spent a wonderful four days at Wellesley giving two Jewett lectures, sponsored by the French department. When I gave much the same paper at the annual meeting of the American Musicological Society later in New Haven, it was much simpler. The poor Wellesley undergraduates. I *thought* their eyes looked somewhat glazed during my lectures. We've enjoyed living here, though it has its drawbacks too. The Berkshire hills are beautiful and the country is especially lovely in summer and fall. Tanglewood is only an hour's drive away so we can take in many of the concerts. But I've discovered that fundamentally I'm a city girl at heart, and we prefer being near a larger metropolitan center and a larger university. My organ playing has more or less fallen by the way, although I did practice the first year we were here. Last year I acted in a French play, arranged the music and did some singing but most of my singing these days is done over the dishes. I studied Greek before the baby arrived, and hope to get back to it soon, as I am determined to read Homer in the original. It is exciting learning things when you are old enough to understand what you are doing.

MARCHANT, MARY. Mrs. Nelson Campbell, 4212 Morrison Avenue, Tampa, Florida.



February, 1954. Since 1950 we've moved to Tampa from Jacksonville. We bought a six-room house, Miami-style, all on one floor, and we love it. We're four blocks from the grammar-school where Chris, our oldest is in second grade. Peter, the middle one, goes to a kindergarten for boys which stresses sports and out-of-doors trips to the shore or the airport. Andy, at two, thinks he can do anything the "big boys" do and has a temper to match his red hair when I tell him he can't—yet. Jock was terribly sick the summer before last, but is fine again, and just been promoted to State Agent for his company (Aetna Fire Insurance). I keep busy with Church and Parent-Teachers-Association work, and love it.

MARCHESE, HELEN. Mrs. John H. Madden, Jr., 98 Fenway Drive, Springfield, Massachusetts. November, 1953. I lived and worked (with the economics department of the Standard Oil Company) in New York City from graduation until my marriage, December 27, 1947. Lived in New Haven until my husband finished law school in June, 1949. Then lived in Seattle two and a half years. Back to home town in Springfield, Massachusetts, where we intend to stay. Have a daughter, two sons and another (daughter) expected in May. They are Gail, five; John III, four; and James, two.

MARTIN, BARBARA. Mrs. Robert Gill Walker, 4 West Melrose Street, Chevy Chase, Maryland. February, 1954. From 1950 until June of '52 we lived in Pittsburgh where my husband practices law. I was chiefly involved in starting a coöperative Nursery School. We both worked for the United World Federalists, mainly giving talks to any groups who would listen to our thoughts on developing a strengthened United Nations.



In June 1952 Bob received his clearance for a job with the State Department in intelligence. We dumped our children in Connecticut for the summer and house hunted. In September we acquired a large, rather run-down ancient mansion in Chevy Chase. After a few coats of paint, the results have been extremely pleasant. We have a large yard and plenty of space for the kids, which we needed as number four, Edward Martin Walker, was born October

21, 1952 in Washington. (Others are Mead five, Polly four, and Gill three.) Life in the capitol is very good. It is hectic and wild, mainly because of the children, but they are fat and happy. My same interests, school and United World Federalists continue to absorb any time I can squeeze in down here.

MASON, JOCELYN. Mrs. Craig John Cain, 91 Salem Lane, Evanston, Illinois. January, 1954. We are living in a six-room "colonial" house in a circle section known as New England Village. We enjoy both house and village greatly as both are overflowing with small children. We have four children of our own: Constance five and one half, Christopher three and one half, Barbara two and one half and Jennifer six months. Right after graduation, I worked for a short time for *Parents' Magazine*. Then marriage came and my present job is called *housewife*, though as every current women's magazine points out, that is: baby nurse, cook, dietician, interior decorator, refinisher of furniture and painter of walls, maker of draperies, etc. Craig is president of Chicago Fly Ash Company. Fly-ash is the "soot" that Arthur Godfrey dwelt on a while ago, and Craig's company's letter was read on TV that night by Godfrey. Craig manufactures concrete pipe in addition to promoting fly-ash. In addition to working as a housewife, I am currently involved with the Auxiliary of the Junior Women's Club of Evanston and their benefit show. I am doing the publicity for the show and also singing "By the Sea" with two other gals in 1890 bathing suits for the show itself. That, plus teaching Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church and attending PTA is the sum of my community activities. In my spare time, I do some rug-hooking, furniture refinishing and take a stab at writing when I go to a local writer's group.

MAYGER, MARY LOUISE. Mrs. Henry Cabell McClelland, 534 La Loma Road, Pasadena 2, California. February, 1954. After I completed the secretarial course at Katherine Gibbs School in New York I had secretarial jobs of one sort or another in and around New York and then went to San Francisco. I worked here for about three years and then journeyed south to Los Angeles. I worked here as a legal secretary until Christmas of 1952. Since then my special job has been taking care of my husband and small son (born March, 1953). We live in a very delightful cottage with garden as time and my energy will permit. Our weekends are spent taking automobile trips exploring southern California which both my husband and I enjoy very much.

McCAGUE, ADELAIDE. Mrs. George M. Keller, 15 Del Monte Place, San Mateo Calif.

McGUIRE, EILEEN. 56 Highland Street, West Hartford, Conn.

McGOUGH, MARY ALICE. Mrs. Laurence T. Mork, 5136 Harriet Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn.

McILWAIN, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Graham F. Cummin, Route 2, Malvern, Penna.

McINTOSH, SALLY. Mrs. Robert S. McKnight, 341 Washington Street, Hartford, Conn.

McCLAIN, BETTY. Mrs. Robert W. Belvin, 357 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn 15, New York. January, 1954. I met Bob at a girls' seminary in 1949 in Washington state. He was a librarian in the town, and I was a teacher. Now he is about to become a teacher, and I am a librarian (about to retire). We are both working on Ph.D.'s, and for the last six months, I have been a research librarian at Time, Inc. where I find the work fascinating. Before this venture, I served time in a children's library in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn. Seriously, I love every blooming buzzing minute of it. I spent a year at Columbia and five years in Tocomo and Seattle teaching and studying. The best part of those years were the skiing, living in our houseboat and visiting my mother in Southern California.

MEEKER, ALICE. Mrs. Allen Dale Sowers, 621 Convers Avenue, Zanesville, Ohio. February, 1954. 1945-1946 studied at McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago. 1946-1949 was assistant children's editor for the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education with offices in Philadelphia. I had the fun of being in on the planning, publication and introduction in the churches of the "new curriculum" of the Presbyterian Church—which links together the home and the church in the Christian training of children and young people. February, 1949—married Dale Sowers, Presbyterian minister (Bethany College and Union Seminary, New York City) and since then have been living in Zanesville where Dale is pastor, Central Presbyterian Church with about 1200 members. We have two boys, Christopher Keith, December, 1949 and Timothy Dale, October, 1952 who are educating me—since I grew up in a family of two girls! The mechanical and scientific interests of even a four year old amaze us! I keep very busy with a huge manse, two very boyish boys and the ceaseless round of backing up my husband in the varied activities of our church—in planning and working with the women's organization, church school, youth groups, etc.

MEISTER, ANNA. Mrs. Murray E. Burton, 600 West End Avenue, New York. October,



1953. I came home from Japan in 1950 after a year in a female medical and pediatric clinic. Our ship docked at California a few days before the Korean conflict started. As a result we were fortunate enough to go on with specialized medical study, Murray in orthopedic surgery, myself in psychiatry. I have been working at the Riverside Hospital for adolescent narcotic addicts and at the Northside clinic for child development. We are now nearing the end of our formal education after all these years and I have begun a deeply interesting type of practice. My husband may be called back into the army. Otherwise he will soon be practicing. Meanwhile, we hope to start a family.

MERCER, ANITA. Mrs. R. T. Fedderson, 250 Black Spring Circle, Iowa City, Iowa.

METZ, ELIZABETH ANNE. Mrs. Jarrel Gittings Burrow, 10 Damon Street, Holden, Massachusetts. January, 1954. The last time I sat down to write for the Class Record Book was in the Spring of 1950. At that time we were living in Worcester, and we had one child, Julie, born September, 1949. We thought we were settled for good, but Jerry had to go back into the Navy for two years starting in November 1950. The Navy was good to us in that we were able to be together except while waiting for living quarters. Jerry's duty was limited to Newport, Rhode Island, and Bainbridge, Maryland. We enjoyed a summer on the beach at Newport. Our second child, Jarrel Vance, known as Jake, was born at Newport in the Naval Hospital in February, 1951. Jerry resumed his dental practice in Worcester last November and we have bought a house in this wonderful town of Holden. We love the town, the house, the people and our life here.

MEYER, KATHRYN. Mrs. David C. Stewart, Rice Spring Lane, Wayland, Massachusetts. November, 1953. We live in a year old modern one-floor house, and are finishing the interior ourselves, a long slow job, but fun too. David is an engineer. Our children, Carol and Susan, are four and one years old respectively.

MILLER, JANET. Mrs. Richard B. Harvey. 80 Barnett Street, New Haven, Connecticut. October, 1953. We are still in New Haven. Dick has finished his training in radiology and is now an instructor at Yale and on the staff of the New Haven Hospital. He took his boards in Tampa last spring which gave us a perfect excuse for a Florida vacation. My time and energies are spent caring for Robbie, age four and one-half, Pammy, two and one-half, Phil age one. Community activities will have to wait.

MILLER, MARGERY. 34 Morton Street, New York, N. Y.

MILLER, MARILYN. Mrs. Charles Plank, 19140 West Moreland Street, Detroit, Mich.

MILLER, MARY JEWETT. Mrs. Jerome J. Bunker, 4 Palomino Road, Palm Springs, California. January, 1954. In 1950, I wrote "Jerry is taking the California Bar Exam in



October, and plans to practice here in Los Angeles". He took the exam, passed it and we promptly left for Palm Springs where we've been ever since. He was associated with the firm of Thompson and Coligate for two years, then was appointed Palm Spring's first full time city attorney, which he still is.

Our second son, Jim was born just befor Christmas in 1951—was swimming when he was six months old! Since we stay here all summer, we are all experienced swimmers now; it's the best way to keep cool when it's 120°.

In October of 1952, we bought our "dream house"—a ranch style beauty in Deep Well Estates—and it keeps us busy. We have had a wonderful time landscaping—the only trouble is that we'll have to be old and gray before things get large enough for us to see what mistakes we made! Next project: swimming pool!

We flew to New York with the boys in 1952 to visit my parents, but apartment life proved much too confining for John (who was five), so we hurried back to cowboy territory. He is now in the first grade, and an excellent swimmer and diver.

MILLER, NORMA. Mrs. Wilfred Roth, 20 Dwight Road, West Hartford, Conn.

MONTGOMERY, TANI. Mrs. John Robert Kersten, 1120 Cooper Drive, Fort Dodge, Iowa. January, 1954. After our marriage in 1949, we went to live in Topeka, Kansas, where



John was taking a residency in internal medicine. Kathy was born there in February of 1951. In July of 1952, we moved to Fort Dodge, Iowa, which is John's home town. There, he joined his father and other doctors (two of them his brothers) in establishing the Kersten Clinic. At last after twelve years of training and at thirty years of age, John began practicing medicine. Bobby was born the end of July and we moved into our new little home when he and I came home from the hospital.

Our present goals are: to get out of debt, to have two more children and to build a permanent home. We are looking forward to going to the American College of Physicians meeting in

April in Chicago. Hope some other '45ers are there.

At present we are fixing up the basement of our small three-bedroom ranch house for a recreation room. These are busy days with the hours of a doctor's wife and the antics of two children. But—I am having the time of my life!

MOORE, MAIRN. Mrs. Dow Votaw, 3634 Happy Valley Road, Lafayette, California.



February, 1954. Our daughter's arrival was recorded in the last class record book. The intervening four years have been full of the usual baby chores and child psychology discussions. Spock and Gesell are tattered and torn but in spite of it all, Tory has become a very pleasant almost-four-year-old. She enjoys attending the model nursery school run by the University of California, and this has given me the chance to attend some classes at Cal. Dow still teaches there and also has started a law practice on the side.

Inspired by Adlai Steveson, we became actively interested in politics and helped organize a Democratic Club in Berkeley. Dow is still active in county organization activities, and we recently gave a cocktail party for the Democratic nominee for Governor.

Last summer we joined the migration to the suburbs and bought a house in Lafayette. Our travels have been limited to vacation trips to mountains and desert, plus a month in

Colorado Springs, but if our present plans work out, we shall spend next year in Italy.

MOORE, BEE. Washington, Connecticut. October, 1953. My present job is Information and editorial specialist, research technician, International Broadcasting Division, U. S. Department of State (now United State Information Agency). All that the elaborate description of my job means is that I have been working for the last four years at the "Voice of America." Presently, I'm doing research for the political commentators and feature writers. A few weeks ago when I had to leave one apartment without having another to go to, Eunice Stunkard rescued me; she's still putting up with me—which proves beyond a doubt the loyalty and generosity of Wellesley classmates!

MORDUE, MARTHA. Mrs. Robert Stitt, 915 South Wheaton Avenue, Wheaton, Ill.

MOREY, GRACE. Mrs. J. Douglas McKenzie, 6-A Shorncliffe Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada

MORRIS, S. T. Mrs. John P. Wilkerson, 505 South Center Street, Eustis, Florida. February 1954. 1945 and graduation seems a long time ago now. Not having written last time I must think back that far. After miscellaneous jobs, I decided to study for a master's degree



(partly because at that time it looked like a good stepping stone and partly because, after Wellesley, I knew more about studying than anything else!) Before I received my degree in June, 1950, I met my present husband on the last day of a vacation in Florida. As I was living in South Hadley, Massachusetts and he was finishing his law degree at Stetson University, Deland, Florida, our courtship was handicapped by the distance. However, three days after receiving my Master's we were married in the Little Chapel at Mount Holyoke College. We lived in Atlanta, Georgia where my husband practiced law for two years and I learned to cook etc. Then we moved to our present home in Eustis, Florida where John has had his own law

office for about a year and a half. Our biggest problem has been a legal secretary. I was it until June 1952 when our daughter Ann, arrived and have been pinch-hitting since as

needed. I never knew that such a group of half-illiterates, neurotics, deaf, partially blind, etc. could consider themselves qualified to be legal secretaries—but we have tried everything and hope some day to write a book on our experiences. I should add that at last we have found a good one, whom we pray will be with us for a long time! John's business is flourishing and we are happy here. Living in Central Florida is the way I imagine heaven must be (they haven't put me on the C of C yet!)

MORSE, MARCIA. Mrs. Thomas F. Airis, Apartment 102, 7722 East Jefferson Street, Detroit, Michigan. February, 1954. In 1950 I was with the Foreign Service of the United States Department of State, and was assigned to Tehran, Iran (having returned not long before from a two-year tour of duty in Greece). There I had an interesting job as cultural affairs assistant, working mostly with educational exchange between Iran and the United States. Mossadeq's coming to power, nationalization of the British-controlled Iranian oil industry and other events kept Iran politically turbulent during the time I was there, but I set up housekeeping with two other girls in a Persian house complete with garden, Persian maid and two dogs and spent a very pleasant two years there...managed to travel around Iran a good deal and visit many other Middle Eastern countries. In June, 1952 I returned to the United States, and in September resigned from the State Department and went back to school. In June, 1953 I finished work on my M.A. in political science at Columbia University and spent the summer at the University of Michigan studying audio-visual education. Then having spent a year improving my qualifications for further work with the information service of Foreign Service, in October I was married (Tom is an engineer) and am now studying basic housekeeping.

MURPHY, PEG. Mrs. William B. Kirkland, Jr., 1 Pilgrim Drive, East Greenwich, Rhode Island. February, 1954. 1950 brought us our fourth child, third son, born in Oxnard, California. (Bill is ten, Barbara nine, Ricky six, Larry four) 1952 saw us in Japan, where my husband was assigned to staff work in the Yokohama vicinity. That was a splendid year. We absorbed as much of Japan as we could—its sights, sounds, and smells! We spent the first five months living under Japanese roofs, holding tenaciously to our American standards. This proved economically unfeasible, so we gladly accepted American quarters at the first opportunity. We returned to the "States", and Quonset Point, Rhode Island in August 1953. Here while my husband is Industrial Relations officer, we are acclimating ourselves to the North East for the first time in ten years.

MURPHY, SHEILA. Mrs. John George Fox, 10 Roselawn Terrace, Pittsburgh 13, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. Our biggest news since 1950 is our daughter, "Muffet", born August 31, 1951. Out of five pregnancies we finally got that little gal, and we're awfully glad to have her though she nearly killed her mama while she was at it. John is still with Alcoa, building offices and buildings and things, and I find myself surrounded by architects. It gets discouraging at times because I love to write, and they become almost incoherent when they have to write anything down. They can't even tell you about anything. They have to draw you a picture. But it's fun, and I enjoy it all. I'm much happier than in 1950, mainly because I've finally admitted I'm just no good at housework, so I got someone in to do it. I will paint, paper, upholster and redecorate



but when it comes to dusting, I give up. I get to New York about five times a year and my family all manage sometime together in Florida. We didn't get down last winter because Muffet was very ill. After three months of diagnosing her illness as rheumatic fever and mononucleosis, etc., an x-ray showed she had a nickle stuck in her esophagus.

MUDD, EMILY BONE. Mrs. William D. Chapman, 1319 Ross Street, Columbia, Missouri. February, 1954. After two years at Wellesley I went to Columbia University Nursing School for three years and graduated with a B.S. and an R.N. I have also completed my requirements for my M.A. in Nursing Education, except my thesis, at the University of Chicago. My husband is an Episcopal Minister—working over half his time in college work. Ours is a very organized town with many activities going on. I spend most of every day caring for the house and children Teddy, two, and Ellen, age seven months, but in the late afternoon I have a high school girl come in and I am off on a round of activities. (Board of Y.W.C.A., League of Women Voters, Community Ambassador project, Church affairs, etc.) Most evenings are taken up in joint doings with my husband, e.g. refinishing our "rough" antiques for our cute, New Englishish house.

MUMFORD, ANITA. Mrs. Lawrence Wanthouse, Junior, 100 Woodland Road, Madison, N. J.

MUSA, KAROL. 42 Oakdale Boulevard, Farmingdale, N. Y.

NANGLE, CONSTANCE. Mrs. Dryden P. Morse, 8409 113th Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

NAUMBURG, ELLIN R. Mrs. Robert D. London, 7 Reimer Road, Scarsdale, New York. October, 1953. Bob and I went to Europe, then came to New York, where Bob practiced pediatrics, and where I worked for the League of Women Voters. In April, 1951, Roger arrived, and life took on new aspects. We had already moved to a larger apartment but we found life in a big city with a small child more than we could bear. And the parking problem to boot. So after spending the summer at my mother's in Poundridge, New York, we bought a house in Scarsdale, and Bob started to practice in White Plains and environs. Then in May, Douglas Murray came along and mommy was plenty busy. Bob opened his own office last spring. Both boys are walking, Roger is at the "why?" stage. Doug doesn't talk yet. Thank goodness. A new London is due in April. This summer Mommy and Daddy got away for 10 days alone to Vermont. We played lots of tennis. We both try to garden in our spare time. The rest of my spare time I try to progress on decorating the house. I have now decided it should be iron and plastic but I don't like modern so I sit and look at lovely things and say ten years from now perhaps.

NEAL, MARIAN. 89 Bedford Street, New York, N. Y.

NEWBERY, ANNE. 160 Highland Avenue, Ridgewood, N. J.

NEWMARK, MONICA, Mrs. John C. Geran, 360 West 21 Street, New York 11, New York, October, 1953. We went to England on vacation in 1950 and 1953. At the present time (since 1952), I'm Public Relations Representative for the N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., advertising agency.

NICKERSON, CAROLYN. Mrs. Charles Kitchin, 47 Harding Road, Lexington, Massachusetts. November, 1953. Since 1950 we have moved from a Wellesley apartment into our own home in Lexington. We've spent much of the intervening time in raiding family attics and cellars for furniture to fill in the many bare spots. Since then we've turned carpenters, upholsterers, painters, and jacks of all trades. A year ago we were blessed with a second son and life became even busier and more enjoyable. In between the many functions we attend or chaperone at Northwestern University where my husband is Director of Activities, we manage to sandwich in weekend trips to an island in Casco Bay, Maine. This latter feat is accomplished by dint of piling our skiff, two sons, outboard, food and baggage in our station wagon and transporting ourselves across the stretch of water to the island, praying that the wind and water will treat us kindly. 'Nuff said.

NILL, NANCY. Mrs. Roy Duncan, Willow Road, North Syracuse, N. Y.

NORFLEET, PATRICIA. Mrs. William Glenn Degener. 5600 Country Day Lane, Saint Louis, Mo. October, 1953. Since leaving college in 1943. I have the following to report: Married in November, 1943. Husband in Marines for two years. Daughter Hill, born November, 1944. Moved to New York in 1945. My husband started teaching at the Riverdale Country Day School in Riverdale, New York and our son Teddy was born in June, 1948. We moved to St. Louis from New York this September where my husband is teaching at the St. Louis Country Day School. We live on the school grounds, rolling country and lots of space. We expect our third child in November. The remaining members of the family are two cats. We all like it here including the cats.

NORTH, JEAN. 349 East 58th Street, New York, N. Y.

NORTH, LOUISE. Mrs. Albert L. Gray, Junior, 404 College Avenue, Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. Albert is head of the business department at Elizabethtown College, a small liberal arts college sponsored by the Church of the Brethren. We have been here three years and enjoy the people and Lancaster County soil very much....so much so that after renting a four room apartment from the college and finding ourselves very crowded with three children, we bought a house at a country auction sale. It is half a farm house two miles from town with a barn, large lot for gardening and a gorgeous view of Pennsylvania farm land. We sold the other half to the local superintendent of schools and share the lot and barn on a coöperative basis.

We like it very much and have a lot more room for our crew. This consists of David, five.... very extroverted and always talking, a student of a private kindergarten. Susan, two and a half, struggles hard to keep up with her brother but is really very much a little lady. Stephen, born a week after we bought the house, is seven months and a very robust, cheerful, good baby.

Besides caring for this active family, I have had various responsibilities in the local Church of the Brethren which we joined, and at present I am director of children's work which will probably become a part-time job when my children are older. Also I have had several opportunities to speak to various church groups in different denominations on various topics including family life, church recreation, church school teaching, etc. My interest in coöperation between the churches in the community had led me to become vice-president of the local

Board of Community Activities which attempts to carry out community-wide projects in Christian education, etc. The latest project under consideration is religious education under release-time from the schools, and I am chairman of that committee. My husband is equally busy speaking, teaching on TV, teaching the young adult class at the church and serving on committees. Our peaceful country living is not always so peaceful but it is exciting, educational and, we hope, worthwhile.

NYE, MARTHA. Mrs. Phillip R. Shriver, 1224 Fairview Drive, Kent, Ohio

O'BRIEN, ELISABETH PATRICIA. Mrs. James Richard Weisiger, 15 Ridgewood Terrace, Maplewood, New Jersey. February, 1954. Life is good. We own our own home....large, comfortable, homely....in a town we'd be happy to live in the rest of our lives. Good friends, good schools, good fun. Jim is a Research Chemist at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, I have a part-time fun job teaching modern dance with the Emilie Sarter School of the dance, and the children are growing up....Richard Atlee (Rick) is eight, his sister Kathleen Wendell (Taffy) is four and one-half.

OLSEN, MARJORIE. Mrs. G. Cameron Cray, 3600 South Court, Palo Alto, California. February, 1954. Since the "1950 edition", Cam graduated from medical school, obtained an internship at the Santa Clara County Hospital in San Jose as we had hoped, and so we travelled westward. After a year in San Jose, we bought a home in Palo Alto, and have been completely pleased with both the home (modern, functional, typically California), the community (university setting), and the climate! Cam is specializing in Psychiatry, is finishing up his second year of the required three year residency at the present time. I have been the Home Service Director of the Palo Alto Chapter of the American Red Cross, but am retiring this week to await our first baby, due in April. Meanwhile our home is well occupied by a five month old Great Dane puppy named Mark—never a dull moment!

PANDIT, CHANDRALEKHA. Mrs. Ashok Mehta, Indian Consulate General, Goa, Portuguese India

PARCE, CORA. Mrs. Alexander McWhorten Beebee, Jr., 564 Forest Lawn, Webster, New York. October, 1953. At the cost of sounding like a typical mother, which I am, I must start this autobiography out with a word about my two sons, who more than anything else have changed my daily routine since pre-1950 days. Their names are Alexander, Jr. known as Lex who was born in 1950; and Yale, who was named after my father. He was born in 1952. Lex is a brown-eyed curly headed youngster, full of pep and ideas, accompanied by much noise. Yale is a more placid laughing little boy, the one in a million who has slept through the night since he was three weeks old. The boys keep me busy. My main concern is to teach them to respect the water, as we live right on Lake Ontario and have a creek running past the house. Forest Lawn is a wonderful neighborhood. Most of our neighbors are young couples with small children. A great community spirit has developed, and during the summer there are nightly volleyball games, Saturday night square dances, and Sunday afternoon baseball games on the ball field—punctuated periodically with steak roasts and Field Days. It's a unique spot, I feel, and a wonderful place to bring up a family. Community activities have always interested me and I'm concentrating on two of late, the YWCA in Rochester and a newly founded Congregational Christian Church in the

Webster area. I've been on the YWCA board since 1948—and served as Chairman of the Y-Teen Committee since that time. It's been very enlightening to work with teen agers and well worth the time it takes. My most current interest started in 1952 when a group of us felt the need of a church in the immediate area—a church that would serve not only as a religious but also as a community center. This area of Webster has mushroomed since the war from a primarily rural area to a booming Rochester suburb. Our minister arrived in July 1953 and at present we're meeting in a playroom. Property has recently been purchased and we are hoping to build the first unit of our church in a year or so. I've been active in getting this Congregational church under way—and at present am Chairman of the Church Council. The founding of the church has been the most interesting and stimulating experience I have ever had. To be a part of a group of people to take hold of their nebulous and seemingly impossible task, and to see it become a reality, and grow is positively thrilling.

That's about all. I'm very happy with my lot as wife and mother. I often think nostalgically of the wonderful times I had at Wellesley, and the many friendships made there, but I never regret that I am now out in the wide, wide world.

PELGRIFT, NAN. Mrs. Bradford M. Cogswell, 60 Wilmont Street, Springfield, Mass.

PENN, NANCY. Mrs. John G. Penson, 4429 McFarlin, Dallas, Texas. January, 1954.

We have been right here in Dallas since the last class report—same house same everything. Our biggest bit of news is the birth of our third prospective Wellesley gal, Read Matthews Penson, on November 26, 1952. She is healthy, highly vocal and mobile, so she fits right in with the others. Jack has been in the oil business on his own for two years now and likes it more than ever. Our two big girls, Ann and Susan, will be in third and first grades next fall. We spent one summer in Bermuda with our first two gals and the next two in Colorado, with all three along last summer. They have had lots of swimming and horse-back riding for their ages, five and seven, and seem to have enjoyed these summers a lot. I seem to stay busy with two or three volunteer jobs, one of which this year has been assistant chairman of gift wrapping at the Junior League Women's Exchange. It would be lots of fun except for the occasional type who can't understand why we don't have a unique gift wrapping for a three-year old girl going by plane to New York, or some such specialized category. We handle about 3,000 packages at Christmastime in a room about 6x10, with only volunteer workers. Play tennis a lot and managed last fall to become Ladies Singles Champion at the Northwood Club here. It was a small field most of the good players being *enceinte* or incapacitated in some other way, but we proudly display my trophy as if I had won it at Wimbledon. Miss Clapp was here in April, 1952, and that kept the local Wellesley Club busy. I attended Alumnae Council in 1952 and found it fascinating. We are starting a new house this spring...modern, with lots of room, we hope. Perhaps it will be finished by the next class report.

PETERS, GABBY. Mrs. Robert LeRoy Hall, 4529 West 72nd Street, Prairie Village, Kansas. February, 1954. Since the first class questionnaire never found me, I shall have to start way

back with graduation, and condense like mad. I had dated a Navy Air Corps Lieutenant from



Kansas City during my senior year. Bob and I were married a short, hectic month after graduation. We traveled all over the United States, coast to coast, back and forth until we were light-headed. In May 1946, Robert Craig was born, and later that year his daddy, then a Lieutenant Commander, and the Navy parted company. Bob, who already had his B.S., then worked a year for his B.A. (through sheer perverseness, he took courses I had had, made me his tutor, then proceeded to get better grades than I.)

A second son, Derek Alan, was born in 1948. The following year Bob entered dental school in Kansas City. I taught first and second grade three of the four years Bob was in school, and tendered my

resignation the very moment the sheepskin was his.

After graduation, we bought a new and pretty house in Prairie Village, a modern suburban development thirty minutes from downtown Kansas City. Prairie Village is populated almost entirely with young prolific couples and thus Bob and I are enjoying growing socially and professionally with the growing community. Bob's office is six blocks from our home which means we need only arise a half hour before the arrival of the first patient.

In August we welcomed son number three, Kim Courtney. With our three sons, our house and innumerable discarded molars, I believe we are settling down finally: on my last flight from my parents' home in New York, I boarded the plane with two and a half children and the last of our stored wedding presents.

PETERS, MARGARET. Mrs. Alexander W. Urquhart, Jr., 305 Fairfax Road, Alexandria, Va.

PETERS, MARY MANNING. Mrs. Edwin Clinton Meyer, moving to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Febraury, 1954. One child, John Clinton Meyer, ten months. Husband is credit supervisor, General Motors Acceptance Corporation.

PETERSON, CHRISTINE E.. Mrs. Philip Royal Pullen, 901 Clark Street, Rapid City, South Dakota. February, 1954. After working for New York State Electric and Gas Corporation in Binghamton, New York as a copywriter in the advertising department I resigned to be married. Since 1950 I have been a homemaker, substituting on occasion for people taking vacation from the office. We have Mark Royal, two, to keep me busy at home and Pullen number two due to arrive in May.

I do volunteer work with the Rapid City Service League, American Association of University Women, and some church work; also enjoy reading and bridge in my spare time.

PETERSON, LUCILE. Mrs. Robert Young, 21 Danner Avenue, Harrison, New York. October, 1953. When last heard from the R. Youngs had just moved to their first Harrison residence, and are at the present still here. Such a pleasant spot and improved in the last three years (the house that is), I never dreamed my husband so talented along painter, carpenter paper hanger lines. He never dreamed me such a dud when it came to the same activities.

However, I am excellent at bringing out, up or down as the case may be, fresh beer, keeping kids out of paint, turning up the radio for the ball games. With housing conditions pretty much in order, we filled another bedroom with one more female (Robin Young) born New Year's Eve 1951. She's proved to be an excellent end man for those frequent three cornered fights with sisters Tracy and Sue, and may have the strength to be a moving man like her father yet. (Sure has the legs for it now.)

We spent our summers beaching it in Rye with an occasional jaunt to New London for variety. We manage some sailing, tennis, swimming, and all excel in sunbathing. Come the fall we plan racing our newly purchased dinghy in Larchmont in what's called frostbite racing. Hope this is a misnomer as my blood is thinning with each passing year.

Our oldest, Tracy is in first grade and the other two make up for her absence in noise and confusion. Of course, I know I'll miss them madly when they're all in school. At that time we'll think of three lovely boys... (neighbors, that is, for our charmers to marry).

PETTINGELL, ANNE. Mrs. Charles N. Satterfield, 46 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts. November, 1953. We are still living in a city apartment, but hope not for long. Chuck is now an Associate Professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with tenure, so we expect to stay in this area and want to build a modern house in the near future. I have had an exciting part time job for the past three years working for the Headache Research Foundation which includes being secretary at the Headache Clinic at Massachusetts General Hospital, research work for medical papers and writing a soon-to-be published booklet on the Headache Problem. I work for the League of Women Voters and do volunteer work at Massachusetts General Hospital. Have taken one course a year at Harvard Extension (Adult Education) and have various social obligations as a Professor's wife. For fun, Chuck and I like to take in the city's attractions like plays, symphony and lectures. We've travelled a good bit in the summer time. Teachers get nice vacations and we usually try to combine business with pleasure while seeing the country.

PFOUTS, BECKY. Mrs. Peter M. Slobogin, 1714 North Utah Street, Arlington, Virginia. February, 1954. Since 1950 we have added two members to our family, are expecting the third, and have moved from Texas back East where we bought our own little house.



I worked for a little over a year in San Antonio, Texas for the Air Force and stopped at the beginning of 1951 when our first child was about to be born. Chris was born in April, and in November when Pete transferred from San Antonio back to Washington, District of Columbia, we headed back East with all our worldly possessions loaded into the car and a trailer. We lived in historic old Alexandria Virginia in a "George Washington slept here" apartment for one month while we house hunted and finally found a little place in Arlington, Virginia that we are steadily fixing up and growing more and more attached to. Kathy was born here in July, 1952 and we are now waiting for number three expected the early part

of March. We are kept happily busy with the children, house, a dog, getting Pete through more graduate courses at Georgetown University and oh yes—some social life.

PHILLIPS, CLAIRE. Mrs. Howard Copeland Greene, Genesee Depot, Wisconsin, February, 1954. The past few years have been a change from the first post-college years when most of us were free to choose a job. I for one prefer my present "housewifely" state. The major part of our social life takes place in Milwaukee, and well over half my volunteer activities, so we spend a lot of time in the car. Cope is managing the production end of our milk business. We



are very proud of the company farms, which attract some five thousand visitors a year. Cope has done some speaking on agricultural subjects and is on a committee of the Milk Industry Foundation. I am on the township Health Council, Church Service group and a planning committee of the Waukesha Council of Social Agencies.

In 1951, I had the thrilling experience of being sent as a delegate to the Regional Junior League Conference in Winnipeg, Manitoba. We left Milwaukee in subzero weather for a point some 700 miles north! Two weeks later, Cope and I had managed to get away for a vacation in Alabama, the Mississippi Gulf Coast and New Orleans. The following summer we began plans for our new house, to be built in twenty three acres of woods which Cope has owned for some time. We moved in July, with

three feet of mud without and little decorating within. Ann was born seven weeks later. Future plans include a dog and perhaps more little Greenes. Elizabeth and Ann (four and a half and one and a half) are a constant joy, we would like to collect a little brother for them on the next round.

PIERCE, NATALIE. Mrs. William F. Wells, Jr. 51 Syracuse Street, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

PINNEY, OLIVE CHILD. Mrs. Henry A. Tilghman, Firetown Road, Simsbury, Connecticut. October, 1953. My husband, a lawyer, and I and our three children live in a new six-room house in Simsbury. The children are Ruth, ten; Thomas, seven; and Peter, five. I am active in the church, PTA and coöperative nursery school.

PIPER, JOAN PATRICIA. Mrs. Henry Herbert Clark, II, Seaford, Delaware. February, 1954. Leaving Wellesley as an accelerated '46, I had hardly had time to be part of '45, even though that is where my closest friends were. As a result I have been lax in keeping in touch with Wellesley and will try to catch up on nine years now. I started out as a typist at Time, Incorporated—very lowly—but was lucky to be in what was then the office of the editor of *Time* and *Life* published for the Armed Forces, soon to become Time-Life International. I ended up in the advertising end of the latter, and interesting and fun it was. But as soon as things were running smoothly and we seemed to be a going concern, I left to be married to Hank. He was then a junior at Yale School of Engineering.

For the two years before he graduated I worked for a professor of Anthropology in the Institute of Human Relations there, helping him with a book which has since been published—*Patterns of Sexual Behavior*, Clellan S. Ford and Frank A. Beach. I also helped him set up the business end of the Cross-Cultural Survey and Files, a very extensive inter-university project. Again, as soon as it was becoming a going concern, I left to have our first boy, young Hank. When he was four months old, we came to Seaford where Hank was to work for Dupont in its Nylon Division. Less than a year later Hank was called back into the Army and almost immediately shipped to Germany. I followed in February, 1952 after the birth of our second son, Tommy. Going to Europe was a long-dreamed-of experience, especially good, since we had the chance to live in a community (Augsburg) for an extended length of time. Still we missed the USA so back we came to Seaford in March, 1953. Now we are leading a very good life. We bought a house and there is a room for the children to play and there is a good deal of social and club activity in our town. These pleasant changes have made me a completely happy and contented person.

PLUMB, PRISCILLA. Mrs. Ray Anderson Eusden, Jr; Brooks School, North Andover, Massachusetts. November, 1953. Our small one-family house is connected to the dormitory of which Ray is master-in-charge at the Brooks School, where he teaches history and is Head Coach of soccer, hockey, and golf. Four evenings a week I join Ray at our table in the school dining room (we eat at home on the other evenings). One-year old David and I are more apt to see Ray on and off during the day than most families do. Our evenings are often taken up by visits from boys or by committee meetings with or without boys. We have less freedom during the school years than the average family, but we have all summer off! And a long Christmas and Spring vacation!

POPE, JODY. Mrs. Donald John Onasch, Route #1, Box 178, Forest Lake, Minnesota. January, 1954. I am now married to dairy farmer Donald Onasch. We live on a Grade A dairy farm and my days consist of feeding the chickens, gathering eggs, putting milking equipment together, bringing in the cows, helping to milk occasionally, cooking, washing, sewing, caring for the baby and my husband—ad infinitum. We live in lovely country with small hills and we wouldn't move if you paid us. Our farm consists of 147 acres and among my hobbies of knitting and handiwork are also (1) working with the books for the farm; i.e., reorganization, etc. and (2) making pets out of the chickens and pigs. Our son, Bruce Daniels Onasch was born May 2, 1952. Among the jobs I have had since the last '45 Record Book came out are; accountant for group insurance, accountant in hospital, accountant in automobile display (or sales), accountant in a bottling company, and farmer's wife—I have also helped run a gas station and sold silverware (good stuff, too) during slack hours at the station. I can run a mean pump and pour in a quart or two of oil—but *please* don't ask me to change it!!

POTEET, VIRGINIA. Mrs. William G. Atwater, 6832 Granada Road, Prairie Village, Kan.

PREBLE, JEAN. Mrs. Edward E. Stritter, 486 North Avenue, Weston, Massachusetts. November, 1953. The last three years have added two sons and a new house to the roster, total-

ing six to fill our six room ranch—efficient design compensates for lack of spaciousness and



we have plenty of outdoors, so it is a happy crowd (three year old Danny said today, "We have two girls, three boys and a daddy in our house. So I guess that makes me just one of the kids!"). It has been a busy time of settling into what we expect will be our permanent home. Landscaping the yard and raising a large vegetable garden each summer getting acquainted with our wonderful town and townspeople. I still maintain a coöperative, mother-supervised play group for the pre-schoolers as I have since Skip was two (and will till Carl is five). This keeps Kathy and Danny busy not to mention the Mommas. With Skip now in school we are throughly enjoying the activities of a grand Parent Teachers Association and all the satisfaction of a close home-school relationship. Carl is a dream child, the happiest, easiest, most satisfactory baby imaginable and the darling of the whole family. Ed has been busy advancing with the growth of his company and was recently appointed Assistant director in charge of plastics for the new Re-

search Department. We often pile tents sleeping bags, and children into the station wagon and take off for New Hampshire in the company of three or four other young families where all have a grand time camping and climbing mountains. Winters find us chasing the snow from the ski tow down the road all through New England to the Laurentians and back (when our ship comes in, we will ski the Rockies and the Alps too). Skiing is a family affair too with anyone old enough to walk, on skis and the baby "en papoose". We often revisit the Wellesley Campus where the kids happily take over from the Well to the crew house to the Chem building. We 45ers certainly came to soon. The new dorms are out of this world! I can't say that I feel nine whole years removed from our campus days, but it has been a fruitful nine years and very happy ones.

PROCTOR, PATRICIA. Mrs. Dan C. Roehm, 4207 Stammer Place, Nashville, Tennessee. January, 1954. Going back to where I left off four years ago, I was married—but just married—to my doctor husband. He was serving his two year tour of duty in the Navy and we were stationed in Pensacola. In June of 1950 he was ordered to sea duty as medical officer for two squadrons of mine sweeper destroyers based in Charleston, South Carolina. We loved our year there—living in one of those ancient houses and enjoying their famed hospitality. Dan was in the Carribean for six weeks in the fall and sailed early in January for four months in the Mediterranean. It took me just four weeks to decide to join him (or rather to bedevil him into letting me) in Italy when the fleet returned to the Western Mediterranean after visiting the Near East. Dan and I had six weeks together in Italy and France during April and May of 1951 that will always be my favorite springtime. It keeps us busy—putting away the pennies to get back again. Home from Europe Dan was released from active duty and we returned to Nashville for another two years of residency training. Last October we took the big plunge and started into practice. We are also hoping to adopt our first child sometime in the near future. Then we will be "those average Roehms".

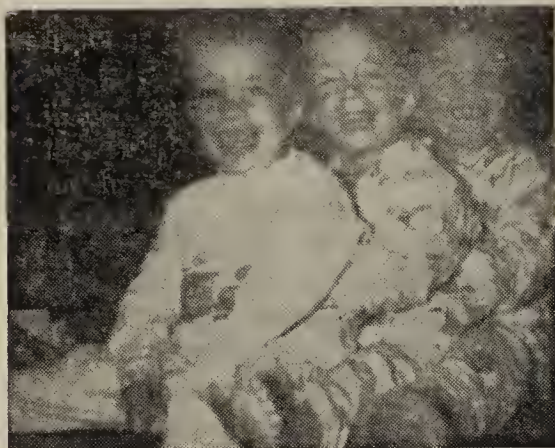
REED, BARBARA ANNE. 3395 Scranton Road, Cleveland 9, Ohio. February, 1954. I have a residency in internal medicine at the Cleveland City Hospital and a typical day usually

starts with ward rounds during which we see every patient on our floor. Then we take the medical students around to show them the unusual things on the ward and discuss diagnosis and treatment. We also have many conferences and clinics. I have done some traveling abroad with my sister, Doctor Betty Reed, and my hobby is photography.

REESE, KATHERINE. Mrs. Thomas C. Peebles, 100 Summer Street, Weston, Mass.

REMICK, ESTHER. Mrs. William C. McGuire, 17 Brook Street, Scituate, Massachusetts. November, 1953. I am living with my family. My father is retired and at home; my husband works in Boston. Mother and I share housework and three small boys (William, Jr., five; Jeffry, three; Kim, eight months).

REPPERT, BEBE. Mrs. John VanD. Wilmerding, 11 Cloister Lane, Hicksville, New York January, 1954. We left Mojave, California in June, 1951. In October of that year we added



Douglas Clinton to the family, which now consists of Dyke, Jr., five and a half, James Reppert, four, and Dougie, two. This will be all, I fervently hope. Little girls are for Wellesley, but not for me apparently. Have lived since the summer of '51 in Hicksville, New York. Dyke works as senior flight test and research engineer for Republic Aircraft Company near here. Occasionally he has to go tripping back to our old desert retreat in California where Republic does a lot of flight testing, but to all intents and purposes we are settled Easterners and happy about it. We have a cute Levitt house, which the boys are gradually tak-

ing apart, and in due time will move farther out on the island in search of more land and less population. Dyke Jr. is a kindergartner at Friends Academy, Locust Valley; the other two are slated for nursery school in the fall. In addition to my home chores, I have been fairly active in the League of Women Voters, less than active in the A.A.U.W., increasingly interested in local politics in which I took a small part in the fall campaign: I am enrolled in the graduate school at Columbia, with sights set for a Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Eventually I hope to put it to work, possibly as a school psychologist.

REVILLE, JOAN. Mrs. Thomas A. Gagan, 22 Wiltshire Place, Bronxville, New York. January, 1954. After graduation I reluctantly went to secretarial school for a year. Upon completion of the course I went to work for two years in the advertising department of TIME magazine which was interesting and lots of fun. I left to marry Tom, a lawyer, in July, 1948. We spent nearly a year in Cincinnati where Joanie was born in June, 1949. When we got back to New York, we bought a house in Bronxville and soon welcomed Tommy, Jr. in August, 1950. We then had a long two-year siege of illnesses and we sure hope we've had our share for a long time to come. We're now fairly healthy and very happy. We have finally been able to start fixing up the house the way we want it and have been trying our hand at gardening too.

RICE, CAROLINE. Mrs. Jack Hern, 2607 South Denver Street, Spokane, Wash.

ROBBINS, ANN. Mrs. Harland Zeve, 1119 North Marshall Street, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin. February, 1954. Right now I am a housewife without a house. In two weeks time last month, my husband "Hal" got a new job, I left mine, we packed (what a turmoil and what an amount of stuff we never thought we had) and drove to Milwaukee. We are in a furnished apartment for this month and expect to have our own unfurnished one next month. All our things are in storage and I am pining for them.

Guess if the last book was 1950, you don't have our marriage details. July eighth, 1952, in Washington. Small wedding, informal, with only parents present. Week's trip to Virginia Beach...my first real plane ride. Unfortunately, within two months my husband's mother and step-father died, and we had a time flying all over from D.C. to Cleveland to California and back. I could have done without those trips, gladly. Although I did not know them well, they were wonderful people. In fact, I have acquired the nicest set of relatives anyone could ask for. Hal's father and step-mother are in D.C. as well as a very pretty nine-year-old sister (I always wanted a sister.)

ROBERTS, JANE. Mrs. Peter L. Gill, 60 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.

RODDIS, ELLEN. Mrs. Glenn N. Lempereur, 43 Coburn Road, Weston, Massachusetts. November, 1953. I'm currently active in the League of Women Voters and the local dramatics group, taking a speaking course at Staley College and keeping house for my lawyer husband and three children—Sally is eight, Dougie four and Jane one.

ROBINSON, LEPAL. Mrs. John W. Ratcliffe, 426 Edgewood Road, San Mateo, California.



February, 1954. After our years in Framingham, Massachusetts, while John was resident at Cushing Veterans Hospital it was Westward ho for us. We settled in San Mateo and have been in a garden type apartment up until recently. This community living was a great experience for our three. Stephen, five and one-half, Bruce, three and one-half, and Patrica one and one-half. We looked around the area and found a lovely fifteen year-old house where we should be completely settled soon.

I am active on the Board of directors of San Mateo Council for Civic unity, and am a member of the League of Women Voters, Medical Auxiliary, and

the Congregational Church. Fortunately for me we have acquired a fine roster of "baby sitters" and I can be more community minded than formerly. I am also interested in keeping up with current literature and have been active in the Great Books Group for the fourth year.

ROLLINS, NANCY. Mrs. Clifford Youse, 145 Upland Avenue, Newton Highlands, Mass.

ROMER, MARILYN. Mrs. John B. Nutt, 203 North Adams, Hinsdale, Illinois. February, 1954. Since I missed the 1950 edition, I will sum up briefly. After a stenographic course, I took a job with the "Quiz Kids" production office, working half time for that outfit and half time for two publicity agents who rented space in the suite. After six months in that job, I decided to take the summer of 1946 off. That stretched out until 1947 when I

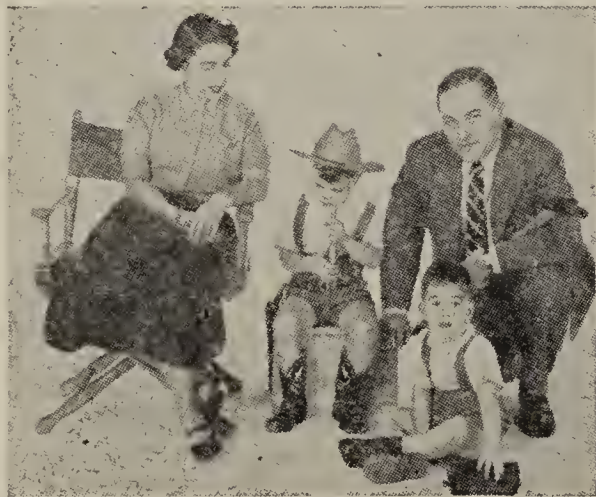
became a copywriter for Montgomery Wards. I met John the summer of 1946 and we were married in October, 1947. We had the prevailing problem—finding an apartment. We found a garage apartment in a huge home in Wilmette. Our “landlady” was living in that huge place alone except for servants so decided to sell the home and most of the furnishings at a public auction. I wouldn’t have missed that experience for anything. Since our apartment was listed as servants quarters, John and I were offered jobs as butler and maid. People came in during meal hours, investigated the contents of the refrigerator and even peeked in the pans on the stove to see what was for dinner. A really hysterical experience. We found an apartment in Chicago, and Linda Joyce was born July 18, 1949—necessitating more space. We started looking, closer to John’s office (sales manager of housewares division, Reynolds Metals Company.) in La Grange and finally built one—a seven-room Cape Cod in Hinsdale. It was completed in April, 1952; David was born that June. And that is about the way things stand today. We live from crisis to crisis with David, who is a real character. And we are trying to complete details around the house, including furniture, garden, lawn and the 101 other things you find necessary in being homeowners.

ROOSEN, GERDA. Mrs. W. R. Appleby, 27 Ridge Drive East, Great Neck, N. Y.

ROSENBLUM, SHIRLEY. Mrs. Francis P. Miller, 1323 Ashton Road, Sharon, Pennsylvania. February, 1954 After leaving college, I worked for the Applied Physics Laboratory, John Hopkins University, Silver Spring, Maryland. This did little to prepare me for my present job of baby tender and housekeeper, but my former interests and activities are really a salvation to this homemaker. In any case I have few complaints from Louis, six, David, four and one-half, and Martha, nine months. My husband works for Golden Dawn Foods, in Sharon, as General Manager of the Produce Department.

ROSENTHAL, SUSAN. Mrs. Jesse Oppenheimer, 211 Terrell Road, San Antonio, Texas. January, 1954. We live in a colonial house with three bedrooms and most of the modern conveniences. Jesse is a lawyer; I spend most of my time watching, tending to and protecting our two children: David, 4 and Jean, 2.

ROSKIND, ARLINE. Mrs. Stanley Paul, 6800 East End Avenue, Chicago 49, Illinois.



February, 1954. Since 1950, we have added another son, Howard Dana, and a springer spaniel to our family circle. We are now in the midst of an exciting undertaking building a house this spring. We are trying to end up with one to really suit our way of life.... and it ain’t easy! It will be a contemporary house, and after struggling with a large, old-fashioned third floor apartment I am awaiting the house eagerly. Our older boy, Mark, is now in kindergarten and I am feeling quite “mature”. I have begun doing some PTA work and enjoy it very much. Also have helped get some of the younger members of the Wellesley Club together.

Our lives have really been quiet the last few years, with nothing too significant accomplished except the important tasks of housekeeping and child-raising. A trip each year to our families in New York and Tulsa... and one trip to Boston and Wellesley. We have hopes for the future, though.....

ROWBOTHAM, RUTH. 98 Myrtle Street, Boston, Mass.

RUBACK, CAROL. Mrs. Sanford M. Lewis, 39 Meadowbrook Place, Maplewood, New Jersey. February, 1954. This is our last year in a four-room apartment. Building a house beginning this spring. Two active kids, Mack Alan, five, and John Richard, two. Husband a doctor, specialist in internal medicine. For extracurricular activities, I helped found and serve on board of Playhouse Nursery School, a coöperative, worked for American Jewish Congress as chapter president, division and state representative. Served on County Inter-group Council and for four years on board of Woman's Auxiliary, Newark Beth Israel Hospital, edited its bulletin. Member of Human Relations Council, Oranges and Maplewood. Volunteer social work interviewer for Teresa Grotta Convelescent Home. Also Democratic committeewoman of my district. Hobbies include modern dance group, some writing and several avocational courses.

RUBENSTEIN, JOYCE. Mrs. Richard D. Solo, 1817 Revere Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. We four (self, husband, Harry Jay, five, and Eleanor Kay, one and one-half) are living in a small ranch-type house in a new community in Northeast Philadelphia. Though I spend a good part of my time taking care of the family and home, I have to thank my Wellesley education for spurring me beyond the routine to take part in various community activities. Outside of some dabbling in the garden, my real hobby is an interest in politics. Since 1950 I have been a board member of the Philadelphia League of Women Voters. On a community level I am a member of the Lexington Park Civic Association, attend the local Americans for Democratic Action meetings, and last fall worked for the Democratic Party at such neighborhood jobs as encouraging people to register and vote. My husband is an attorney here—Assistant City Solicitor for the city of Philadelphia. He does some private practice as well. The children are busy growing, and altogether we find our lives full.

RUBIN, JEAN. 151 East 83 Street, New York, New York. October, 1953. New address, and new job (Jewish Theological Seminary of America). European trip summer of 1952. Active in local politics through insurgent Democratic Club.

RUDOLPH BARBARA. Mrs. Harvey I. Pofcher, 510 Mount Auburn Street, Watertown, Mass.

RUSHMORE, JOY. Mrs. Edward H. Hilliard, Jr., 2530 South Clarkson Street, Denver, Colorado. January, 1954. I worked on and off as Curator of Photographs Index of Christian Art in Princeton, New Jersey between 1947 and 1951. I liked the job, but also liked travel which I had a chance to do in September of 1948 and April, 1949. I visited England, France, Switzerland, and Italy. I revisited France, Italy, and Switzerland in 1952. Since my marriage and the adoption last July of our son Byron Rushmore Hilliard I have had to stick closer to home, but still do a bit of skiing, camping and hunting.

RUSSELL, JANICE. Mrs. David Olds White, Box 129A Idleyld Route, Roseburg, Oregon. February, 1954. In June, 1950, David received his MS from the University of Massachusetts. We left our GI apartment in Amherst and headed west. In Ohio, we visited



David's parents while he taught at the Defiance College Summer School. In August, we resumed our western trek with a one-wheel trailer carrying camping equipment and some worldly goods, our skis on top of the car and our sixteen-month-old son ensconced in the back seat. After camping en route, and in three national parks, Grand Teton, Yellowstone, and Mount Rainier, we decided the scenery was gorgeous but camping with a toddler wasn't. David started work on his doctorate at the University of Oregon in Eugene in the fall. In June, our second son was born. After a year's study David taught in a junior high school in Eugene for a year and then became principal of a new high school at Glide, Oregon. Glide is a small community about sixty miles due west of Crater Lake. Since the schools are the center of the community we have been busy here the last two years. Last summer we spent in the East, David mostly at Columbia, and the boys and I catching up on relatives and friends.

RUSSELL, SALLY. Mrs. William Shorey, American Embassy, Damascus, Syria. February, 1954. We lived in Beirut for three years while



Bill was professor of surgery at the American University. Now we are in Damascus, where Bill is head of a hospital mission for the Ford Foundation. I am learning languages, Arabic and French, though I always hated them, but find myself driven to. We have a pleasant apartment in a very modern section of the oldest continually inhabited city in the world and lead a very nice life interspersed by short trips in the area and an annual jaunt to Europe.

Children: William Angus, three, and Margaret

Warren, one-half.

RUSSETT, LOUISE. Mrs. William S. Kraemer, Route 1, Fayetteville, Arkansas. February, 1954. We live in a wonderful house surrounded by



our own untamed nine acres just beyond Fayetteville's city limits. We take some part in academic life at University of Arkansas, where I taught Zoology and where my husband is professor of Philosophy. Two boys, Eric, three; and Robert, one. Currently I'm working on establishment of a pre-natal health program here. Along these lines, I have given some lectures to expectant mothers. I'm also working with local group on obtaining high school training in Fayetteville for negro students.

SAYRE, HEATHER. Mrs. Rowland C. W. Brown, Ferris Lane, S. Nyack, N. Y. November, 1953. The four years since we all wrote for the 1950 class book have gone by very quickly for the Browns, all except the last six months. Rowland graduated from Harvard Law in June, 1950, and soon afterwards we moved to Washington, District of Columbia, with our three-year-old daughter, Stephanie. After passing his bar exams Rowland joined the legal staff of O.P.S. I had a part time job with the American Federation of Arts until November, 1952, when our second child, Geoffrey, was born. Shortly afterwards we bought a house in an interesting development of contemporary homes in Falls Church, Virginia. The house consisted of foundation and chimney at that time, but we eagerly watched it grow until it was completed in February, 1952. We moved in under somewhat of a cloud, however as by then Rowland had received his orders calling him back into the Marine Corps as a pilot. He had not been in a plane for over six years. O.P.S. applied for and obtained a six months, deferment for him, but we knew he would have to leave October first. We were crazy about the house and worked like slaves during those six months to get it in shape for renting. Life in the Marine Corps was quite a change. We followed Rowland to the Marine Air Station at Cherry Point, North Carolina, and lived in a trailer for the first six weeks. Fun to look back on now, but there were times, particularly the five day sieges of rain, that I wonder we were not all driven to distraction. We moved twice before we could find an apartment near the base. Then all too soon it was April and Rowland's orders were to join an F9F Panther jet squadron in Korea. Our families took care of Stephie and Geoff while I went with Rowland to SanFrancisco. We visited friends along the way, including Andy Waring in Denver, and had a wonderful week in SanFrancisco before he was flown overseas. He flew 32 combat missions before the truce. On one of these the canopy of his plane was shot off by anti-aircraft, and he got glass splinters in his face and eyes and shrapnel in his arms. In addition he was low on fuel and in his open cockpit had to climb to an altitude of 34,000 feet where less fuel is consumed, in order to make it back to the field. A very lucky guy. He was flying again a few days later and still is. He is now helping to train the newer pilots in his squadron and doing legal work in his spare time. He is scheduled to return to the states in February and he will be released from the Marine Corps March first. We hope to be living in our house again this spring, but it all depends on where Rowland can find a good job. We can not now predict where we will settle, but I hope it will be soon.

SCHAAF, PAULINE. Mrs. A. LeRoy Greason, Jr., 84 Federal Street, Brunswick, Maine. November, 1953. The Greasons were apartment-hunting in Cambridge when the 1950 edition of the Class Record Book went to press. Eventually we found a very satisfactory place within walking distance of Harvard, and we stayed there until September of 1952. Roy continued his teaching fellowship and his quest for the Ph.D. Randy spent many happy mornings at the Harvard Nursery School, and I had two part-time jobs—the first year as a clerical lackey for an M. I. T. government project, and the second year as secretary for a clinical psychologist at Harvard. The summer of 1952 was a monumental one for us: daughter Katherine arrived, Roy accepted his first full-time teaching job at Bowdoin, and we bought a car. We also graduated to our first house-with-yard (rented) when we emigrated to Maine. After we recovered from the shock of moving and getting settled with a five-weeks-old baby in tow, we discovered that Brunswick is a very nice place to be. Roy likes his work and we are both pleased to belong to a small college and a small town. We enjoy lectures, dances and

other activities at the college; we've learned to square dance; and I've been singing in the local choral group. This summer, when we weren't discovering the wonders of the Maine coast or traveling to Rhode Island and New Jersey for a brief vacation, Roy finished his doctoral thesis on Henry Fielding's political journals, and the Ph.D. is at last won (officially as of February, 1954.) Randy is now a grown-up five and a half, importantly involved with kindergarten and Kathy is a fourteen-months old explorer, completely untrustworthy, but highly appealing just the same. This year Roy is teaching Sunday school to seventh graders (much harder than teaching English to college boys, he says), and I, now that thesis-typing days are over, am finding time to be a PTA "room mother" for Randy's class, and to help in organizing a league of Women Voters for Brunswick. A Bowdoin freshman set me up for days this spring by asking whether the new dorms at Wellesley went up while I was there. Unfortunately I came back to earth with a thud when another freshman asked what year I graduated from college—and reacted to my reply with a condescending "oh back in the Dark Ages!" Randy adds to this picture occasionally by playing a game which goes something like this: "When I'm forty-seven, how old will you be mommy?" "And when I'm seventy-one will you be dead?" But I'm still kicking, and enjoying my dotage.

SCHERR, ELIZABETH. Mrs. O. Jennings Rife, 19 Emmons Apartments, Huntington, W. Va.

SCHIFF, IRENE. Mrs. Robert S. Groban, 7 Peter Cooper Road, New York City, New York. January, 1954. My husband is a lawyer and has his own firm, Groban and Rava. We live in New York which is convenient to his work. We have two children, Robert Groban, Jr. age five, and Ann Elizabeth, age two. My outside activities consist of League of Women Voters, Economic Welfare, Chairman of the Parent Teachers Association, Class mother, and Wellesley Club.

SCHLEGEL, MARGARET ANN. Mrs. Robert Fontana, Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn.

SCHLENGER, JUDY. Mrs. Kenneth R. Heyman, 38 Howard Street, Verona, New Jersey. February, 1954. We are still at the same address as was reported in our last class book, but somehow as the children get bigger, the house seems to be getting smaller. One seven year old (John) and two five year olds (Kenneth, Jr. and Patricia) require lots of room, and when you add a dog and a cat, a six-room house can seem very inadequate at times. Our latest addition was the dachshund, Gretchen. Now that our children are all in school, I find I have much more time to pursue outside interests, which I have been doing. Although Verona is a fairly small town (population 11,000), it is a very active one and there are always many more things to do than I can find time for. Bringing up twins has been a wonderful experience, for along with the double work, there have



been double pleasures which have more than made up for the work. The wonderful part is that both have retained complete individualities, Kenny a real boy, Patty a very doll-loving girl, both with their own friends and interests. All in all, our life is a very happy one, and we are really content. I am looking forward to reunion and hope nothing will prevent my being there.

SCHOONOVER, BETTY. 228 West 11th Street, New York, N. Y.

SCHROEDER, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Robert Youngs Pelgrift, 11 Westland Avenue, West Hartford, Connecticut. October, 1953. The biggest things in our lives since last writing are



the twins. They were born July 6, 1951 Nicoll and weighed seven and seven and named Elizabeth DeLancey, and Anne one-half pounds respectively. I was so big, I could hardly move by the time they were born. I had them by the Read method and thought it wonderful. Life was just unbelievably busy the first year, taking care of them and the other two children, with no help. But they are awfully cute, very different in both looks and personality, and we finally emerged from the millions of feedings and didies. They are two now,

and into everything. I never know which one to chase first. Our other big news is that Bob was admitted as a junior partner in his father's firm last March. He specializes in trial work, in the Common Pleas and Superior courts.

Two of the children are in school now, and I have more time for outside activities. As Vice-President of the Hartford Wellesley Club, I invited Grace Morey's mother, Elizabeth King Morey as our first speaker of the year. She is a delightful person and gave a most inspiring talk.

If we can only find a house big enough for us all at a price we can afford, life will be perfect. We hope not to have to wait too long.

SCOTT, BARBARA. Mrs. Robert H. Preiskel, 59 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, New York.

October, 1953. We live in a typical (tiny) New York apartment in Brooklyn Heights... about five minutes by subway from Wall Street where we both work (at present, I'm an associate at Dwight, Royall, Harris, Koegel, and Caskey law firm). We go to work together and usually come home together. Combining a "career" and marriage (no children) means starting dinner preparations about 6:30 or later, doing the usual household chores late at night.

At the office, I work almost entirely on antitrust cases involving the motion picture industry.... this means drafting papers, attending meetings and every now and then going to court. We see a few plays every year, and in general confine our social life to entertaining and Stevenson, do some work for the NAACP and help in community projects, such as raising visiting our friends, with an occasional "night on the town". We both worked hard for money for neighborhood playgrounds, etc.

SEDDON, JANE. Mrs. Harry Willson, 907-B Madison Circle, Albany, Georgia. February, 1954. We live in a small Southern town (33,000), but with new expansion and progress popping out all over I keep busy with our apartment, and sons, Bill, four and a half, and Larry, three. Our third is due in September. My husband manages a 1,800 acre plantation belonging to himself and his family. (900 acres in pecan groves, the rest is used to raise seed crops and beef cattle). I do my share in the family enterprise by managing our mail order pecan business. My outside activities include League of Women Voters (President), Spiritual Life Leader in church circle, Junior Woman's Club, Board member of A.A.U.W., and help with Community Chest and Red Cross drives.

SENIOR, KATE. 5612 South Kenwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SEVERY, MARJORIE. Mrs. Marvin Jack Herrick, 4105 Major Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin. February, 1954. My husband is an accountant for the Rural Security Life Insurance Company. Our one son, James, is three, and another is expected soon. We live in a pleasant residential community. Daily life includes mainly housewifely activities plus the extra hustle of a part-time job, at home, grading elementary mathematics papers for United States Armed Forces Institute, plus some gardening, sewing and piano playing.

SHAPERO, EDITH. Mrs. Edith Seligmann, 510 East 84th Street, New York, N. Y.

SHAPIRO, HADASSAH R. 168 West 86 Street, New York, New York. October, 1953. I'm working about twelve hours a day at being an attorney, and I love it.

SHELLY, CAROLINE. Mrs. Robert A. Mack, 15 Valley Road, Concord, Massachusetts. November, 1953. In March of 1952 we finally moved into our house which had been a year on the way—many trials and tribulations as is always the case—seven rooms, two baths (my idea of heaven), *huge* windows and an acre of woods. Very pleased (and have gone hog-wild over gardening)! New arrival since the last record book: Stevie, six months old. Bobby is now four and a half!

SHOREY, ELIZABETH DUN. Mrs. John S. Graettinger, 124 East Sixth Street, Hinsdale, Illinois. February, 1954. Until last August we were in the Navy, living a fairly settled life in Warrinton, Florida. Jack was teaching cardiology to Student Flight Surgeons and doing research at the Navy School of Aviation Medicine and Research in Pensacola. During all this time, I kept raising flowers and children. Our three sons, John, Jr., William Frederick and Alan Mitchell are aged five, three and a half and seven months respectively. Billy the second, who was a three-and-a-half pound "premie" at birth, has grown to be a husky equal to Dennis the Menace. Our surroundings in Florida seemed exotic to my northern eyes, with camellias and azaleas to raise, a beach close by and a boat built by Jack to sail on the bayou in front of our house. The flowers lured me on to Garden Club work, and in addition I sang with the Pensacola Oratorio Society. Last summer Jack was finally discharged from the Navy, and instead of going to Korea in September, found himself a civilian again. He is now assistant Professor of Medicine at the University of Illinois and a member of the staff of the department of Medicine at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago. His time is filled with teaching and research and some private practice squeezed in. But his family life is being

squeezed down porportionately. After the tumult of moving, we feel fairly settled now. We have bought a roomy forty-year old house in Hinsdale, and here we hope to stay for good.

SILVERS, ANN. 5520 Ritchie Road South East, Washington 28, District of Columbia. January, 1954. I was quite surprised to see how stable I have become in the "Second Five Years". I am still single (and very much in the minority on this score for 45ers) and still working in Washington at the Civil Aeronautics Administration. My line of work has changed from being a training specialist to being a placement officer. At the present time that title is quite misleading since most of the past year has been spent displacing people in reductions in force. I wish my second five years had included more contacts with 45ers but I have only myself to blame. I can not get excited about being a club woman yet, and I am a procrastinating letter-writer as most of you know who know me will readily agree. I did take myself off to be a bridesmaid in Emiko Ishiuno's wedding last May. It was a lovely wedding and I finally saw Milton...the home town Koko always bragged about. My only other "adventures" were trips to Bermuda and Canada. But enough about me. I would rather read about all your children. And I must say, '45 is doing its share in populating the world.

SLAUGHTER, L. ELIZABETH. Mrs. William R. Hendricks, 2250 Swansea Road, Columbus, Ohio. January, 1954. Some of the most pleasant times in the past five years have been those spent with other 1945ers: in Canada with Toni Thorton Sage and Sage, in Bermuda with Floodie and Hank Ludlow, Toledo with Floranne Henderson Passino and Jack, and at home in Columbus with Jean Kineke McLaughlin and Dave, Alice Bixler Monroe and Emmett and Betsy Barber Sanderson and Sandy. I forsook graduate work in English for a year's study of Russian at Ohio State University, fascinating, even though the only test of the results have been the translation of a sentence in a Steve Roper comic strip. Typical of Wellesley graduates, I spend some time in volunteer work: as a Red Cross Nurses Aide, in AAVW, the Wellesley Club, and such. In the Spring of 1953, Bill and I made the plunge into housebuilding and enjoyed the outcome immensely for a few months. Then Bill was made director of developmental sales for his company and we are off to Akron. At the moment he is there and I am here in Columbus, but by publication time we should both have a new Akron address.

SMAILS, SHIRLEY. Mrs. John F. Prudden, 402 Byrnes Drive, San Antonio 9, Texas.



February, 1954. Married June 18, 1945. Have lived in New York City, Teaneck, New Jersey, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts while John went through his surgical residency training. We have been in San Antonio since July 1952. John has been Chief of the Laboratory Division in the Surgical Research Unit at Brooke Army Medical Center, Fort Sam Houston. We return to New York City in July, where John will be an instructor in Surgery at Columbia, carry on a research program and do a fair amount of private practice.

Family at the moment consists of Peter Allen, seven and a half, Pamela, five and Elaine, eight months.

SMART, MARILYN. 24 Highwood Avenue, Larchmont, N. Y.

SMEDLEY, WAY. Mrs. Samuel P. Felix, Jr., 1423 Hamilton Avenue, Palo Alto, California. February, 1954. This "grand old (?) senior" is currently occupying a small spot in California, and though I wouldn't classify myself exactly as "lost", I will admit that our move last June interrupted the complacency of a contentedly entrenched Pennsylvanian. All this came about through the acquisition of a husband back in 1944, who in turn was the cause of the acquisition of Sammy, now eight, Tommy, five and Janet, two. One thing leads to another, and since a husband and what he does has some bearing on the turn of events, we lived in Morrisville Pennsylvania for eight and a half years where Sam was superintendent of the north plant for DeLaval Steam Turbine Company. While Sam was busy making pumps and gears, I learned a few lessons in housekeeping and studied more child psych under my three little instructors. These vital statistics have set the pace and prescribed much of the activity in this interim since college. Living in a rural community adjacent to the city of Trenton, we had an orchestra seat for the Show of "grass roots" politics and school problems, etc. in our small township, and an opportunity to become acquainted with the social welfare system in an industrial city. We didn't mind a bit, either, being within party distance of Philadelphia and New York, and became well enough acquainted with Barnegat Bay to dash the family off Saturday mornings in time for the Lightning races. Wouldn't you know that just when I had passed the apprenticeship of caulking all those screw holes in the bottom of the boat and was ready to tell Sam to move over at the tiller, he was transferred to San Francisco as general manager of west coast sales. San Francisco is a fascinating city and Palo Alto a beautiful college town. Now I intend to tell Sam to move over on those business trips. We are turning the family into geography enthusiasts.

SMITH BARBARA ANN. Mrs. Richard P. Babbitt, 1303 Clay Avenue, Tyrone, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. My husband is in experimental forestry, for the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company. I am a housewife with work on the hospital auxiliary, photography and collecting classical music for sidelines.



Children: Cynthia Ann, three, and Robert Wendell, one.

SMITH, NANCY. Mrs. Philip Cole, Jr., Franconia, N. H.

SMITH, PRISCILLA. Mrs. Carlton A. Rasmussen, 28801 Romany Way, Franklin, Michigan. January, 1954. We live in a carriage house and have all the beauty without much of the responsibility....very delightful. My husband's an automotive engineer at the Cadillac Motor Company, and I'm a dull suburban housewife who volunteers once a week at Red Cross and Garden Center, spend some time gardening, entertaining, cooking and, practically full-time in the winter, skiing.

SNELLENBURG, MARY LOUISE. Mrs. S. Miller Harris, 8249 Fairview Road, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. My three little candidates for Wellesley have kept me pretty busy since my college days especially when they were all small. However, once I had two of them in school I found that I really did not have enough to do. I now have a part-time job three and one-half days a week and I find I enjoy myself immensely. The children are Jill, ten, Susan, six, and Prue, three. Aside from my part-time work I am active in Girl Scouts and do some social work.

SONENFIELD, PEG. Mrs. Pierre Defiance Streit, 3 Rue de Cluny, Paris, France. March, 1954. Pierre and I are among the lucky Americans with a comfortable and extremely attractive apartment. It overlooks an ancient (12th-14th century) French museum...the Musee de Cluny....and a large and lovely park. We are both free lance journalists (with our office in our apartment) contributing to about fifteen newspapers and magazines throughout the United States. April first, we are leaving, on a journalistic venture, to drive from here to India. We are going, in a British Land Rover, via Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Kashmir, and India, and expect to be gone about five months.

SOUTHARD, PATRICIA. Mrs. Keith A. Gourlay, 19 South Street, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

SPAKE, VIRGINIA ANN. Mrs. Thomas D. Johnson, Junior, Parkersville Road, RD2, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. For two years after I got out of college I taught kindergarten and art at Tower Hill School in Wilmington. I now confine my teaching to the home and one four year old daughter, two boxers and an occasional litter of puppies, just as satisfying to me as my former career. I also find time for gardening, sewing, weaving, and the freezing of garden produce. There are various Junior League activities I am involved in, and church work and choir-singing. Our lives seem busy and interesting with a new arrival expected in April, sure to add spice.

SPENCER, SUE. Mrs. Bradley D. Harris, 28 King Street, Wallingford, Connecticut. October, 1953. Bradley Junior was born in 1950, April 18th., in Dexter, Maine, where Brad Senior was teaching French, Spanish and sundries to the young men of Hatch Preparatory School. I was busily engaged in Bridge Tournaments twice a week, Hospital Auxiliary, and



the like worthy causes. Church Choir of course, and all the rest. In June of 1951 we bought a car, quit Hatch Prep, and drove away with our little family of two. Brad Senior spent that summer waiting for a teaching job and studying for his M.A. at Middlebury Summer School in French. Fall came, and Industry reared it's ugly head, beckoned Brad away from teaching (perhaps not permanently), and we settled down in Milford, in an airy little winterized summer cottage by Connecticut's Long Island shores. Just as the weather was warming up the following June, they wanted seventy five dollars per week for our little home, so we picked up and headed inland, landing in Colonial Village, "a development of delightful colonial homes, nestled among Connecticut's gently rolling hills,

etc., and here we are, up to our ears in monthly payments on the storm doors, the home freezer, etc., you know the story well, no doubt. Brad enjoys his job with Olin Industries, the Winchester Division in New Haven. I have found the perfect combination of job and community activities in Welcome Wagon....one which allows me to work absolutely on my own time and however I want....for it is my own business, subject only to a State Supervisor and Company Policy (which adapts itself to each community). I have the satisfaction of working with and for all the major civic and social welfare organizations in town, with and for Churches, the schools, newly-formed W. W. Newcomer's Club. We both (Brad and I) keep looking for something which will take us back to France on a sort of semi-permanent basis... but otherwise are real busy and happy, enjoying our jobs, the children, and our new home. Anne is five, and a big girl; her first year in school! Bradley Junior is three and one half, and out of the cute stage into the little boy (bang bang) one. We also have acquired a lost dog, Lord Jeff, and acquired and still have a cat, Robert (French pronunciation). That's about it.

SPRAGUE, BARNA, Barley Neck, Orleans, Massachusetts. February, 1954. In 1943, I transferred to Western College in Oxford, Ohio, where I majored in history and graduated in 1945. During the summer of 1945, I spent three months in Mexico as a member of an American Friends Service Committee student work project, located in Ixmiquilpan, an Otomi Indian village in the state of Hidalgo—a most worthwhile experience in spite of the malaria I contracted at the end of the summer. That fall I entered the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy (administered jointly by Harvard and Tufts) in Medford Massachusetts, and received my M.A. degree in International Relations the following year. Since that time I have been pretty much in a travel status, having lived in Caracas, Venezuela from 1947 to 1949, with the American Embassy. Most of 1950 was spent in India where I visited friends and worked for a while with an advertising agency in Bombay. My mother accompanied me on this trip and enroute to India we saw many of the highlights of Europe and Egypt. I remained in the States from 1951 until November, 1953, working in Washington and “keeping house” in an efficiency apartment. Now once again I am on another overseas assignment with the government, this time in a research job in Japan, where I expect to be for two years. I am presently located outside Tokyo and hope that before long I may acquire a Japanese house. I am about to start lessons in Japanese and of course have plans to see as much as possible of Japan as well as other parts of the Far East while I am in this area.

SRACHI, MYRTLE. Mrs. Jacob Levin, 3937 East Lake Road, Sheffield Lake Village, Ohio. February, 1954. I taught nursery school for three years, and find it very handy coping with Marc Alan age seven months. We are at present living in a hotel apartment with the rosy future of a move to our own home April first. We are building this ourselves which is indeed an education and makes it possible to have plenty of guestrooms (all welcome!).

STANCISKO, JOSEPHINE M. 460 West 22 Street, New York City, New York. January, 1954. I live in a two-room apartment—one-floor of an old brownstone house with a tree in front, garden in back which I share with two roommates. We have decorated it ourselves, and find our neighborhood very colorful, with more Spanish than English spoken on the street. I have held various secretarial-editorial jobs in advertising and publishing in Seattle and New York. Also Red Cross in Washington. I now work for Engelhardt, Engelhardt

and Leggett, Educational Consultants, preparing reports on school building needs in communities throughout the country for Boards of Education and architects. I spend my free time reading, studying, dressmaking, cooking, going to plays, concerts, museums, etc.

STANLEY, MARGARET W. Mrs. Geoffrey R. Wiener. 645 East 14th Street, New York. October, 1953. Geoffrey and I were married after we both finished the academic requirements for a masters degree in social work. We decided to let the thesis wait for a while and took off for a two months' honeymoon of camping, hiking and sightseeing in the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia. It took great will power to return to New York, Geoff to his work as director of a settlement house on the lower East Side and I to the business of settling and furnishing our fourth floor walk-up apartment. Our daughter Margaret arrived the following June and immediately proved a delightful and constantly enjoyable addition to the home. Her brother, Geoffrey (Ricky) came in September, and we feel as if we had a good start on a family. The years between the birthdays saw us finally finishing our theses, moving to a larger apartment and enjoying our role as parents. Our travels somewhat curtailed now by work and family, have been limited to a trip along the coast of Maine and vacations in the Adirondacks. There, Margaret climbed her first mountain at the age of 14 months in a pack on her father's back. She begins skiing this winter!

STIEFLER, LOUISE. Mrs. Wallace Rubin, 1503 Mandolin Street, apt. A, New Orleans, La.

STEINHEIMER, MARY. Mrs. Ernest Lynn MacQuiddy, Junior, 3911 Keystone Drive, Omaha, Nebraska. February, 1954. Husband, a doctor. Children, Mary, seven, and E. L. III (Terry), four. Live a semi-rural life raising horses, dogs, and bantams for fun. Also, Junior League, Parent Teachers Association, Tuesday musical series, etc.

STEMPF, DEE. Hillandale Farms, Weaver Street, New Rochelle, N. Y.

STEUER, ANN. Mrs. Gilbert E. Klein, 105 West Geneva Lane, Oak Ridge, Tennessee. February, 1954. The address is still Oak Ridge and



we still think that our town is a unique oasis in Tennessee. Gill transferred to Oak Ridge National Laboratory in 1951 when the NEPA project folded. Our housing, government controlled, is desirable only so far as its area is concerned. We are experts on the habits of termites and ants, and enjoy outdoor breezes even with all the windows and doors closed.

We now have three atomic propelled children. Leslie is six, in kindergarten, Roger is four, and Marcia one, and my hair is rapidly turning gray.

Gill is president of the Jewish Congregation in Oak Ridge, and I was president of the sisterhood last year.

We both teach Sunday School. I work on voters service for the League of Women Voters and have done chemical abstracts for the past three years.

STICKLE, SARAH. Mrs. David M. Cowan, Jr., 2408 Nottingham Road, Columbus, Ohio

STORER, PRICILLA. Mrs. H. Richard Hornberger, Jr., Waldoboro, Maine

STUART, JEAN. 450 Santa Rita Street, Palo Alto, Calif.

STEWART, CYNTHIA. Mrs. William D. Thoms, 60 Edgerton Street, Darien, Conn.

STEWART, GINGER. Mrs. Wesley C. Larrabee, Shoreham, Vermont. November, 1953. My



typical day depends on the time of the year. During the spring, summer, and fall I am fairly busy gardening, canning, and freezing our winter's supply of vitamins as well as taking care of the children, Susan Anne, age five and a half, Diane Elaine, age four, and Linda Jane, age two. During the winter, my days (including evenings) are taken up with regular housework, sewing, and a more social life consisting chiefly of meetings, L. W.V., P.T.A., and several organizations peculiar to farmers and wives, not to mention Sunday

School activities and acting as secretary and bookkeeper for my husband. I do not think I have a typical day as there are so many problems to be met each day that only the bare outline of breakfast, lunch and dinner survives—even these, I find are amazingly flexible.

STUNKARD, EUNICE. 1 University Place, New York, N. Y. October, 1953. At the present time, I have my own apartment on Washington Square, travel to and from work (at J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency in the Grand Central area) by bus. I often have small groups in for supper but prefer to be invited out to the wonderful restaurants New York has to offer. I see about ten different Wellesleyites (including classmates Pat Lauber, Bee Moore, Bebe Reppert Wilmerding, Dee Stempf, and Barbara Whitmore) about once a month for drinks, tennis (summer), squash (winter) or dinner or at work. On the job, I'm one of two women writers in the TV department of the largest ad agency in the world. Have worked on such accounts as Ford, RCA Victor, Lux and about twenty less well known ones. I have been at JWT for four years, starting by doing production on a TV show. In 1951, I went on a European junket that took in France, Italy, Austria, and Switzerland and in 1953 got in a trip to Hawaii.

SULLIVAN, BARBARA. Mrs. Paul T. Mahony, 107 Mayo Road, Wellesley, Mass.

SULLIVAN, BERRI. Mrs. Robert Lewis Wyckoff, 9 Longfellow Road, East Natick Mass-



achusetts. November, 1953. As of now, we have four children (Robert, Junior seven, Richard four, Margo eighteen months and Vanessa Ruth three months), live in an expanded eight-room Cape Cod house and keep very busy. I am generally up at six to feed the baby, then dress the girls, get breakfast for all, drive the boys to school. Then housework, League of Women Voters study meetings, write an occasional article for the local papers. In the evenings, I go to League meetings, church choir practice, local civic groups meetings, work or once in a while just sit with my husband.

Normally, between babies, I work part-time... about a thirty hour week, evenings and Saturdays and Sundays alternately...in drug-stores. I am now negotiating to buy one.

SULLIVAN, EILEEN. 325 North Columbus Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

SUMMERS, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Stephen G. Cary, 834 Carpenter Lane, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. Seems to me since 1950, I've been producing. In the summer of '52 having parked Anne (our oldest) with mother on Cape Cod, we went to Europe. We drove to the farthest tip of Scotland and advise the trip for any one who wants to get away from tourists and people in general and just see wonderful scenery.



Life seems full of the many activities of life in a city—election primaries, and otherwise “making sure” the “right” gets upheld. We attend plays, lectures, and concerts, help with the activities of the Society of Friends, work over our garden and care for the two young Carys (Anne, two and one-half, and Charles Reed II, four months).

SUMNER, PEGGY. Mrs. T. T. Nelson Bucher, 36 E. Central Avenue, Moorestown, New Jersey. February, 1954. As I said in the last class record book, our plans for the future were a sister and a brother for our then only child Anne (Nonny) and we are doing pretty well with our planning. Elizabeth will be two in April and Bucher number three is on the way. Boy, maybe?

Most of my day is occupied with housework, Parent Teachers Association, kindergarten room mother, hospital auxiliary and child study group. I also do my own freezing, canning of vegetables, pickles etc. Busy day, but I love it.

SUN, PEARL. Mrs. Andrew T. Lin, 85 Phyllis Road, Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

SUNDERLIN, JEAN. Mrs. James Wilmot Frevert, 22 Trelawn Terrace, Plainfield, New Jersey. February, 1954. When volume I of the adventures of '45 went to press, we were still living in Chicago, but in April of 1950 we had moved to New York City and a few weeks



later into our apartment in Englewood, New Jersey. This was our first real home where I could finally unpack cartons and barrels and start buying furniture. However, a month after moving, we took off for Buffalo, New York, where we stayed until after Labor Day. That fall, back in Englewood, I got a job to keep myself busy. I gave that up a few months later to join my husband in Louisville where we stayed for nine months. We had a wonderful time there seeing country new to both of us...beautiful country!

In October, we returned to Englewood, and I resumed my job once more. Again it was short-lived because in January '52 we went to Niagara Falls to live till March. Then back to Englewood, where son Douglas was born.

In February '53, Jim transferred to a newly-formed division of Air-Reduction, Incorporated, the chemical company. This new job put an end to all his travels, but did necessitate one big move to Plainfield, New Jersey on one of the hottest

June days in memory.

Since all the traveling and moving we have done in the last five years has not lent itself to a feeling of permanency, we have not been active in many outside activities; and even now that situation remains. However, one big advantage that has made all the moving worthwhile has been that every new place has offered interesting people with new ideas and different viewpoints. We have left behind good friends we always hope to see again. This is stimulating and makes it impossible to get into a rut.

And so it is once more here, in Plainfield, that we find good friends and neighbors.

SWEARINGEN, DOROTHY. Mrs. Carroll Hunnewell, 866 Washington Street, Wellesley, Mass. November, 1953. We live in an apartment over a garage... plenty of land outside, if not much room inside. "We" includes my general contractor husband and Arthur who is six and Margaret four and a half. Number three is due in May, 1954.

SZE, ALICE. Mrs. Chiu-an Wang, 74 Macdonnell Road, Hong Kong. January, 1954. Since the 1950 Class Record Book came out, I can report that we found an apartment and have been happily settled in it... a penthouse located midway up Hong Kong's "Peak". The view is marvelous, for the city's harbor is a busy one and at night the lights of Kowloon, the mainland, are like vari-colored jewels. The family has increased with the addition of two new members, so that now we have four young daughters. Their names and birth dates are: Irene Ai-lien (April 25, 1947), Alice Mai-lien (October 25, 1948), Ann An-lien (July 8, 1952) and Caroline Chia-lien (January 13, 1954).



If any of the class are globe-trotting and plan to pass through Hong Kong, let me know ahead of time, for I would be delighted to see you.

TARLOW, CHARLOTTE. Mrs. David Rubin, 220 Walcott Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

TATUM, GUITTE. Mrs. John N. Cackley, R. 6 Box 6B, South Bend, Indiana. February, 1954. The big events of the past four years have been two new babies, Ellen born in June, 1950, and Marguerite, June, 1952, which brought the total to five, two sons, and three daughters. And the acquisition of a large house just outside of South Bend—which is ideal for our needs, but has meant a great deal of physical labor, inside and out, for us as the budget doesn't allow for outside help at the present. We have learned the hard way how to put up a split rail fence, and many more major jobs are lying in wait for us!

The children are a joy at moments—Steve and Anne in first and second grades, doing adequate work in our parochial school which is almost European in the way in which they start up so fast. We have had our share of measles, broken bones, and all the other usual childhood impediments. But what would we ever do without these kids—so we are still on the "offensive", as Frank Leahy puts it, and hope for several more before the whistle blows. (In this town you just can't help being football conscious.) My big personal achievement is hanging on to myself, so to speak, with all the bedlam around. A well cemented spiritual life, which can never become stagnant, has been my springboard for all the other things I have been learning—learning to be a good wife, and the million and one skills which the ladies' magazines expound so glibly, finding time for community activities of some sort, and growing with the kids.

John's work is interesting and challenging to us both. He edits two Magazines *Notre Dame*, and the *Alumnus* which have a circulation of about 40,000, and does some travelling and speaking for the Notre Dame Foundation, and alumni clubs. We love the mid-west and shall doubtless be Hoosiers for a long time to come.

TEBO, ETHEL. Mrs. Melzar Cole, mail returned

TENNANT, MARTHA. Mrs. John S. Crawford, 2nd, 309 Michigan Street, Marquette, Mich.

THOMSON, AVIS. Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. February, 1954. I have been around the world in the last three years spending most of the time teaching at the Beirut College for Women in the Near East. I visited in Europe and the Near East at the beginning of my trip and returned by way of Java, where I saw my parents, Australia, Fiji, Tahiti, Panama, and the States. At present I am Publication Department Field Representative with the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, visiting churches in nine states in connection with their church school program.

THOMPSON, ANNE. Mrs. Hewitt A. Schoonover, 19107 Southgate Avenue, Warrensville Heights, Ohio

THOMPSON, MARION. Mrs. J. Edward Gates, 91 Old Billerica Road, Bedford Massachusetts. November, 1953. Ed and I were married in Choneir, Lebanon, at the annual conference of the Syria-Lebanon Mission held in the mountains. I joined Ed in missionary teaching in Sidon, Lebanon for his remaining two years there and did psychiatric nursing in a British hospital near Beirut during our summer vacation. Our home in Sidon was across the street from a camp of 8,000 Arab refugees and their plight is tragic. In July, 1952, we came home in the luxury of a Norwegian freighter, which we liked even better than American or Egyptian liners, and in November, 1952, our daughter, Beth, was born. We are living with my mother in Bedford, Massachusetts, (My father died suddenly in 1951) while Ed finishes school. He received his Masters in Sacred Theology from Harvard in June and is now working on his Ph.D. with hopes of teaching



philosophy, religion or ethics. I am doing maternity nursing one evening a week and the rest of the time enjoying myself as a country housekeeper with church, Legion Auxiliary, and Yale Nursing School Alumnae activities to break any monotony. Like all mothers, my life's greatest interest at present is my daughter.

THORNTON, ELIZABETH. Mrs John P. Chandler, 117 Forest Street, Worcester, Mass. November, 1953. Married seven years to a doctor, I still complain daily of the inconveniences, frustrations and uncertainties which comprise the special lot that is a doctor wife's. However, like most doctors' wives, I can't imagine being married to any other profession. We spent our "residential years" in Hanover, New Hampshire, where Jack trained for his board in general surgery at the Mary Hitchcock Clinic and Veterans' Administration hos-

pital. Our five year old, Chris, was born there. We moved to Worcester two years later where Jack completed his training and now three-year-old Karen was born. Worcester began to "grow" on us, Jack started practice and was appointed to the staff of the Memorial Hospital, we bought a house and were just getting settled and comfortable when the Army hauled us back, Jack having twenty instead of the twenty-one months that would have removed us from the Army's reach. A firm believer in "whither thou goest—" when Jack was sent overseas to be chief of surgery at the hospital in Heidelberg, I rented the house and sailed after him with the two children. What a trip! However, it was worth it. Heidelberg, was lovely. We had a four-room apartment, government quarters, and of course a full time maid! I used to make my bed to appease my New England conscience and considered myself overworked. Travelled with two children and maid in our car through Switzerland, Italy, Luxembourg—was it really me? Expected to spend two years in Europe, but the government decided the whole thing was a mistake and sent us home by plane after a six month tour of duty! We are back in Worcester, back in practice, with our European sojourn becoming more and more like a dream. We have all had enough roaming for some time and plan to settle down and become pillars of the community.

THORNTON, M. J. Mrs. Maria Thornton Sage, Fort Fairfield, Me.

TITUS, LUCILE S. Mrs. William F. O'Conner Jr., 422 Chestnut Street, Ithaca, New York, November, 1953. The big event in our lives was the birth of Billy III in July. Bill and I have been married three years and the baby has been a most welcome little person. His smiles and "angel noises" are reward enough for the hours of work. Until July, I was teaching handicapped children in their homes in and around Ithaca. We were living next door to the Cayuga Heights School where Bill teaches fifth grade. Since college, I have taught fifth grade in private and public schools and attended the Home Economics College at Cornell (child development department). Bill was taking his Masters degree in the Cornell School of Education when we met.



We have enjoyed a few trips to Virginia, New England and Canada. Plans for the future? Three or four children if we are fortunate. We hope to own our own home in the next two or three years.

TOMS, ESTHER. 1629 Marion Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

TRENCHER, GLORIA. Mrs. Jack Neidorff, 260 First Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TURNBULL, JANE. Mrs. Richard S. Knight, 14 Boltwood Avenue, Amherst, Massachusetts. November, 1953. A year ago we bought a year old colt and have spent a very active and instructive (to us) year training him. He has now progressed so that he is rideable and is broken to a light buggy. Since moving to Amherst this fall, we left him in Winchendon, about thirty five miles distant. I try to go over once a week and take him out. In the meantime his training is being continued under much more capable teaching. We hope, eventually, to

have him here in Amherst with the rest of us. This includes Robert age nine, Richard seven, Laura five, and Margaret three. Aside from family chores I participate in PTA and church work and find some time for my work in ceramics.

UNDERWOOD, ELIZABETH. Mrs. Keith Mosley, 19 Tyburn Way, Rochester, New York. December, 1953. I spent five years at Cazenovia Junior College first as an instructor and later as head of the department of English after leaving college. I am now very much the housewife. We have twin boys Michael and Malcolm age six, Beth Mara, two and a half. I do some church work, home bureau, PTA as well as find time for some writing, gardening and refinishing antiques.

URBAN, ALLAIRE. Mrs. David T. Karzon, 40 Berkley Place, Buffalo, New York. February, 1954. My husband is assistant professor of pediatrics, University of Buffalo Medical School and director of virology, Children's Hospital, Buffalo. I am working as an attorney with Hodgson, Russ, Andrews, Woods, and Goodyear. Son David T. Karzon, Jr., "Deke", in nursery school.

VADNER, BETTY. Mrs. Richard H. Haas, 9257 San Fernando Way, Dallas, 18, Texas. February, 1954. In May 1950 the Haas' left White Plains, New York, and moved to



Monroe, Louisiana, where Dick joined Krafco Container Corporation. Life in a small southern town was a big change from the large eastern-city life we were used to. We felt that the much-talked-of southern hospitality attained its zenith in Monroe. During our year and a half there, we gradually rose from "damn Yankees" to "Yankees" and finally were accepted as citizens. Our second daughter, Becky (Susan is now four and a half), was born in Monroe in January 1950. A year later Dick was transferred to Krafco's sales office in Dallas. We expected to be here six months, but after two years, we are still here. Dallas is a delightful city,

little over half a million population, with all the cultural and social advantages of eastern cities, but much less crowded and much cleaner. Dallas' one drawback is its hot, dry summers. Our life these past four years has been happy and pleasant, though uncolored by phenomenal events. My daytime activities include care of home and children, a civil defense group, the Preschoolers Association, church work, Wellesley Club, and a weekly afternoon of bridge. The extra-curricular activities will suffer a temporary setback in May, when our third child will arrive.

VAN SLYKE, LUCILE. Mrs. William R. Pace Jr., 3202 West, Concord, Mercer Island, Washington. January, 1954. We have a terrace apartment overlooking Lake Washington, beach privileges and mooring for our little Sun-ray (sailboat). My husband is a physician specializing in internal medicine with an office in Seattle. We have three children, Margaret Ann, six; William Roby III, five; and Cathy, two.

VAN TASSEL, BARBARA. Mrs. Robert H. Vanderkew, 497 Chandler Street, Worcester, Massachusetts, November, 1953. In 1950, we left the Adirondack hotel we owned and operated for three years and came to Worcester. Our second child was on the way and it seemed to us that the time had come to leave the hinterland and head for civilization and what is in some ways a less complicated and more typical life. Robin (Robert, Jr.) was his sister Judy's third birthday present which seemed lovely at the time, but three years later birthday parties are becoming a problem! Three year old boys and six year old girls are not always compatible. We came to Worcester because Bob was offered a position in the Chamber of Commerce. He is manager of the Industrial Bureau which gives free advice to Worcester Industry on any and all problems concerning production, transportation, management, etc. "Non-ministerial"—I. Since coming to Worcester, I have converted Bob from mountain-loving to Cape Cod loving, and we go to Chatham every summer. Worcester itself is a good place to live (what else can I say with Bob in the Chamber of Commerce?). I have done some political campaigning, both for Ike (I rode on the band wagon when he came here) and for a friend who was elected to the City Council. As I think of it now, I am quite the average young city woman, with two children and a home to take care of and club meetings to attend. Since I am so near Wellesley, I expect to be at reunion and hope to see lots of other 45ers there.

VOGEL, MARY E. 360 East 55 Street, New York, New York, October, 1953. I'm sharing an apartment with two other girls, working in the Personnel Department of Fairchild Publications (where I've been for the last six years), and being a Red Cross Nurse's Aide at Bellevue Hospital. Had a wonderful time on a European jaunt in 1951 to Scandinavia, the Continent, and England.

VOLCKER, VIRGINIA ANN. Mrs. Harriet Strickfield, North Canton, Ohio February, 1954. Five years ago we were living in Elgin, Illinois, where Hal was finishing a year's internship in psychology at the State Hospital and where I was working as a recreational aide. We then moved back to Chicago's south side, while Hal finished working on his dissertation for his Ph.D. at the University of Chicago and worked as clinical psychologist at the Mental Health Centers of Chicago, a state-supported clinic. I went back to teaching 4th grade in Riverdale, a Chicago suburb. During the summer of 1951, I worked as a secretary at the University of Chicago for a nuclear physicist doing cancer research. We also got in a memorable trip to Aspen and Rocky Mountain National Park. The next year I stopped teaching in March, and in April Vicki was born, and four days later Hal passed his orals the last step in that obstacle course known as obtaining a Ph.D. In June, Vicki and I proudly crowded into Rockefeller Chapel, baby carriage and all, and while it poured rain outside and Vicki palled inside, Hal received his degree. Our sojourn at the University of Chicago was finished. I had been there since 1946, had gotten my M.A., met my husband, worked at odd jobs all over campus, and now was ready to leave—without ever setting eyes on Robert Flinchum! Our next move was to Topeka, Kansas, where Hal was psychologist in the Out Patient Department of Topeka State Hospital, and now to North Canton, where he is working as chief psychologist and assistant director of the Stark County Guidance Center, a part state, part community-supported clinic. In January, our second girl, Susan Megan, was born, a most satisfactory baby so far. We are renting a new house in the middle of an old orchard about 10 miles from downtown Canton. We hope to find a larger house this summer and live there until the 1955 Class Reunion comes over.

VONDERSMITH, MEGAN. Mrs. Sheldon Z. Kaplan, 2600 36th Place Northwest, Washington, District of Columbia. February, 1954. We boast of three children: Eldon, five and a half, Deborah, four and a half, and Daniel, seventeen months. Sheldon has earned his well-deserved fame as a productive report-writer for the House Foreign Affairs Committee, etc. His capacity as Staff Consultant affords valuable opportunities to travel on exciting investigation missions all over the world with Congressmen. This year netted the most rewarding trips—to India and the Near East on the economic program, and western Europe on the international organizations on which he wrote two scholarly reports. Woman's place is in the cave, I always say, and my only claim to fame is that of mother housewife. But they are my favorite and happiest roles which I wouldn't trade for any other job. A large suburban house and yard give me ample outlets for my creative energy in decorating and gardening. School duties for the two older children are the only bait to lure me away from the baby and house.

WALLACE, JANET. Mrs. William D. Pennycook, 391 West Terrace Street, Altadena, Calif.

WARING, ANNE. 910 Gaylord Street, Denver, Colo.

WATERS, LOIS MAY. 5 Parkinson Street, Needham 92, Massachusetts. January, 1954.

The biggest event in my life since 1950 would be my change to the Winsor School in Boston in 1951. I teach English and Latin. Then this past summer I had the opportunity as the recipient of the scholarship given by the Classical Association of New England to attend the course offered by the American Academy in Rome to teachers of classics. After a very satisfying six weeks in Rome, we also spent one week in Naples visiting the antiquities in that section.

WEBB, MARJORIE. Mrs. Sam C. Atkinson, Jr., 18 Mount Vernon Avenue, Summit, N. J.

WEBB, NANCY. Mrs. Bernard D. Andrews, 458 Manse Lane, Rochester, New York.

November, 1953. I was married in June, 1950, daughter Nanette was born March, 1951 and we moved into our just completed house in April 1952. The house is a five-room bungalow out in the country in a new neighborhood. We have a large garden and are very proud of our roses, baby maple trees and of our vegetable garden. In the year and a half that we have been living here, we have had wonderful strawberries, tomatoes, cucumbers and what have you. My husband not only has a green thumb, but is quite a builder in his own right—he is busy right now putting a beautiful big bedroom in the attic.

Until shortly before Nanette was born, I worked as a translator at the Eastman Kodak Company, translating everything from patents and mail to complicated legal and medical documents, in French, German and Spanish. The first six months I was hopeless, because I lacked the technical vocabulary, but everybody was tolerant. Now my typical day is much like that of any suburban housewife with a home and baby to care for.

WEISMAN, ELEANOR. Mrs. Albert I. Edelman, 325 East 79 Street, New York, N. Y.

November, 1953. We (lawyer Albie, and Gwen almost four, Tom almost three) live in a sunny apartment in New York in winter, emigrate to Bedford Village for a taste of country in the summers. After Gwen's birth, I went to Vogue Pattern to write a technical sewing book, then after Tom's birth—almost during—became Needlework Editor of *McCall's* super-market magazine, *Better Living*. I'm now editing *McCall's Children's Playtime*, an annual

activity magazine for kids. It's brand new—and the first time creative play has been any kind of basis for a mass audience book. By the time the Record Book is out, we will know if Mrs. U.S.A. is even in this conservative way interested in that word "creative" and her child.

WELKER, JOAN. Mrs. Ted Birnbaum, 62 Central Avenue, Rye, New York. October, 1953.

We live in a forty-four year old white colonial house with our two children, Martha Hope



thirty months; and Margaret Jane, twelve months. We have five bedrooms which we hope to have occupied soon. Time not taken up with the girls and the house I spend working for Twig, of which I am president, a group of over four hundred energetic women who last year raised over fifty thousand dollars for the local hospital. Our pet project is selling children's clothing and what an interesting experience to learn my way around the clothing district of New York. My accounting experience with Price Waterhouse has been put to good use. I recently became active in the Women's Club of Rye, and I have recently taken up sewing for myself and the girls. My husband

is a corporate executive with a wool processing firm. Our biggest excitement this year was our European trip, which was a business trip for Ted. Ted went to Turkey, India, Kashmir, Pakistan and Iran. I spent two weeks in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and we met in Rome for a three-week vacation in Italy, Germany, Switzerland and France.

WESTERGAARD, THORA. Mrs. Abner Frank, Apt. 918, 2800 Quebec Street North West, Washington, District of Columbia. February, 1954. After my return from Europe in the fall of 1949, I went to work for the Child Placing and Adoption Committee of the State Charities Aid Association in New York. I spent two and a half very interesting years there, working with children ranging in age from newborn to ten years who were in "pre-adoption" boarding homes. During this period, I spent one summer vacation in Mexico and a winter vacation in the Laurentians skiing, plus various shorter skiing trips. The spring of 1952, I left the parental nest, and the following fall found me settled in Washington, District of Columbia with a new job and my own tiny (and blessedly air-conditioned) apartment which I shared with a visiting cousin from Norway. I met Abner here in Washington, and after a short engagement, we were married in May of 1953. After a honeymoon in Bermuda, we returned to Washington which will probably be our permanent home. I am still working for the Child Welfare Division of the District Department of Public Welfare, in the foster home study section, and spend quite a bit of time travelling around in rural areas so that I have come to know quite a bit about a cross-section of the population in the District of Columbia, Maryland, and Virginia. It's a very interesting job, although I miss the direct contact with children, of my previous job. I did some painting while in New York but have not continued that here. My husband and I play golf which we enjoy very much together, although neither of us is very expert. Abner is an attorney and a native Washingtonian so I feel quite rooted here already. For the present, we are enjoying apartment life, but perhaps by the next time a summary is due we will have succumbed to the lures of a house and yard somewhere!

WETHERBEE, LUCILE. 49 East 63rd Street, New York, N. Y.

WHEATLEY, MARJORIE. 1205 15th Street, North West, Washington, D. C. February, 1954. I am working for the Methods Coördination Staff, Office of the Deputy Director for Technical Services, Foreign Operations Administration.

WHITE, ELAINE. Mrs. Philip C. Beals, Chestnut Hill Road, Southboro, Massachusetts.



November, 1953. I haven't too much to report, but we did add one baby in January of 1951, two weeks after moving to Southboro, and ten days after Christmas. He is George Leavitt, now two and a half who has sister Susan, eight and a half, Whitney Austin, seven, and Mary (Molly) five. The four children and four dogs have kept me rather busy right at home. The June tornado flattened Phil's plant, but not the table he dove under, and the rebuilding has just been completed. The machines are about to be moved from the temporary building that the Norton Company loaned Phil's company (Vellumoid Company of Worcester). Needless to say that has kept Phil over-busy. I hope we can get away for a vacation late this winter.

WHITMORE, BARBARA. 39 West 16th Street New York 11, New York. October, 1953.

I have been lucky with jobs. After a brief but entertaining spell as a correspondent with the A.T. and T. Company, I moved on to the Research Institute of America, a business advisory organization serving some 30,000 members throughout the United States and Canada. I have been there now for seven years, writing advice to businessmen on every topic from social security taxes and salesmen's pay plans to what the Soviet Union really wants; Currently I'm the editor responsible for the coverage of foreign trade problems and the final rewrite on half a dozen Institute publications. I have spent two vacations in Europe and one in the Carribean.

WILLIAMS, O. ELIZABETH. Mrs. Clinton C. Kemp, 29 Verlynn Avenue, Hamilton, Ohio

WILLIAMSON, MARGARET. Mrs. James Randlett Fowler, 419 Shepherd Street, Chevy Chase, Maryland. February, 1954. I will begin back in the summer of '45 when I entered the Red Cross as a Staff Assistant. I spent most of my time creating a recreation center for American soldiers on leave. What a fascinating and wonderful experience—especially wonderful for me as I met my husband-to-be here. At the end of the summer, my job over, Coky Parce Beebee and I arranged leaves together at Nikko and were afterwards assigned together for jobs in Nikko and Akakura until we flew home in December.

In April, 1947 Jim Fowler and I were married and in September we sailed for England and Oxford where Jim had a Rhodes Scholarship for two years. Oxford, as many of you know,

is a beautiful town, rich in history and full of interesting people. Jim, who had studied and taught English Literature, decided to change his field and took his degrees in Politics, Economics, and Philosophy. We loved Oxford and led a very interesting and stimulating life. Oxford has fantastically long vacations; as soon as school was out we took off in our small English Austin, with friends in the back and baggage on top, and tried to see as much of the world as we could. Each winter we spent in Switzerland for a fairy-tale Christmas in the Alps. Our other trips took us to Scotland and the Edinburgh festival, Wales, Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Austria as far East as Vienna, and Italy. We travelled on the proverbial student shoestring, stayed in small pensions and picnicked on the side of the road. A fine way to travel, we think, and full of adventure.

Reluctantly we sailed for home in August, 1949, and have now settled down to a more prosaic but none the less interesting life. Jim first had an interesting job working on colonial policy problems in the United Nations Bureau of the State Department, now is working in the International Division of the Bureau of the Budget on technical assistance, economic and military aid for the Near East and Africa. Our one trip outside of Maryland in the past four years was a skiing spree in the Laurentians. But we have two children and a house, and they are completely engrossing at this stage. Blue-eyed Pam and brown-eyed Debbie are sweet rascals, full of giggles, and boundless energy. Our house is an old frame one in Chevy Chase. It had all but fallen down when we bought it, and we are slowly putting it back together again, remodeling it ourselves. It never was a thing of beauty, and never will be, but has several redeeming features, a sunny playroom, a big front porch, and a large shady yard. We are deep in paint and plaster, etc. Last summer we converted two immense old concrete fish bait pools into a sandpile and wading pond and turned half our lot which looked like a jungle into a lawn. This year we plan to paint the house outside, plant flowers and vegetables, and build ourselves a brick terrace for the day when we can put our feet up and relax.

WILLITS, NAN. Mrs. William J. Blake, 49 Church Lane, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WINSLOW, KEPPY. Mrs. Arthur F. Spero, 22930 Avalon Street, Clair Shores, Michigan. January, 1954. At the moment we are at a stand still, waiting....a new house should be ready by February and our new baby is due to arrive in April. Art and I were married in August 1943, in Washington, District of Columbia. We lasted the war out there, stayed a couple of years longer adjusting to civilian life, more or less, and in June 1947 landed in Champaign, Illinois where we both went back to school. Art was working for his masters degree in Electrical Engineering and I for odds and ends of courses toward that B.A.... mostly Art History, and Psychology. We both worked; Art was on the faculty in the E. E. Department and I was in the Art library. We started our family in 1949, when Art got his M.S. and in September, 1950 we moved to Detroit and became typical suburbanites. Art's now head of the research lab at Power Equipment Company and I'm a typical housewife with a four-year old girl. We have been living in a project with some 250 families all with small children—a wonderful experience for the kids (although hectic at times) and for the mamas who are tied down. Ever since Maggie has been about two, I have gone back to jewelry making, a hobby discovered in our University of Illinois days. I mostly make Christmas presents and things for myself. It's lots of fun and fills in odd hours. Also, since Detroit is a craft conscious town, there is really topnotch assistance and instruction available.

WISEMAN, PATRICIA. Mrs. Leonard Taylor. 188 Orchard Ridge Road, Chappaqua, New York. October, 1953. My typical day is pretty well taken up with caring for our two children, Alleyne Taylor, six years and Leonard Taylor, two and one half, keeping house, and entering into community activities. I am a Girl Scout leader and Treasurer of our Church Circle. I also do volunteer work for a settlement house. I also find time for my hobbies: tennis, carpentry, and cooking.

WISHAR, LEE. Mrs. Oscar Leak Tyree, 3304 Prospect Avenue North West, Washington, D. C. February, 1954. After leaving my job with Food and Agriculture Organization in January, 1950, I spent several weeks at home before being married in March. That was a hectic year, dashing back and forth between Washington and New York, though we finally came back to Washington at Christmas....permanently we hope. We love it here.... everything about it. My husband is specializing in tax law, which he loves! We hope to have the first little addition to our family in April, buy a house in the fall and become permanent Washingtonians. Really could not ask for a more wonderful life than these last four years!

WITHROW, BEULAH. Mrs. John R. Kelsey, 3603 Brookside Road, Toledo, Ohio. January, 1954. No daughters here, but three wonderful boys: Reeve six, John four, and Peter one.

WOLF, KATHRYN E. Mrs. John Zimmerman, Mount Wolf, Pennsylvania. February, 1954. Although the life of a typical housewife and mother of three (Billy, five; Margaret, four; and Martha, two) may not sound too exciting to some, it is what I have always wanted and I am very contented with it. I do spend some time working as a staff aide at the Red Cross, raising money for various organizations, and doing other volunteer social service jobs, which keeps me from getting in too deep a rut at home.



WOOD, ELEANOR KATHERINE. Mrs. George Garrison Long, R#1, Box 290, New Augusta, Indiana. February, 1954. It doesn't seem possible....four years since our 1950 book! since then I have changed jobs. I was Physical Therapist at Riley Hospital for Children, and was offered the position of Assistant Chief of Physical Therapy at the Veterans' Administration Hospital in Indianapolis. Although I preferred working with children, I could not afford to turn down this advancement and accepted the position in February, 1951. My three years there have been most satisfactory. The hospital is a brand-new, 486-bed teaching institution located on the campus of the Indiana University Medical Center. We have a terrific department of Physical Medicine Rehabilitation, and have available all the best and latest equipment for rehabilitating the handicapped veteran. The orthopedic section uses the latest surgical techniques and teamed with the important follow-up in Physical Therapy, we have

some results to be proud of. I represent the Veterans Administration on the Indiana Planning Committee for Rehabilitation, an organization that coordinates all the agencies on rehabilitation, in the state... probably unique to the state of Indiana. Last fall at our state conference I was moderator for a panel entitled "Rehabilitation as seen by the handicapped". The panel members were a blind girl who had polio; a former polio patient; a paraplegic music teacher, an arrested-TB patient, all of whom were successfully back on the job. It was a very gratifying experience, and I hope to continue to be active in the field of rehabilitation of the handicapped.

Garry and I live in the country and love it. We are looking for about five acres right now on which to build a house. We have a huge garden each summer and had a fling at raising dogs....Schipperkes (little black Belgian dogs) and have had as many as six dogs at one time. We are active in the Indianapolis Obedience Training Club and have won cups and trophies showing our dogs in the Obedience classes. We both love horses and belong to an active saddle club. Garry shows jumpers occasionally during the summer, and I have shown horses in the pleasure classes. Indiana has at least one horse show each Sunday all summer, so we are kept busy following the circuit. We are still avid spectator-sports fans and hate to miss a home game of the Indianapolis Indians (baseball). I belong to a bowling league in the winter, and we try to play bridge at least once a week. Both Garry and I love to travel. This month we plan on going ice fishing in Traverse City, Michigan, where Garry's family live. We bought a cabin-cruiser last year and have it up there and hope to use it this summer. We had a fascinating vacation last summer at a dude ranch, The Broken Arrow, in Jackson, Wyoming. I recommend it—it was just ideal. This June we are going to tour New England and Eastern Canada and visit my mother who recently bought a summer home in Kennebunk Beach, Maine. My brother is managing the business and is still an eligible bachelor! Enough for now—I am keeping very busy and am a terrible correspondent, so hope this keeps everyone up to date. I may have a last-minute flash to send in later.

WOODS, DORIS. Mrs. Frederick B. Gervais, Otis 134-A, West Point, N. Y.

WOOLFOLK, BETTIE. Mrs. Harper H. Harden, Junior, 698 Forest Trail North West, Atlanta, Ga.

WYMAN, PATRICIA. Mrs. Leonard J. Booth, 333 Fairview Avenue, Winnetka, Illinois. January, 1954. Since 1950: we moved to Northbrook, Illinois, where we lived in a cute ranch home for a year and a half, acquiring two children there. Deborah Allison Booth was born September 8, 1950 on her brother Gregory's first birthday. We tried to hit the same day the following year but Douglas Barry Booth arrived four days prior to our schedule, September 4, 1951. In 1952, we had a new home instead of a baby—a compact modern two story. We hope to stay here forever, for it's ideally located one-half block from the grade school (children start here in the public school system at four), four blocks from New Trier High, shopping, transportation, the beach, and a skating rink. Our fourth child, second daughter, Janice Claire, arrived on Lincoln's birthday, 1953—she's the easiest yet! Since my lone help is a laundress one day a week, I have no sparkling extra-curricular activities to mention, manage to get out for Woman's Club Junior Auxiliary, room mothers' meetings at school, and that's about all. Len is still busily at work on his engineering degree at Illinois Tech, evenings, and he is now a senior. I am proud to announce he has just been pledged to

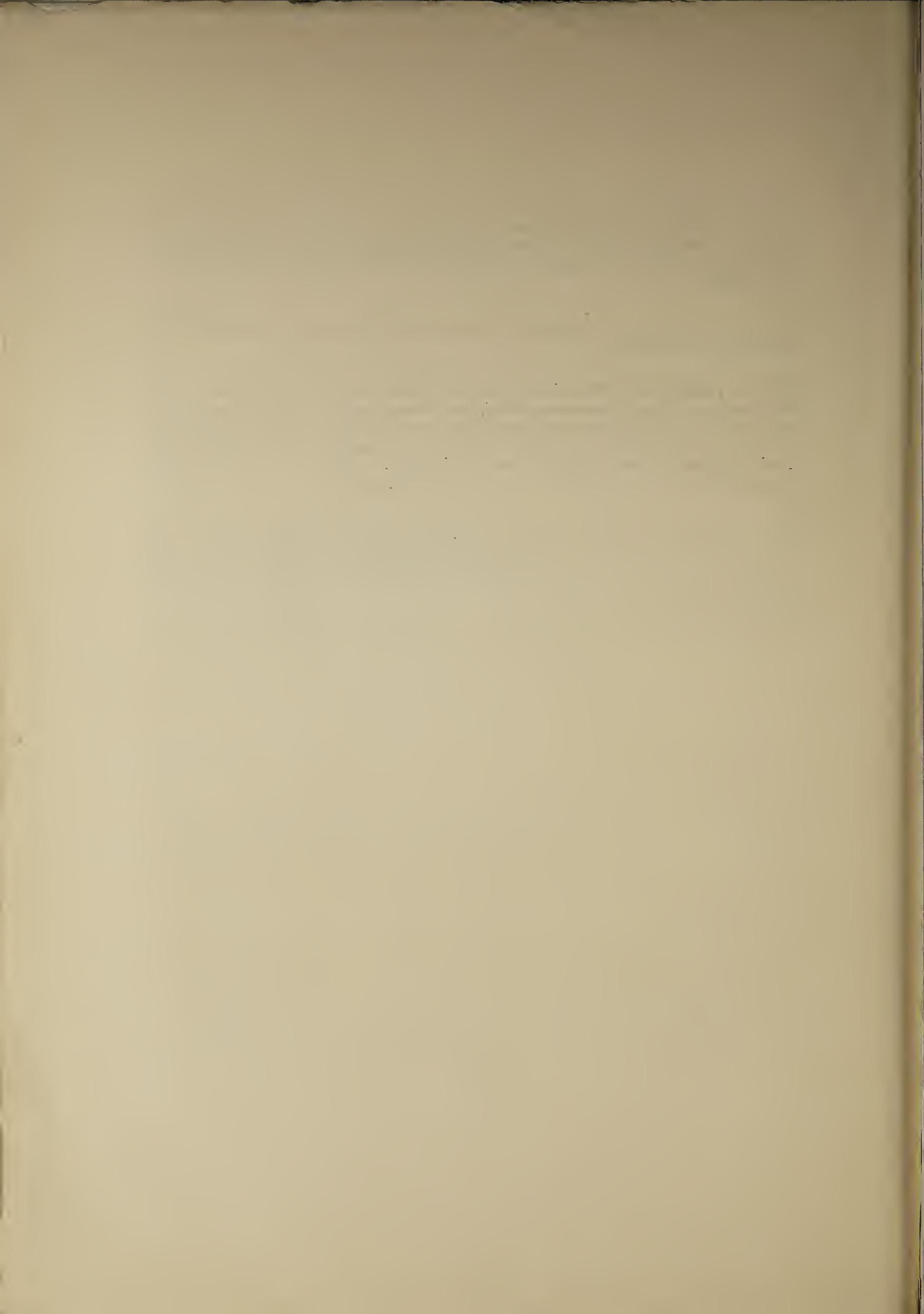
Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering society. He has become a great golfing enthusiast, still dabbles in photography. We are both excited at present over my father's entry into the April primaries for Republican candidate for United States Senator, in an attempt to unseat Paul Douglas.

WYMAN, R. BEVERLY. Mrs. James G. Ralston, 100 Washington Avenue, Wilmington Manor, New Castle, Del.

YOUNG, JACQUELYN. Mrs. James Mendenhall, Greensburg, Indiana. February, 1954. We live in a rambling thirteen-room ex-farm house where I spend my day being my veterinarian husband's office girl and taking care of three small daughters, Merry four and a half, Anne two and a half and Jacquelyn one. We have a very pleasant life. Jim and I both work hard when necessary, but we play hard too. I don't think I really knew how to play before I knew him. He's a master. My hobbies: cooking, party-giving, golf.

ZELL, ALICE. Mrs. Daniel C. McKay, RR1 Mystic, Connecticut. October, 1953. We live in a big old house with our boys Mike nine, Tom seven, Jim three. We are near enough to the water to enjoy plenty of beach and water when the season is right. I occupy myself with ten hours work a week for the PTA and Cub Scouts. I started piano last year, but still think sewing is the best hobby.

ZIEGLER, ALICE. Mrs. Alfred D. Edgerton, 13980 Edgewater Drive, Lakewood, Ohio



GEOGRAPHICAL LISTING

UNITED STATES

ARIZONA: Griswold

ARKANSAS: Russert

CALIFORNIA: Apollonio; Beatty; Bishop; Bradshaw; Broud; Brown, Eleanor; Burnet; Burnquist; Buzzell; Campbell, Constance; Capron; Clement; Cooper; Ferguson, Ruth; Fried; Goodman; Groot; Hall, Rachel; Hayes, Cordelia; Holt; Hughes, Helen; Ingley; Koch; Lasser; Mayger; McCague; Miller, Mary; Moore, Marian; Olsen; Robinson; Smedley; Stuart; Wallace

COLORADO: Barradale; Calvert; Jones, Mary Jean; Rushmore; Waring

CONNECTICUT: Aufseesser; Banks; Bogart; Bolte; Calechman; Clarin; Griesemer; Hall, Virginia; Kennedy; Knickerbocker; Lauber; McGuire; McIntosh; Miller, Janet; Miller, Norma; Pinney; Schroeder; Spencer; Stewart; Zell

DELAWARE: Eichner; Flick; Hoskins, Jean; Hoskins, Jeannette; Lawrence; Piper; Wyman, Beverly

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Gallic; Levine; Silvers; Toms; Vondersmith; Westergaard; Wheatley; Wishar

FLORIDA: Arnold; Marchant; Morris

GEORGIA: Davis, Meredith; Peters, Mary; Seddon; Woolfolk

IDAHO: Chapin, Barbara

ILLINOIS: Anderson; Bauer; Buckley, Barbara J.; Buttrey; Clark; Cross; Freyer; Grawoig; Handy; Johnston, Margaret; Mason; Mordue; Romer; Roshkind; Senior; Shorey; Wyman, Patricia

INDIANA: Burke; Hale; Tatum; Wood; Young

IOWA: Ginsberg; Mercer; Montgomery

KANSAS: deMercado; Peters, Gabrielle; Poteet

LOUISIANA: Stiefler

MAINE: Berman; Jordan; Lothrop; Schaaf; Storer; Thornton, Maria

MARYLAND: Ackerson; Benson; Burnes; Brown, Virginia; Crawley; Dickinson; French; Hoffman; Martin; Williamson

MASSACHUSETTS: Anes, Barry; Bollman; Bradley; Davis, Dorcas; Davis, Frances; Edgelow; Edwards; Ely; Gibbs; King, Virginia; Lane; Manley; Marchese; Metz; Meyer; Pelgrift; Plumb; Remick; Thompson, Marion; Thornton, Elizabeth; Turnbull; Van Tassel; White

GREATER BOSTON: Baxter; Beman; Benting; Bernardi; Brierley; Brown, Harriet; Buckley, Barbara; Butler; Catlett; Chalmers; Childs; Cohan; Doane; Gourdin; Hagopian; Hayes, Margery; Herman; Hyde; Kingsley; Malakos; Nickerson; Pettingell; Preble; Reese; Roberts; Roddis; Rollins; Rowbotham; Rudolph; Shelly; Sullivan, Barbara; Sullivan, Dorothea; Swearingen; Tarlow; Waters

MICHIGAN: Blick; Chapin, Elizabeth; Garfield; Halfyard; Hatcher; Kuhn; Miller, Marilyn;
 Morse; Smith, Pricilla; Tennant; Winslow
 MINNESOTA: Adams, Anne; McGough; Pope; Schlegel
 MISSISSIPPI: Donnet
 MISSOURI: Chenoweth; Garth; Mudd; Norfleet
 NEBRASKA: Steinheimer
 NEW HAMPSHIRE: Cryan; Going; Smith, Nancy; Tebo
 NEW JERSEY: Adams, Camilla; Boise; Bonsal; Brown, Elizabeth; Burgess; Cohen; Crandall;
 Curtis; Davis, Anne; Devereaux; Ellis; Fearing; Ferguson, Christine; Foster, Jessie; Givan;
 Ishiguro; Jaekel; Jeffries, Beryl; Jones, Elizabeth; Kirsopp; Kislak; Krepps; Lehn; Lipsky;
 MacNeal; Mumford; Newberry; O'Brien; Ruback; Sayre; Schlenger; Sumner; Sunderlin;
 Webb, Marjorie
 NEW YORK: Bailey; Bair; Barding; Brown, Margaret; Cash; Coffin; Crooks; Damon;
 deGrace; Fish; Garcelon; Hall, Helen; Horton, Janet; Hughes, Dorothy; Johnston, Anna;
 Lewis, Peggy; Lyons; Musa; Nangle; Naumburg; Nill; Parce; Peterson, Lucile; Pierce;
 Reppert; Reville; Roosen; Smart; Southard; Stempf; Sullivan, Eileen; Sun; Titus; Trencher;
 Underwood; Urban; Webb, Nancy; Welker; Willits; Wiseman; Woods
 NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN: Barish; Bower; Chumasero; Colcord; Connally;
 Conroy; Cook; Derecktor; Elkins; Keil; Kojassar; Krieger; Lee; McLain; Meister; Miller,
 Margery; Moore, Marianne; Neal; Newmark; North; Rubin; Schiff; Schoonover; Scott;
 Shapero; Shapiro; Stancisko; Stanley, Stunkard; Vogel; Weisman; Wetherbee; Whitmore
 NORTH CAROLINA: Emerson
 NORTH DAKOTA: Caughran
 OHIO: Avery; Barber; Bixler; Cram; Danhof; Dressler; Fischgrund; Hahn; Henderson;
 Kineke; Lent; Meeker; Nye; Reed; Slaughter; Srochi; Stickle; Thompson, Anne; Volcker;
 Williams; Withrow; Ziegler
 OKLAHOMA: Downs
 OREGON: Russell
 PENNSYLVANIA: Barrett; Cope; deLone; Flood; Frank; Godley; Hadley; Heath; Knapp;
 Lewis, Patricia; Luther; McIlwain; Murphy, Sheila; North; Rosenblum; Rubenstein; Smith,
 Barbara Ann; Snellenburg; Spake; Summers; Thompson; Wolf
 RHODE ISLAND: Murphy, Margaret
 SOUTH CAROLINA: Jeffries, Marian
 SOUTH DAKOTA: Peterson, Christine
 TENNESSEE: Proctor; Steuer
 TEXAS: Arbuckle; Burton; Foster, Mary Jane; Lacy; Levy; Linden; Penn; Rosenthal; Smails;
 Vadner
 UTAH: Clarke
 VERMONT: Stewart, Virginia
 VIRGINIA: Bennett; Campbell, Gloria; Coggeshall; Dicke; Hagner; Kynor; Makinson;
 Peters, Margaret; Pfouts
 WASHINGTON: Boland; Rice; Van Slyke; . . .

WEST VIRGINIA: Scherr

WISCONSIN: Bucholz; Evans; Horton, Alice; Phillips; Robbins; Severy

FOREIGN COUNTRIES

CANADA: Dixon; Morey

CHINA: Sze

FRANCE: Davis, Betty Lu; Sonenfield

INDIA: Pandit

JAPAN: Sprague

LEBANON: Russell, Sara

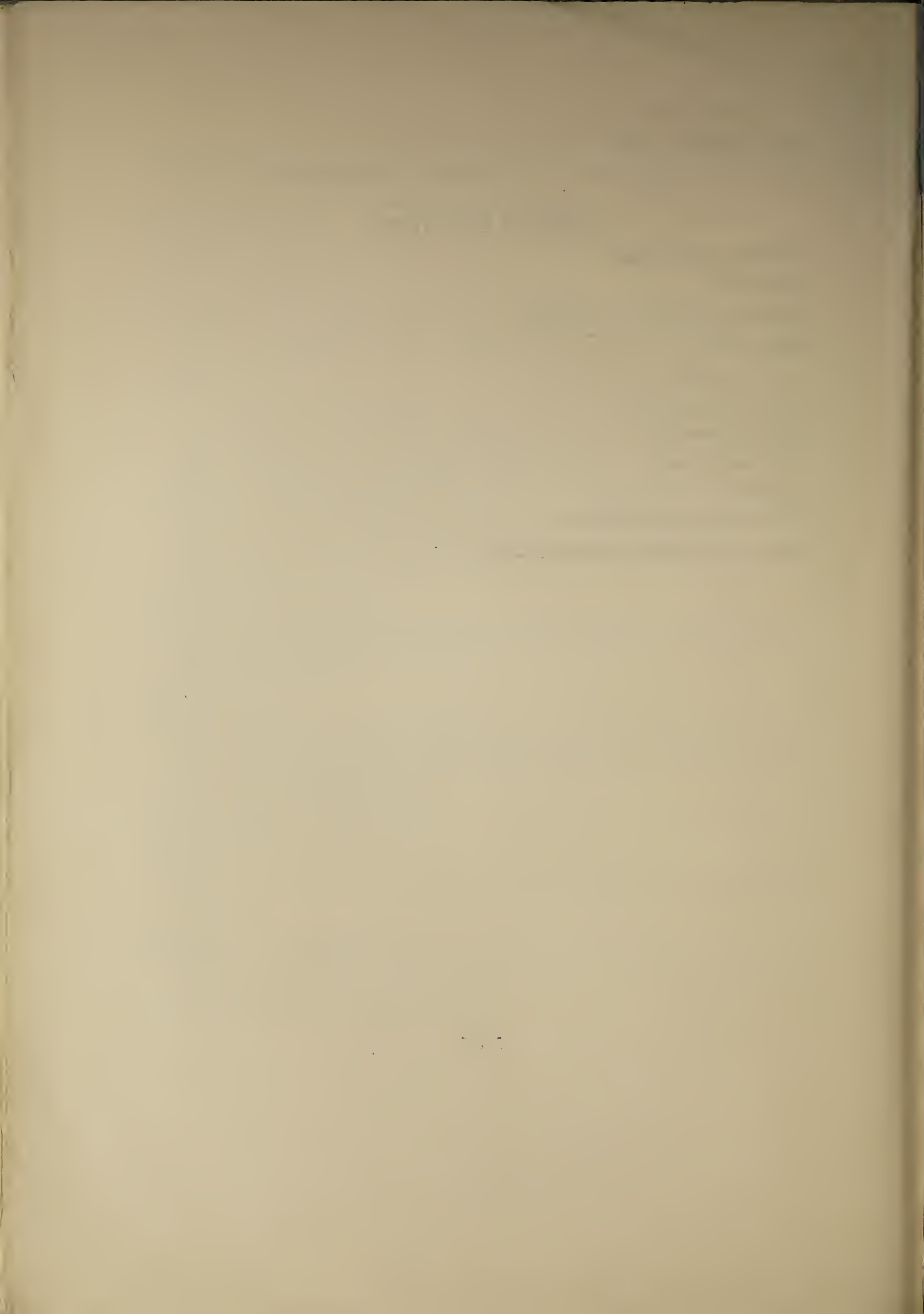
MEXICO: Herz; Birk

THAILAND: Gulick

VENEZUELA: Hill; Malmstedt

POST MASTER, NEW YORK: Kerr

POST MASTER, SAN FRANCISCO: Day



SINCE DEADLINES

Births

- Carol Banks Carroll.....fourth daughter, fifth child, Leslie Scott. May 9, 1954. Eight pounds, seven ounces.
- Liz Jones Crandall....."better add the name of our most recent arrival before I return to work at N.J. Bell Telephone Co. Medical Dept.....our second son, Richard Squire, was born on February 24, 1954."
- Jean Kineke McLaughlin...second daughter, third child, Nancy Joan. March 9, 1954. Nine pounds, ten ounces.
- Marjorie Olsen Cray.....first child, Barbara Ann. April 21, 1954. Seven pounds, twelve ounces.
- Becky Pfouts Slobogin....second daughter, third child, Patti. March 6, 1954.
- Ginny Spake Johnson.....second daughter, second child, Julia Ellen ("Jill"). April 25, 1954. Seven pounds, nine ounces.
- Ginger Stewart Larrabee..fourth daughter, fourth child, Judith Ann. December 4, 1953.
- Betty Vadner Haas.....first son, third child, Mark Richard. April 12, 1954 "a month prematurely, but doing fine."

Address Changes

- Betsy Barber Sanderson...to 102 Euclid Ave., Waterbury, Conn.
- Pat Boland Halpern.....to 4064 Union Bay Circle, Seattle 5, Washington.

Address Changes, continued

- Maggie Brown Redman.....to 2 Park Lane, Mount Vernon, N.Y. "We have given up our apartment in New York (and I have given up my job) because Graham is being transferred to the Cleveland area by his company. We hope to be settled out there in Lakewood, which is just west of Cleveland city limits, within the next few weeks."
- Lee Cash Reid.....to 15 Miller Blvd., Syosset, L.I., N.Y.
- Betty Clark Blank.....to 918 N. Harvey St., Urbana, Ill.
- Annabel Danhof Hess.....to 16560 Shaftsbury Road, Detroit, Mich.
"As of March 1, Sam has been transferred back to Detroit as head of the Tire-Battery and Accessory Dept. for the Ohio-Michigan division of Socony-Vacuum. And, as of May 1, the small fry and I will join him in the house we've just bought....."
- Helene deLone Feer.....to 109 Eldredge Road, Newton, Mass.
"....Mark works for the Economic Development Dept. of Arthur D. Little Co. in Cambridge, Mass."
- Margery Hayes Heindel....to 15 Park Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
- Anna B. Johnston Keyes...to 51 Radcliff Ave., Port Washington, N.Y.
- Nink Kislak Fisher.....to 280 Oakwood Road, Englewood, N.J.
- Bee Moore.....to 1 University Place, New York 3, N.Y.
- Weezie North Gray.....to RD 1, Elizabethtown, Pa.
- Nan Pelgrift Cogswell....to 65 Westernview Circle, East Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

Address Changes, continued

Mary Peters Meyer.....to Brandon Cottage, 1338 Briarcliff Rd.
N.E., Atlanta, Georgia

Barbara Reed.....to 15 Elm St., Butler, Ohio

Ann Robbins Zeve.....to 560 No. 90th St., Apt. 2, Millwaukee,
Wisconsin.

Mag Schlegel Fontana.....to 845 First St. N.W., Apt. 5,
Rochester, Minnesota

Liz Slaughter Hendricks..to 1788 Shatto Ave., Akron, Ohio

News Items

Pat Lauber....as of March 1, resigned from her various editor-
ships at Scholastic Magazines to do free-lance writing
full-time.

Cokey Parce Beebee....reports on her husband's progress in re-
covering from polio: "Alex was discharged from the
hospital early in April....nearly rounding out a five-
month stay there. He wears leg braces and must rely
on crutches or a wheel chair to get around. He is con-
tinuing to make slow steady progress, and we hope that
eventually he will be able to discard one and possibly
both braces. His spirit has been excellent throughout
his illness. He is returning to work the first of May."

Betty Williams Kemp....reports from Hamilton, Ohio that Clint is
assistant director of purchasing for Champion Paper
and Fibre Co. Their Children are Clinton Williams,
four and a half; Linda Wallace, two and a half.

From Jeanne Flood Ludlow...."What the fourth did to my beautiful
schedule!" Her first 3 were girls, Susan 6½, Ellen 4½,
Jeanne 3, who now have a three months old brother
Mark. They live in a "nifty old (1796) farm house -
acre ground; work!!!"

SINCE DEADLINES II

...We respect it, defy it, use it waste it;
we lose it, find it, but never have enough
of it. It controls us, eludes us, hurts us,
heals us; it drags, yet races relentlessly
on . . .

And so it is that TIME has put nearly a
decade of post-Wellesley living behind us.
Four years have run out since "'45 - Five
Years Later". A war class at Wellesley, we
have seen still another war begin and end.
In looking back, I wonder if you share the
feeling that TIME has not ladled out its
full quota of days in making up these years.

Reunion has reassured us, however, that
TIME has not altered our figures and faces
as much as it has our habits, habitats, and
even our hemlines! To see what TIME has
done to these "h's", we delve into our second
Record Book - but not without our grateful
thanks to Jane Aufsesser Lisberger and all
the others for producing this 1954 version
of Who's Who, What and Where in Wellesley '45.

Hildegard Bair Lewis
Class President

Barbara Barry Nevin... is "busy and happy being the wife of that rare bird, a general practitioner in his own home town. Six items (Karen, Dec. '43; George, Dec. '44; Mary, March '49; Kate, June '50; Barry, Oct. '51; Sally, Oct. '53) keep weight to 1941 level. Life makes varied demands, never boring."

Alice Bixler Monroe...reports that Emmett has begun practice in general medicine in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, and that their third child is due in mid-September.

Helen Bradshaw Edwards...is volunteering at a new child guidance center and a junior museum, is "still looking for a sister for Christy."

Virginia Brown Tidwell...got her BA from Cornell's College of Arts and Sciences in 1944, her MA from Georgetown in 1948, is married to William A. Tidwell, a US Government employee and has one daughter.

Barbara Buckley Kickham...writes "the baby now weighs $11\frac{1}{2}$ lbs."

Rebecca Calechman Weiss...has "two girls: Emmy 5 and Martha 2, with the third due in December. Bought a new house about a year and a half ago and were promptly hit by the gardening and carpentry bugs. Have also recently become skiing and recorder-playing enthusiasts."

Lee Cash Reid...was "married in 1951. Jack and I lived first in Tacoma, then LA. Once back East, we bought a house and have settled at last. Jack commutes to NYC via the LIRR and I, happily, drive four miles to Oyster Bay where I am once more teaching English. Sorry no progeny to report...just a wire-haired from LA."

Elizabeth Chapin Heath...writes that after David graduated from Temple Univ. School of Medicine in 1951, he started a 2-year general practice internship at the Univ. of Michigan and was interrupted by illness. "He is fine now and working full time at University Hospital. In January, we shall move to Benton Harbor for the final six months of the program, and then the big time of settling where David practices...as yet undecided. We love Ann Arbor for the advantages a univer-

sity town provides. Our delight is our children: Tacie, 5, who is active and outgoing, and Karen, a happy lively ten months old."

Betty Clark Blank ...has spent the last two years in Urbana, Ill. where Al did mathematical research at the Univ. of Illinois, and where Sharon was born. "This winter we will move to Knoxville, Tenn...only 30 miles from the beautiful Smokies...where Al will be in the math department of the Univ. of Tennessee. We have bought a ranch style house which, thanks to TVA, is heated by electric ceiling heat."

Helene deLone Feer...after teaching the second grade at the Windward School in White Plains, N.Y. for three years, was group leader of 11 high school girls, taking them to France with the Experiment in International Living the summer of 1951. She met Mark en route home, married him in May, 1952. Mark, born in N.Y., was educated in Switzerland through high school, then went to Dartmouth, studied a year at the Univ. of Geneva and the Sorbonne, then returned to the U.S. to study international affairs at the Fletcher School in Medford, Mass. from which he received his MA and PhD. "Shortly after our wedding we left for Switzerland, then England for a boat to India, Mark with a Fulbright grant to write his thesis on India's Policy towards Communist China. We spent thirteen fascinating months there, living with three different Indian families: one Christian, one Hindu, one Sikh. Mark was with the Indian Council of World Affairs in New Delhi.

"While there, I taught at an English-speaking Indian elementary school and at the American School in New Delhi during the summer. It was a one-room school with 8 grades in it and one other American teacher. We also traveled about eight thousand miles through India. Just about a year ago, we left on our 2-month student-style trip home overland through Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Israel, Turkey, Greece, Italy to Winterthur, Switzerland where Mark spent his first Christmas home in several years. We landed in the U. S. in late January, 1954.

"My late news is sad news, namely that my father died suddenly on July 15, 1954 in Philadelphia. My other late news is that Mark will be in the Army for a 2-year stretch soon, so our stay here is to be eclipsed shortly."

Jean Edwards Ludtke...writes "We have become property owners and hope to start house construction by spring...a 7-room, 1½ story Cape Cod...including lots of closet space. This project has in part been made possible by my husband's promotion to associate professor as of September, 1954."

Shirley Fried Meyers...has two girls: Susan, 8 and Judy, 4 and has lived in L.A. for six years. "We love it! I'm busy and happy being a housewife, mother and (let's face it) a club-woman of sorts."

Betsy Handy Hogan...summarizes past activities: September 1945 she was "general flunkie" at Kidder-Peabody and Co. in Boston; then to Keystone Custodian Funds also in Boston, as assistant to the Director of Research. "Wonderful job and people". Then to Chicago to be a security analyst. "This fascinating job lasted until soon after our marriage. Jack persuaded me that the old saw still holds (woman's place, etc.). Timothy Mark was born February, 1953; Patricia Mae, January, 1954. Need I say what my life is now? A wonderful round of meals, changes, etc. The best job yet."

Margery Hayes Heindel...reports: "Daughter Deborah born Sept. 1950. Husband recalled to active duty by Navy that October. We have since lived in San Francisco; Kamakura, Japan; Seattle; and now at Whidbey Island Air Station, Oak Harbor, Wash. Where next, I don't know, but it will be interesting."

Nancy Heath Latady...writes that William Robertson, Jr. was born December 1952, and Heather Galbraith, April 1953. Her "husband resigned as V.P. of Cinerama, Inc. and joined Robin International as V.P. Cinerama Division."

Alice Horton Tibbetts...announces impending birth of their third child. "Have two girls...hope for a boy. Have hopes of getting 'step-grandma' Mildred here to help us keep the home functioning during and after my stay at the hospital."

Jane Ingley Ward...finds that Madera, Calif. provides "more friends, more activities, more weather and more children... This is a Central Valley community where cotton, grapes and cattle thrive in three months of 100-plus weather. We love it and are thriving along with the crops."

Eadie Kynor Sprouse...reports "we are having a wonderful time enjoying our youngest (a boy), who is now six months old."

Adelaide McCague Keller...lives in San Mateo; her husband is an engineer with Standard Oil of California. "Two sons, six and four. The oldest, Bill, in kindergarten, and the little one, Bob, in nursery school part of three days a week."

Mary Alice McGough Mork...reports that "in the fall of '45, I started working for International Milling Co., as a vitamin analyst testing for B₁. Next job was secretary in the trust department of a Minneapolis bank, three years later. In June, 1950, Larry Mork (Minneapolis artist and interior decorator) and I were married. Anthony Rickert was born March, 1951; Lisa Mary in May, 1953. Naturally life is very busy with two children, a Great Dane, usual household activities, lots of Junior League work and Wellesley Club activities."

Nancy Pelgrift Cogswell...now lives at 65 Westernview Circle, East Longmeadow, Mass. "where we bought a home last January. Brad is with the Monarch Life Insurance Co. in Springfield. We have two daughters: Judy, who will be five in December, and Charlotte, now sixteen months."

Ann Robbins Zeve...reports that "after nine years of career, I love every minute of housewifing. After clinging to the East Coast all my life, I find the middle west different, and am thoroughly enjoying the experience...and Wisconsin's beauties. But I do miss old haunts somewhat."

Jane Roberts Gill...changed from a Wellesley art major to sociology and anthropology with particular emphasis on Africa, at Boston University. "Will get my B.A., at long last, tomorrow. Then to B.U. School of Social Work this fall to specialize in psychiatric social work. Husband and two children, the latter now 9 and 8, are thriving. Highly recommend college at 30... all courses seem much more exciting and stimulating. I even made the Dean's List my last semester (though I had six courses and of course numerous duties as wife and mother)...quite a shock after my poor Wellesley record."

6.

Sue Spencer Harris...is "having fun with my own (rather, Welcome Wagon's) show...Meriden station WMMW, 1470 kc. 'The Wallingford Hour' 1:30-1:55 p.m. Monday-Friday. Interviews, chit-chat, home-town news. All welcome to come to the St. George's Inn where we do the broadcast."

Cynthia Stewart Thoms..."moved to Darien, Conn. in 1952. Bought a house which now contains one husband, one wife, two children (assorted), 5 Siamese cats, one aging canary and six para-keets...all doing nicely."

Jean Sunderlin Frevert...is still apartment-dwelling in Plainfield "although for how long we are never quite sure. The deadline is just two weeks early for us to announce the sex of our second offspring...our big news of the fall season."

Joan Welker Birnbaum...and Ted enjoyed "a 3-week vacation in Bermuda in May...found boat travel pleasant."

More Address Changes

Helen Bogart Smith...to Half Mile Common, Westport, Conn.

Dorothy Birk de Vidargas...to Institute Allende, San Miguel de Allende, Gto. "...married Pepe Vidargas six years ago, now have three children, Ricky 5 years, Michael 3½ and Vicky 7 months. Have lived in Mexico for the last seven years, first painting, now raising a family and working as secretary to the new Institute Allende, arts and crafts center. Speak almost more Spanish now than English, and to think how I slaved away at Spanish at Wellesley. Needless to say, life is very wonderful here."

Margaret Brown Redman...to 11839 Edgewater Dr., Lakewood 7, Ohio. "Graham loves his work here in Cleveland, as sales engineer for a chemical company. He's in charge of the middle west district plus parts of the eastern states. I'm a lady of leisure at the moment."

Frances Cook Lee...to Douglas Rd., Chappaqua, N.Y. "We hope to be moved this fall."

Doris Cooper Powers...to Women's Faculty Club, Univ. of Calif., Berkeley 4, Cal. "Husband Bruce just ordered to an Aviation Engineer Battalion in Korea which he is in command of. I will continue here at the University as Teaching Assistant in the English Dept. for the next year or two that it will take me to finish the PhD and prepare my first scholarly article for publication this fall."

Martha Clement Turner...to 20438 Mandell St., Canoga Park (L.A.), Calif. "Just bought us a new home!"

Janet Crooks Davis...to P.O. Box 3321, Beirut, Lebanon. "We've been in Lebanon since June 9, and will be here three years. Then to the States for home leave. With such attractions as a fulltime maid, life here is most pleasant."

Harriet Dicke Hartline...to 297 Union St., Sharon, Mass. (or Norwood "if you're coming"). "Husband (Capt. R.S.) Dick gone to Korea for sixteen months, or whatever the tour might be changed to, and Dougie (age 2½) and I have taken an apartment in Norwood."

Janet Dressler Lister...to 3265 Grenway Rd., Shaker Hts. 22, Ohio. "We Listers have bought our own house...moved in last month!"

Cordelia (now Ann) Hayes Wyatt...to 3049 W. Eubanks, Oklahoma City 12, Okla. "We recently returned here, where George is employed by Kirkpatrick Oil Co." They were married in San Francisco, August 1951 and have one child, George Edward 111.

Lee Herz Swent...to Lead, S.D. "To our great surprise, and after much soul-searching, we're back in the States! Living with my parents. Lang is with Homestake Mining Co."

Janet Miller Harvey...to Brightwood Rd., Woodbridge, Conn.

Heather Sayre Brown...to 2416 Holmes Run Dr., Falls Church, Va. "Rowland returned from Korea, was released by the Marine Corps in March. It's wonderful to have the family together again and be back in our own house. Rowland is now with the Machinery and Allied Products Institute."

8.

Elizabeth Scherr Rife...to 2030 Military Rd., Huntington, W. Va.

"A wonderful husband (Jennings) as of August '52, a wonderful new house July '53, a wonderful 5-year old son."

Elizabeth Schroeder Pelgrift...to 46 Arlington Rd., West Hartford, Conn. "a lovely new (to us) 8-room (3½ baths!) house, complete with terrace and beautiful garden. Bob was recently appointed assistant to U.S. Attorney General Brownell. Earlier, he was elected Moderator of the Hartford Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers."

Elizabeth Slaughter Hendricks...to 650 Hampshire Rd., Akron 13, Ohio. "to a new house, this time."

Charlotte Tarlow Rubin...to 268 Woodward St., Waban, Mass.

"One son ten years old, James, in sixth grade; one son, eight years old, Jonathan, in third grade."

Lucile Titus O'Connor...to R.D.1, Newfield, N.Y. "a country dwelling almost six miles from Ithaca, where husband Bill will re-enter Cornell this fall to fulfill residence requirements for a doctorate in education. Only child, Billy, is one year plus."

Virginia Volcker Streitfeld...to 5049 Ambler Ave. N.W., Canton, O.

New Address...but not given

Julie Burnet Robinson..."to near the old house. The new one, a real New England gentleman farmer's house, 4400 sq.ft. of children's paradise and most relaxing for the parents. Had a fine vacation...a burro trip in the High Sierras. Seventeen children, ten adults and eleven burros."

Carol Burnquist Borgerding..."from China Lake, California to Newport, R.I....Naval War College."

Ann Jordan Hinton..."Here, my friends, is the tiniest bit of anti-climax to my idyl of life in the Maine woods. It seems that public relations consulting can best be accomplished somewhat nearer N.Y. So we're off to rural Connecticut."

Mary Lou Lawrence Purdie...to Aiken, S.C. "Otis will be working at the Savannah River Plant...wonderful trip down: Skyline Drive, Blue Ridge Parkway, magnificent scenery of the Smokies!"

Sarah Jane Manley Williams..."to New Haven in mid-summer, so that Clem can finish his long-delayed dissertation. We'd hoped it wouldn't be necessary, but now that we're here, it feels quite wonderful to be back. Our red-headed daughter is almost eleven months old, and very active. It's made quite a change...more than I expected, I confess."

Births

Hildegard Bair Lewis...first daughter, second child, Kim Debra. July 22, 1954. "This May, Art was elected an assistant vice president of American Airlines."

Harriet Brown Baldwin...first child, Alan McAfee, adopted in April (born in January), "now a strapping youth full of sounds and gestures and surprises which absorb and charm us."

"Jumping back into 1950: Jim's PhD thesis took him to England where I joined him for the last six months of a 1½-years sojourn in British coal fields. When we returned to Cambridge, I returned to my job with a professor of mathematics at MIT and Jim to the faculty of the economics department. Wanderlust and a new research program in economic development took us to India for six months last year. We moved into our new house in March, 1953...twenty miles from MIT, to which Jim now repairs daily to teach, administrate and research in the new Center for International Studies. Love living in the country despite commuting."

Naomi Bucholz Farquhar...second child, a daughter, Robin Towle. April 21, 1954. "Moved into our new home in DePere, a suburb of Green Bay, in March, 1954."

Betty Ann Childs Rowse...fourth daughter, fourth child, Mary Elaine. April 10, 1954. "We are another family of 'Little Women'...living in the 'Dovecote', the first house in which Louisa May Alcott and her family lived in Concord."

Nancy Coffin Martin...second child, first daughter, Pamela Jean, May 5, 1954. "She and two-year old Tim keep me busy. We are in the process of buying our own house; if all goes well, we'll move in before college starts. Bill resumes teaching chemistry at Union College...his second year."

Dorcas Davis Park...first child, a daughter, Nancy Lee, August 4, 1954.

Therese DeGrace Crandall...second child, first son, Trafton Milford II, December 21, 1953. First child, Elizabeth Alice, was born November 12, 1951.

Jean Devereaux Doten...daughter, Jean Ebbs, April 5, 1954. "She's a doll...never cries, laughs all the time."

Betty Dixon Huson...second child, first son, David Brian, July 27, 1954. Daughter Amanda is 2½. "Gordon has left the British Commonwealth Office, and, instead of being transferred back to Whitehall in London, England, we have come to live in London, Ontario, where Gordon is Professor at the University of Western Ontario."

Tigger Groot Waters...third child, second daughter, Judith Ann, July 5, 1954. "We're expecting orders to move soon. Pro tem address: 26 Vine Brook Rd., Lexington 73, Massachusetts."

Janet Horton Moffett...daughter, Lesley Jan, December 21, 1953.

Emiko Ishiguro Nishino...first child, a son, Vincent Toshikazu, February 22, 1954.

Marian Jeffries Kittredge...son, E. H. III, August 1954. "All is well, and the dear fellow sleeps all night."

Margaret Johnston Johnson...second child, first son, Horton Sherwood, June 21, 1954.

Virginia Kingsley Hughes...daughter, Janet Stott, Sept. 1, 1954.

Gloria Levy Herman...third son, Paul Samuel, November 2, 1953.

Helen Marchese Madden...fourth child, Leslie Margaret, May 4, 1954. "Moved to larger quarters in July: 417 Forest Hills Road, Springfield, Mass."

Anna Meister Burton...daughter, Deborah Ellen, June 5, 1954.

Marilyn Miller Plank...third child, first son, Charles David, September 11, 1954. Two daughters are Janice 4 and Christine 2. "Now living at 28150 Lathrup, Lathrup Village, Birmingham, Michigan".

Marcia Morse Airis...first child, a daughter, Susan Belle, August 22, 1954. "I will be moving to 52 Bishop, Massena, N.Y."

Ellin Naumburg London...third son, Christopher Walter. April 17, 1954. "Now twice as big and doing fine."

Cora Parce Beebee...daughter, Mary Warrant, July 12, 1954. "A week before she arrived, I came down with a giant size case of the mumps. While in isolation, I finally completed a 7-yard long braided stair runner I had begun to think I'd never finish."

Christine Peterson Pullen...second child, first daughter, Carolyn Lee, May 10, 1954.

Priscilla Plumb Eusden...second child, a daughter, Suzanne Bonner, July 21, 1954. "We still live at Brooks School, North Andover, Mass...where my husband teaches history."

Kay Reese Peebles...third child, second son, June 4, 1954.

"Have a girl 7 and a boy 2½ besides. Living in Weston where husband is opening practice of pediatrics after completing training at Mass. General and Children's Hospital. Am operating a summer day camp for children ages 4-10 for the fifth season at Meadowbrook School, enrollment of sixty. Official position: Director."

Margaret Ann Schlegel Fontana...first child, Scott Thomas, August 27, 1954. "Bob is in his second year here at the Mayo Clinic...in internal medicine. I've temporarily given up more training in child psychiatry, and my only contact with medicine just now is abstracting cases for Bob who's busily finish-up his master's thesis."

Marjorie Severy Herrick...second child, first daughter, Sally Kay, March 24, 1954. James Arthur born April 1951.

Margaret Sumner Bucher...third daughter, Victoria Margaret, June 2, 1954.

Marion Thompson Gates...second child, first son, William Sharar, May 26, 1954. "Went (from Mass.) to Iowa and Minnesota in August by car with our two children under two in 18 days round trip, to visit relatives...loved it."

Elizabeth Underwood Mosley...fourth child, second daughter, Deborah Anne, March 7, 1954. "...so that now we have our two boys and two girls that we wanted.

Betty Vadner Haas...son, Mark Richard, April 12, 1954.

Nancy Webb Andrews...second daughter, Roberta Suzanne, June 12, 1954.

Jean Winslow Spero...daughter, Susan Belle, April 19, 1954. "Moved into new house in February. Have spent all summer putting in lawn and shrubs and trying to make a new house look less new. Susie's a lamb."

Patricia Wiseman Taylor...third child, second daughter, Elizabeth Anne, May 23, 1954.

Elise Wishar Tyree...first child, John Leak, May 7, 1954.

Marriages

Grace Barish...to Irving Pologe, now living at 1142 Emerson Avenue, West Englewood, New Jersey.

Dorothy Freyer...to George Bailey Pratt, Harvard '44, on August 20, 1954. Address: Tower Lakes, Barrington, Illinois.



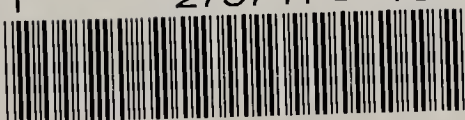




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